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THE PETTICOAT IN THE POLITICS OF ENGLAND.

THE late Madame Emile de Girardin it was, I think, who described some provincial microcosm where every man was governed by his wife except one, and he was governed by another man's wife. It would be rather too much, perhaps, to say that the ways of this place precisely resemble those of the English political world; but it is certain that the soft, low voice of woman has long governed the politics of England to a degree whereof probably most people on this side of the Atlantic have but little notion. Woman suffrage is likely to become a fact in England sooner than in the United States. The difficulties in its way are less complicated and less vast there than here. In England, even under the late Reform Bill, the franchise is given only to the occupier of a house or separate lodgings—the person who pays the rent. Therefore, were the sexes placed on a political equality in regard to the vote, there would still be none of the complications and the confusion which, reasonably or unreasonably, are so much dreaded here—the discord between husband and wife, the swamping of intelligence by the myriad votes of impetuous maid-servants, and so forth. The husband, mother or son who pays the rent would have the vote, just as now: only where

a widow or spinster was the recognized and responsible occupier would the woman have the vote, as indeed she already has in various parochial and other such elections. Doubtless the time will come when universal suffrage will be demanded for England, but that time is not just yet; and meanwhile woman will be allowed to ascend by gradual elevation toward what Mr. Mill considers her legitimate sphere, or be permitted, if you prefer to look at the subject with Mr. Carlyle's eyes, to descend an inclined plane toward that bottomless pit whither womanhood suffrage is to be followed by doghood suffrage.

I am not, however, about to write an essay on Woman Suffrage; whereon, whether in England or elsewhere, there has perhaps been a sufficiency of writing already without my help. My purpose is rather to speak of that kind of influence which women have long exercised in English politics, and which may be described as the irresponsible and illegitimate influence—the petticoat influence. I doubt whether many of the readers of this Magazine have any idea of the extent and power of that influence in English politics—of the endless subtleties by which it makes itself felt, and the pertinacious ubiquity which it continues to exhibit. I grieve to have

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to speak ungallantly, but I am compelled to say that in the overwhelming majority of cases it has been a corrupt and almost as often a corrupting influence. Nor need the advocates of woman's suffrage (I am one of its sincere and candid advocates myself) take alarm at this, or attempt the futile task of disproving it. Irresponsible, illegitimate and subterranean influences nearly always are corrupt. The fact is rather an argument to establish, than an argument to disprove, the necessity of the political enfranchisement of women.

Corrupt, however, the political influence of the petticoat in England assuredly is—mean-spirited, ignoble, selfish and demoralizing. Let us begin at the base of the social pyramid. The influence of the wives of uneducated or half-educated voters in the smaller boroughs is immense. The wives are almost always to be reached by bribes or presents or promises or flatteries. An election agent of experience once told me that when he had secured the wives he cared nothing about the husbands. The eloquent and judicious candidate always pays special attention to the task of flattering and winning wives. In almost numberless cases detailed before election committees the business of bribery was carried on directly with the wife, who undertook, plain and square, to manage her husband. Not all these good ladies of course dealt so roundly with the matter as the worthy matron of whom the story goes, that being pressed by the friends of a certain candidate to procure for him her husband's "plumper" (the full vote given for one candidate especially where there are more than one on the same side), promptly replied that if he hesitated a moment about doing so she would give *him* a "plumper." But the average Briton of the lower-middle class in smaller boroughs, the stout personage who spends his evenings regularly with the same circle of cronies in the same public-house, is apt to be for the most part under the complete control of his wife. Only when he is sustained by

the excitement of some great public question and the common action of his fellows would he be likely to struggle long against her dominion over his political conduct. She therefore, being wholly irresponsible to public opinion, and as a matter of course almost wholly unscrupulous, is eagerly sought after by candidates or their agents. She insists that the husband shall not lose sight of his own interests; that he shall not throw away a good chance; that he shall not injure her and himself and the children by disobliging this powerful landlord or that wealthy customer. Sometimes the husband is willing enough to be corrupted, provided he can in any way persuade himself that he relieves his conscience, as Adam did, by throwing the blame on his wife; sometimes he would vote for disinterested principles if he was quite free; but he has not patience and marrow and backbone enough to resist the influence of the matronly angel in his house. Of course there is bribery which is done not with foul shekels of the tested gold. Where the electors are of a somewhat higher class than those whom I have just been describing, there are influences of a more delicate order brought into operation. There are, of course, the agent's flattery, the candidate's flattery: sweeter and more seductive than all, the flattery brought to bear by the candidate's gracious wife. So pray do not mistake the meaning of the kind of influence to which the virtuous and corrupt spouse of the British elector commonly yields. It is the sweet condescension of higher rank which conquers her; and this is far more sweet and conquering when it comes from the candidate's wife or sister than from the candidate himself. For although it is an exquisite sensation to Mrs. Plumper to see the honorable candidate, son perhaps of a peer, take off his hat to her and bow and smile, to hear his winning voice and feel his shake of the hand, yet it is a prouder moment by far when the candidate's wife or sister calls upon her and recognizes with gracious courtesy her social existence. Here we have the power of the

petticoat controlling politics by a double-acting influence. Of course, however, the demeanor of the candidate himself, and even his personal appearance, will count for a great deal. A handsome face, a pleasant tongue and a noble name are almost irresistible with the class of wives who are above the money bribe or the green parasol. Grantley Berkeley indeed tells a story of a candidate who, having had it strongly impressed upon him that he must court and win this feminine influence, was possessed with what Grantley calls the insane idea that the way to win over the *bourgeois* electors was to kiss all their wives, and acted on this irrational theory, and so set the men hopelessly against him, drew them into open rebellion, and utterly lost his election. Had he confined his attentions within more reasonable bounds, or could he have induced his own wife to do the osculation of the matrons for him, he would doubtless have won his battle. At a recent election for Nottingham, the good-humored and witty Bernal Osborne, having been defeated, declared in a pleasant speech that he owed his failure to the exertions and the fascinations of two ladies who had canvassed for his opponents—Lady Clifton and Mrs. Wright. Still more lately, in the same borough, Mr. Digby Seymour sent his two daughters to canvass for him, but, unluckily for the illustration of petticoat power, the young ladies were not successful.

All this, however, is a kind of influence which may be regarded as elementary and obvious. Given the system of personal canvass, and it follows that the results are inevitably placed more or less in the hands of the women of a family. Given the system of bribery, and it follows that the irresponsible wife will be a willing and a convenient medium for the corruption of her husband. But the illegitimate influence of women over English politics takes a much higher range, and finds far subtler modes of operation, than this. As regards direct corruption, the English system of representation is almost the antithesis of the American. I suppose there

is comparatively little done in the United States in the way of direct bribery of voters. I presume that the modes of corruption by partisan organizations, "rings," and so forth, do not attempt much in the way of direct purchase of individual votes. But this buying of votes is as common as it is flagitious in English boroughs, where the voters are, or at least were, comparatively few. Now, on the other hand, either Congress is grossly and cruelly maligned by every newspaper of every party I have ever seen, and every man I have ever spoken with on the subject, or there are always representatives enough whose influence in favor of a particular measure or scheme can be obtained by personal corruption. Money can be used directly to procure the influence and the vote of some member of Congress, or Congress is marvelously belied. But it is certain that nothing of the kind can be done, or even attempted, with the House of Commons. The member of Parliament who has bought his election by the most shameful and iniquitous bribery and treating will himself be personally pure and beyond the possibility of direct corruption. I will not say that there has never of late years been any single instance of such corruption, but I do say that I at least have not heard of any such, and that for our present argument we may fairly assume that the direct corruption of British members of Parliament is wholly unknown. The thing is, in fact, never thought of. The days when Walpole's members of Parliament found bank-notes under their plates at his dinner-table are practically as far distant from the English political life of the present as the days of the Heptarchy. But corruption is a Proteus. It can show itself in the disguise of a ball-ticket or a smiling salutation or a gracious word, as well as in a five-pound note or a green parasol. When it has to tempt the political man it follows the lead of the Old Serpent, and tempts him through woman. Marvelous is the amount of mischief which is wrought in this way through the influence of the petticoat. The member of Parliament who

is sent up to London from some provincial borough may be himself beyond all possibility of direct purchase. But he has a wife, and he probably has daughters. Perhaps he is a wealthy manufacturer; perhaps he is a successful railway contractor or stockbroker; perhaps he is a rising lawyer; perhaps he is an enriched shopkeeper who has retired from business. The great bulk of the English Liberals, and not a few of the newer Tories, are men who belong to one or other of these classes. These men come up to London, take a town-house for the season, and find themselves, in the House of Commons, brought into association more or less direct with the great peers and other chiefs of their parties. The wives and daughters of course are burning to get into Society. The husband and father has perhaps been driven on by his womankind to seek a place in Parliament, for which he has neither inclination nor capacity, because the said womankind hope, by virtue of his political position, to obtain an entrance into Belgravian drawing-rooms. Many an honest British Philistine beyond the middle age yawns or dozes for hour after hour every night on the back benches of the House of Commons, weary of speeches he does not care to hear, and having no desire whatever to make a speech himself, who would be quietly at home in his obscure and happy bed but for the energy and ambition of his wife and her girls. The poor man is sure to be the victim of a clever minister. Perhaps he has entered Parliament as a Radical and a patriot, pledged to the reform of all abuses, the retrenchment of military and naval expenses, and the keeping down of an arrogant and bloated aristocracy. I have not been in England since great Radicals have themselves become cabinet ministers, and therefore must be understood as speaking now of the days when to be a Radical was to be the follower of men who held no office and had no favors to bestow. Our provincial Radical then went into Parliament with intentions worthy of Andrew Marvel. He would always

support Bright with vote and cheer—he would oppose the Whig ministry as firmly as he would oppose the Tory opposition. Keen eyes, however, soon took the measure of our patriot and of our patriot's womankind. Mrs. Member and Misses Member received cards of invitation for Lady Premier's ball; Lady Premier spoke graciously to Mrs. Member, and complimented the good looks of the Misses Member; when the ladies drove in the Park they received a genial and delightful salutation from Lady Premier's carriage. Alas for our poor Member and his political resolutions! A great party debate is impending; the Tory opposition is making a decisive struggle for power; almost all will depend on the course taken by the Radicals, and the leading Radicals are inclined to oppose the government. Only think of it! If poor Member is a stern patriot, and votes against the government, there is an end of all invitations and smiles and gracious words from Lady Premier to his wife and daughters; and what has he for consolation but the approval of his conscience and John Bright, neither of which gives grand balls, and for neither of which therefore do the wife and daughters care one straw? The chances are many to one that the husband and father is conquered, and with him the patriot—that the vote is given to the government, and that Lady Premier administers the reward in the shape of more smiles, salutes and invitations.

It would be hardly possible to exaggerate the amount of quiet corruption which is or used to be effected in this manner. The worst influences of social ambition in the United States are as nothing compared with the strength of such influences in England. Nothing can be done in America for an American woman which could so feed and gratify her ambition as an invitation to the drawing-room of a peeress feeds and gratifies the ambition of a middle-class Englishwoman. I think the wife of a retired tradesman who could resist the temptation of such an invitation is a heroine to be classed with Joan of Arc

or Madame Roland. Perhaps there are such heroines even among the wives of middle-class British Philistines, but there certainly are not many of them; and the will of woman is strong and pitiless, and the elderly husband is easy-going, muddleheaded and weak. Thus there were always conquests being made in this way of worthy Radicals, who, absolutely incorruptible as regards the temptations of money, or even perhaps of office, collapsed and succumbed utterly when assailed through the medium of the ambition of their women. The great Radical leaders were always losing votes in this way; and the influence of the petticoat was invariably exercised to their detriment. They had not themselves any splendid social position, and neither they nor their wives were much given to blandishment. So the thanes fled from them, or rather sneaked away from them. "We are politically free," said a great English Radical, "but we are socially enslaved." Of this social enslavement women were in nine cases out of ten the prime agents, instruments, dupes and decoys.

The fact is always recognized in political conferences and calculations and in private conversation: it is taken as a matter of course. Nothing is more common than to hear this or that rising Radical spoken of as a person not to be counted on in the long run by his party, because "his wife is so ambitious." Some years ago Mr. Roebuck, not yet having forsworn Liberalism and manhood, made a powerful speech at a public meeting, in which he denounced the feeble creatures who were compelled at the dictation of conjugal ambition to "crawl on their bellies," as he put it, before this or that great peer or minister. Indeed, one who is at all familiar with English politics is often forced to wonder why the world should be so hard upon a poor girl who surrenders her hand in obedience to the impulse of misguided love, or perhaps to the mere craving of hunger, when there are men of social position and reputed character who will in a political sense sell their souls for an invitation to a ball or a dinner; and

I feel satisfied that in three out of every four cases the politician sells his soul just as Adam took the apple, because the conjugal love prompts and tempts him.

Social influence is a tremendous power in English politics. The drawing-room often settles the fate of the division in the House of Commons. The smile or the salute of the peeress has already bought the votes which are necessary to secure her husband's triumph. The late Lady Palmerston was a perfect mistress of this kind of policy, and was, in her way, a sort of ruling, cajoling queen of Society. She took the minutest care to win over every one who was worth winning and capable of being won. She was clever, brilliant, shifty, fascinating; she could please people, and without any direct flattery make them think well of themselves; and she seemed to count any trouble well bestowed which promised in the remotest degree to secure a vote for her husband. It is needless to say that she understood perfectly that a man is most easily and effectively conquered through his womankind. She knew human nature, especially its weaknesses; and I cannot help thinking that there must have been a dash of cynicism, of almost irrepressible scorn for the world and the people she knew so well how to manage, blended in with the suave geniality and patient courtesy which she always displayed. She served her husband faithfully, and between the two they cheerfully and pleasantly demoralized their political generation. He preached and illustrated with smile and jest the easy creed that in politics earnestness is a foolish thing, and sincerity is vulgar, and strong principle is only fit for a Quaker. He thought it a wonderfully smart thing to call John Bright "the reverend gentleman," because Bright had spoken against a reckless war; and in Palmerston's eyes nothing could be more ridiculous than any serious protestation of faith, and no epithet more contemptuous wherewith to brand such a folly than a title which implies the profession of religion. The work that Palmerston did in the House

of Commons his adroit and faithful wife did with equal tact and skill in Cambridge House, Piccadilly. Her merit was indeed, in one sense, greater than his. I take it that Lord Palmerston was a thoroughly good-natured man, who felt a genuine delight in being friendly, pleasing and kind; who was always at his ease, and wished to put every one else in the same happy condition; and who may emphatically be described as endowed with that *don terrible de la familiarité* which Emerson in one of his recently-published essays speaks of as so formidable a political instrument. But I doubt whether Lady Palmerston had by nature this kind of temperament. I doubt whether she had not to subdue a somewhat haughty and disdainful spirit in order to bring herself to conciliate the wives and daughters of the *nouveaux riches* whose votes she was determined to secure. I have heard of things which she said—sudden outbursts of emphatic, piquant words—which seemed as if the proud and scornful heart was sometimes fain to relieve itself of a weight of weary endurance, and to give some vent to its long-suppressed contempt. Really, there must have been something in its way quite heroic in the sort of life which such a woman led. It must have been a hard struggle to be thus always civil and condescending and familiar and friendly to the sort of people whom through so many years Lady Palmerston had to conciliate. Not a very noble sort of occupation in life, certainly; not the very loftiest sphere of woman's mission, but one that assuredly exacted of an imperious and proud spirit a long and patient self-abnegation which has at least the flavor of a sort of perverted heroism about it. I presume that many of the people whom Lady Palmerston cajoled must have known well enough that they were being cajoled, and why, but they yielded all the same. I heard a clever woman once affirm that most women like to be flattered even when they know perfectly well that it is nothing but sheer flattery which is addressed to them—that, knowing it to be false,

they yet like the sound of it. I fancy there are men of whom just the same thing might be said, and that some of them were won over by Lady Palmerston in the good old days, so recent and yet so obsolete, before Cambridge House had been turned into a club, and when Palmerstonian unprinciples were the political code of the country.

I do not know why it is that in our time, at least, the English Liberals should have been so strangely deficient in the art of ruling through social influences. But it seems to me an undoubted fact that the power of the petticoat in England has been almost always exerted on the side of conservative or reactionary principles. There is one good thing to be noted—that at least the old-fashioned operation of political corruption through female influence has not been lately heard of. It is not Delilah befooling the political Samson any more: it is Lady Patroness buying souls with a ticket for Almack's. The Armidale bowers are only a fashionable drawing-room, wherein the beguiled knight has the privilege of being squeezed and stifled in a happy, fainting crowd. It is not so many years since a still celebrated lady was accused of having wheedled a brilliant young statesman out of a great cabinet secret, bought it of him by her charms, and sold it for substantial reward to the *Times* newspaper. It is not so many years since another celebrated lady was commonly accredited by rumor with having set herself up as a bait to catch a certain statesman and seduce him from the path of political duty—with having done this deliberately and as a stroke of party strategy, quite prepared and ready for any personal sacrifices which the situation might demand. It is not long since such things were talked of freely and commonly, and yet they seem as if they might have belonged to quite another stage of our civilization, so much out of date do they now appear. You may still meet in London more than one distinguished lady of whom in her day such things were said; and yet times have changed so much in that respect that one can

hardly think it was these living ladies, and not their departed grandmothers, who were the subjects of such now obsolete scandal. All that sort of thing is utterly gone. The influence of women over English politics now is too commonly illegitimate in its operations and corrupting in its influence; but the corruption is social, not personal: the temptation is the ascent of a Belgravian flight of stairs, and not of the Venusberg.

This illegitimate influence of women on English politics may therefore be summarily described as working in the three following channels: First, on the voters; next, on members of Parliament; finally, on statesmen. I have described the operation in the two former instances. In the latter I am inclined to think the influence decreasing of late years, while in the other two it has immensely increased. Statesmen are still occasionally affected by feminine influence in the giving away of great parliamentary appointments. Thus it was commonly said some few years ago that a very important post was given to a wild and featherheaded scapegrace because the female relatives of himself and his wife thought the best way to reform him would be to set him to some hard work; and they talked over the prime minister's wife, and she talked over the prime minister; and accordingly a personage who united the qualities of roué, horse-jockey, bully and buffoon was assigned to one of the most important and critical departments of the British government; and oh what a pretty thing he did make of it! Later still, a position not perhaps so full of critical and momentous interests, but yet higher in official rank, has been handed over to another scapegrace (of less *prononcé* temperament, however), because some influential ladies thought he might sow his wild oats if he were bribed thereto by the gift of a place in the cabinet. But I am inclined to believe that on the whole English statesmen of great rank do now generally appreciate the responsibilities of their positions, and do endeavor, according to their light, to act independently of

personal and private influence. When the English Parliament adopts the ballot, which will undoubtedly happen very soon, the illegitimate influence of women on the voters will, like that of the landlord, the peer, the purse and the priest, gradually fade and disappear. For in England the ballot will really be a secret vote. There will be no need of the machinery of caucuses and party organizations and printed tickets, which is rendered necessary here by the fact that the people are called on to elect whole strings of officials, regarding whose individual merits, or even individual names, it would be impossible to suppose that every voter could have adequate information. The English voter will only be required to say whether he prefers as his representative the Tory candidate, the moderate Liberal candidate or the Radical. He will need no printed ticket with its list of names, and his vote can be made as secret as he desires. Therefore there will no longer be any object in winning over his wife when even the wife of his bosom can no longer feel certain of controlling the vote of her elector. But as regards the influence of the petticoat over the member of Parliament, I fear there must be something like a social revolution in England before this can be obliterated, or even greatly diminished. So long as there is the aristocratic principle; so long as there are houses an invitation to cross the threshold of which confers at once a position in society; so long as there are women whose smile and recognizing bow are welcomed as "a sweet boon" and a priceless honor,—so long will members of Parliament unconsciously sell their votes at the instigation of their wives and daughters. "Women," says a clever writer; "are all aristocrats, from the Bay of Naples to the Bay of Dublin;" and I fancy there are a few of the class even not far from the Schuylkill and the Hudson. I have heard more than one lady in this country frankly confess that she heartily envied the English people their aristocrats and their titles. Anyhow, it is certain that reverence

for rank seems to lie at the very heart's core of the English woman. I think I have met in England with men who did not care more for the recognition of a peer than for that of a peasant: I never met with any woman, and I don't believe any one else ever did, who was not more or less sensitive to the fascination of superior social rank. I have often wondered how on earth Queen Victoria and the Princess of Wales can get on, or can continue to be women at all, seeing that there is nobody to whose social position they can look up with adoration, ambition or envy. Let me say, in addition, that I never heard it even whispered that Queen Victoria had ever once used her supreme position in English society for any political object or underhand purpose of any kind. In the petticoat influence which is so immense a power over English politics, the personal influence of Queen Victoria counts for absolutely nothing.

Woman in England, then, although she has not yet a voice in the public administration of politics, can certainly not be said to have had no share in the practical rule of the country. Indeed her influence has been far too great, because it has been irresponsible and illegitimate. Conservatism, aristocratic privilege, class-government, the supremacy of rank and caste, and enthroned, endowed religion,—all these evils and many others have been, in great measure, sustained and upheld by woman's power. There is not an injustice known to the political system of England which has not been favored, abetted, struggled for, begged for, wheedled for, intrigued for, by women. And in nine cases out of ten the women who thus misuse their influence would repudiate with utter indignation any proposal to confer the suffrage upon their sex, and would as soon adopt Mary Walker's pantaloons as Helen Taylor's political professions.

I cannot refrain from saying a few words in praise of the ability, moderation, discretion and gracefulness with which the English women of a very different class—the English women who like Helen Taylor (John Stuart Mill's

step-daughter) demand the vote for their sex—have conducted their agitation. These ladies have already brought their cause to the very threshold of success. It has now for its leader in the House of Commons Mr. Jacob Bright (younger brother of John Bright), a man of large acquirements and experience, who has traveled much in the New World as well as in the Old, and whose great abilities would have received before now a fuller recognition if he were not almost completely overshadowed by the genius and the fame of his illustrious relative. The ladies who have conducted this agitation have done but little speaking, and absolutely no spouting or screaming. They have not troubled themselves or the world with weary disquisitions on the natural equality or inequality of the sexes; they have not concerned themselves to prove that woman is the superior creation and the last work of Nature; they have not said anything about the tyranny of man, and I do not believe that they even regard man as very much of a tyrant. The tyrant man has to a very considerable extent recognized the justice of their cause, and fought their good fight for them; and now the fight is all but won. Quite lately a remarkable illustration of woman's open and legitimate influence has been exhibited in England. A certain law relating to contagious diseases was about to be passed—a law which nearly all the ladies engaged in the cause of woman's suffrage believed would be worse than useless to the community, and specially unjust and odious to women. The whole subject was a delicate, a difficult and even a painful one for ladies to discuss; and ladies with a less exalted sense of right and less resolute devotion to duty would have ignored the question altogether, and allowed the law to affect as it might the poor and humble of their own sex, whom alone it could in any case directly aggrieve or offend. But these ladies regarded it as their cause, and they had the true womanly courage to appeal frankly to public opinion with a protest and an argument which for

clearness and ability, combined with consummate delicacy, was quite a model sort of document. I believe the protest and the agitation with which the ladies have followed it up are likely to be completely successful; and but for them the measure, now almost certain to be defeated, would assuredly have passed into a law. Now, I cannot say I am convinced that the views which these ladies express in this particular instance are right—indeed I am rather disposed to think that they are wrong—but I cannot help feeling the most sincere admiration for the courage with which they undertook a most disagreeable duty for the sake of some of the poorest of their own sex, and for the sense and vigor with which they conducted the controversy. The influence of such women, whether it makes itself felt through a vote at the polls or only through a letter in the newspaper, is always sure to be open, honest, legitimate and just. This is not what I call petticoat influence—the influence which woman exerts not through reason or justice or good feeling, but merely through the personal and social arts and fascinations and cajoleries of womanhood. The nobler influence, that which claims openly its legit-

imate mode of expression, is as naturally and instinctively on the side of freedom, religious equality, education and progress, as the other has always worked in the cause of privilege, caste and aristocratic domination. I do not pretend to say that the women whose organization is now making its power felt in Parliament would in all cases prove themselves individually superior to the fascinations of social rank and the influence of great peers and peeresses—I am not by any means inclined to claim any manner of perfection for them—but their work is open, not subterranean; they strengthen each other in every good cause, and against every weakening or corrupting influence, by combination and organization; they appeal to public opinion, and acknowledge themselves responsible to it: indeed, their most earnest demand is that they shall be made more directly responsible. I wish them an early success, and for no reason more earnestly than because I believe their public recognition in the political field would operate as an antidote to the pernicious effects of that petticoat influence by which English politics have been so long saturated and corrupted.

JUSTIN McCARTHY.

THE WINDS.

WIND of the summer eves,
Fanning the moonlit leaves!
Where hast thou hidden all this breathless day?
In what deep forest glade
Have thy light steps been stayed,
Where the green gloom bars out the sunbeams' ray?

Thou comest like the bee
Flying o'er hill and lea,
Laden with stolen sweets from flower and field:
New haycocks' balmy breath,
Clover and apple wreath,
Borne on thine unseen wings, their odors yield.

Herald of coming showers!
 The thirsty leaves and flowers
 Lift up their heads at thy caressing voice:
 Through sleeping pines and firs
 Low-murmured laughter stirs,
 And whispering aspens and grave elms rejoice.

Wind of the winter night,
 Chasing with fierce delight
 Snow-flake and withered leaf in eddying rings!
 Even by the fireside warm,
 Curtained from cold and storm,
 I shudder at the sweep of thy wild wings.

Perchance, like felon grim,
 Thou fleest through shadows dim,
 Scared by thy ruthless deeds on land and sea;
 And on thy rushing course,
 Unseen yet chainless Force!
 Tokens of blight and ruin follow thee.—

The desolated path
 Cleft like a mower's swath
 Through the proud forest's splintered colonnade;
 The peasant's cot forlorn,
 Its shattered walls upturn,
 And riven the roof-tree where his children played;

The glare of burning streets,
 The flames in angry sheets,
 Fanned from faint spark by thy destroying breath;
 The beacon-tower that glowed
 Through siege of storm and flood,
 Hurled from its rocky base and quenched in death;

The sailor-boy on high,
 Rocking 'twixt sea and sky,
 Swept like a feather from the straining mast;
 The wrecks that line the strand,
 Their freight strewn on the sand,
 Their perished crews by ocean shoreward cast;—

Such art thou, viewless power!
 Changing from hour to hour:
 Now bearing life, now death, on thy swift way:
 O thou capricious heart!
 See here thy counterpart—
 Angel or fiend as Love or Hate holds sway.

CECIL DARE.

TWO LETTERS.

WE are Dalrymples, and I am Margaret—called “Peg” by seven younger brothers when they are cross, and “Daisy” when they are affectionate; and I am not sure that the last estate with them is not worse than the first.

My story (what there is of it) begins on a certain black Monday, when everybody was cross from having more than his or her share of work. The baby had elected me for her bondwoman in lieu of her usual nurse, who was drafted for the chamber-work.

It was such a breathless July day, and there were so many of us about the house, that the air seemed to be drained of all its freshness before it reached me. I was oppressed all day with a curious weight on my senses, as if something dreadful were going to happen. The baby’s fat arms and hands appeared to multiply to a Briarean extent, all pulling at my hair and eyelashes at once. I had to pinch myself to destroy the illusion. A sickly little breeze stirred the tops of the cherry trees, and I carried the baby to the window, balancing her on the sill while I leaned out to breathe it.

“Here’s your letter from Charlie,” called out Frank, next boy but one to the baby. “I ran all the way from the office with it, ‘cause you are so glad to hear from him.”

I opened the letter with a faint flutter at my heart: it was very strange that the words would not steady themselves to be read:

“MY DARLING COUSIN:

“She has accepted me, with all my imperfections on my head, and I am the happiest man on this footstool. I want just one drop more, and that is your sympathy. But I forget that you do not even know who *she* is: no more did I three weeks ago—”

A great bumble-bee seemed to buzz in my ears to this tune: “Charlie’s go-

ing to marry another woman—never cared for you at all—at all—at all,” tailing off into a prolonged hum.

The next thing I knew I was lying on the lounge in mother’s room with a wet towel round my head, while she chafed my hands and somebody else tugged at my stay-lacings.

“What’s the matter? Have I been run over or struck by lightning?” I asked, falling giddily when I tried to raise myself.

“You fainted away at the window. You have taken care of other people one day too long.”

An appalling stillness reigned through the house—a state of things unknown since the baby’s advent two years before. Could it be possible that I had let her fall out of the window, and she was now being laid out in the next room?

“The baby!” I gasped.

“Oh, I packed her off at once to Aunt Jane. She thought you were lying on the floor wholly for her benefit, and was sitting on your head when I went into the room. Whatever becomes of the rest of you, *she* will live into the eighties.”

She had got me into bed by this time, and with a final pat all over me, which only mothers know the trick of, she left me alone.

How blissful the heavy quiet was for a moment! and then it flashed upon me that there was something waiting my leisure to be thought about. Charlie’s letter, and Charlie himself! We were step-cousins, if there is such a relationship—a very elastic sort of connection at least—which had served to make us alternately familiar and distant. He had been my devoted admirer so long that any other state of things was difficult to conceive of in my weak condition.

I had never put myself through any mental catechism as to my own regard

for him, and he had asked no question tending to that end. But, woe is me! the idea had somehow got itself rooted in my mind that he would never want to marry any other woman.

If I had ever had time to analyze his behavior, I might possibly have seen what a spongy piece of ground my feet were planted on; but there was always the housekeeping wheel wanting a spoke, or the baby, or the next child, or the next but one, to use up every atom of space in my thoughts; and I had drifted on from childhood to twenty years with the idea that if I ever did possess my soul in peace, I should owe it to Charlie.

It was a matter of perfect indifference to me whether Charlie's letter went on to give a "local habitation and a name" to the fatal *she* who had cut the ground from under my feet. I hoped vindictively that it would be a very long engagement, and Charlie might weary for some of his old sparring-matches with me.

"You have a bright spot on each cheek, Daisy. You are feverish, and must have a doctor," said my mother, coming in.

"Oh don't go and make me ill, in spite of myself. I only want a long sleep and a vacation from boys."

Mother began to move restlessly about the room in a way to make a well person feverish. I knew she had something on her mind, and was halting between two opinions as to whether she should speak or keep silence.

"Make a clean breast of it, little mother," I said at last, when I could bear it no longer.

"Margaret, did you read Charlie's letter?" she said: "we found it in your hand after you fainted."

"Yes—at least enough to learn the news it contained. I did not reach the lady's name."

She looked at me now so affectionately that my lips would tremble, and I laughed to hide it:

"Did you think it was the letter that upset me so? Not a bit of it. I have had a feeling of walking on my head all day."

She gave me an unbelieving kiss, and went away with the trouble still in her face. I made up my mind to get up betimes in the morning, and work so hard and so cheerfully that I would shortly beat her out of all idea of my lovelornness. By dint of counting several millions, and persistently thinking of sheep going over a wall, I caught some shreds and parings of sleep through the night, but it was so spotted with visions of Charlie in all sorts of affectionate attitudes with the lady of his love that it was a shade worse than lying broad awake. When I did get up and essay to dress, I was glad to stumble back to the bed. After this I fell into a dreamless sleep for some hours, and waked to the sound of a strange voice. The door was open, and a long glass hanging near it reflected the doctor as he trod the long hall softly—not our old doctor, who had been like a father to us, but his young partner, whom I had seen only once or twice in church.

It is a fancy of mine that young men and maidens wear masks toward each other: they put them on when they are introduced, and it takes years of acquaintance to bring them really face to face. Even a long engagement may fail to do it.

If I had met this doctor in a crowded room, with my thoughts distracted by erratic hairpins and the consciousness of my best gown, I might never have seen in his face the true "Bayard" expression, "without fear and without reproach," which makes noble the rugedest features.

"She never had a day's sickness before," mother was saying; "and perhaps she has only worked too hard."

"Was there any mental shock which may have combined with the heat and overwork just now?" asked the doctor.

"I am not sure: she did receive a letter just before she fainted which contained rather startling news."

"Will you give me some water?" I called to her, in dismay lest the new doctor should gain the key to my trouble and use it like a scalpel.

It is a great drawback to my mother's faith that it does not admit of auricular confession. She is so determined to let all our little skeletons out of their closets that such a thing as a secret is unknown in the family.

Dr. Hayes put on no professional airs, nor did he "talk shop" after the manner of most doctors: he felt my pulse, to be sure, and gave me one or two searching looks.

"Are you in great haste to be well?" he asked after a while.

"That is of course, is it not?"

"Not always. You ought to make yourself as blank as possible for a month. Put a fly-leaf into your life."

"It may sound conceited, but I could not possibly be spared for half that time. Have you seen the census of our family?"

"No."

"We are seven,' and two more. I am the eldest; and then there is an unmitigated row of boys, till you get to the baby, who is two years in age and a patriarch in mischief. I give you three days to make me well. Mother may manage to keep her head above water till then."

"Then you must promise to think as little as possible of agitating things."

"I will try," I said, meekly, feeling myself blush furiously, and wishing somebody would play Othello to me so far as to hold a pillow tight over my face. When he was gone I remonstrated feebly with the authoress of my being:

"Why will you make a father-confessor of everybody?"

"My dear, it was only the doctor. I thought he ought to know all about it."

"A doctor is none the less a man and a brother, and troubled with like infirmities to the rest of the world. It will be all over town that I have been disappointed, and have turned my face to the wall."

"Then I hope you will show them a very cheerful face when you are well again, though it may be an effort at first."

Her sympathy was almost too much for me, but I fought myself valiantly.

"I won't have you settle down to the idea that I have given all for love. The buttons and patches have always had the first place in my mind, and bid fair to keep it till the last boy is grown up. That letter was only a signal when I was just ready to go off. If I had been perfectly well, a dozen letters saying that Charlie had turned Mormon and married as many wives, would not have toppled me over like that."

"You're a true Dalrymple," sighed my mother.

I was filled with profoundest pity for all the Dalrymples if I were a true one. What hypocrites they must have been! "I don't see my way clear to be a 'Marianna in the Moated Grange,' if I had ever so much inclination. With seven brothers to supply with court-plaster and cravats, I might be 'aweary and awear'y, and 'would that I were dead,' but I could not give my whole time to it, and I should go to my grave unsung, as sure as fate."

"Don't talk nonsense, Margaret: it is a very serious time with you."

"I will be as funereal as you like on any subject except this. It is only in your own mind that the time is out of joint."

"And you have never really cared for Charlie?"

"To tell you the truth, I have never had time to think about it. I should have been more than woman if I had not rather liked to have him dangling after me, but now I mean to ensnare Dr. Hayes, that we may all be sick luxuriously, and have no bills to pay."

The trouble was all gone out of my mother's face when she said good-night at last.

I hoped wearily that everybody would not be so hard to convince, for another such victory would ruin me.

When Dr. Hayes came next day I was propped up with pillows, making very high-colored cravats, while three budding dandies sat on the bed and hailed my successes.

"This will never do," he said, turn-

ing out the boys, cravats and all, with a master stroke of generalship. (I admired him, not without awe, from that moment.) "Is this the way you follow my prescription?"

"I hope you don't call cravats 'agitating things.' To bunch up ribbon in a sensational manner is my one talent: when everything else fails, I shall throw myself upon the world and make a fortune at it. I will make a 'tie' for you if you will cure me very soon."

"Don't make any more, then, till I ask you for mine."

"But you might forget ever to ask for it, and then think of the sevenfold anguish of the boys."

"Never fear: it is a weakness of mine never to forget anything."

When he went away he made a speech to the boys, which made them his friends for life, and freed me from their rough attentions for my whole month of illness, for it really did stretch to that length. The doctor came every day, and in the first week he fell into the habit of bringing me something to look at till his next visit. The first was a bunch of blue-and-white violets, that he had found growing on a bank in a lonely ride.

He seldom overstayed ten minutes, but those minutes were so full of enjoyment and kindness that they made the whole day fragrant. I would not have believed it possible that I could lie day after day in bed, or in an easy-chair, for four mortal weeks, neither happy nor unhappy, but rather between. I had a glimpse of the reason one day, when the doctor said that he was coming only once more. I started a little, being weak, you know; and as he had been counting my pulse and had forgotten to put down my hand, he knew that his words had moved me. His eyes looked straight into mine with a question in them, which brought a swift blush into my face for his real answer, but I gave him another without delay:

"I am such a bundle of habits I shall miss you terribly for a day or two, when I come to that quarter hour in the twenty-four which you have filled so kindly

of late; but I shall soon be swallowed up in the family maelstrom."

"And forget me entirely, you would say?"

"I fear so, indeed."

The brightness in his eyes was not at all dimmed by my rough speech.

"I shall see you once more, to-morrow," he said, with the true professional bow, and departed.

"And you shall see me at my prettiest," I thought with an instant resort to woman's weapons.

As the time drew on for the doctor's last call (I seemed to connect something portentous with it), I got myself up with extremest care in a white merino wrapper, only used on state occasions, and the jauntiest of little scarlet jackets edged with swan's down. I stood a long time before the glass, putting up and taking down the long brown hair which was one of my strong points.

The door was suddenly thrown open, but it was not Dr. Hayes who rushed into the room and seized both my hands with treasonable intent to kiss me, as in the old days. I slipped out of Charlie's grasp into an arm-chair, and braced myself to an encounter.

"Oh, Maggie, to think that you have been ill so long and not a word sent to me! But you are looking so lovely, you must be well again."

This was mollifying, in spite of that elect lady of his, whom I kept rigidly in my mind's eye.

"He's come! here he is!" was Frank's cry to the rearguard, and they all poured in, perching themselves close about their favorite.

"I couldn't imagine why you didn't answer that letter: was it too silly?"

"Was it the letter I brought to you?" said Frank, swooping on the white merino.

"Yes, yes," I cried, to ward him off at any cost.

"Charlie, do tell us what was in it. Daisy fainted away as soon as she read it, and has been sick ever since."

If you could have seen Charlie's face! A month before, such a speech would have made me long for a trap-door, but

now a curious bravery possessed me to watch the effect of it. He glanced at the boys desperately, but I had no idea of sending away my natural defenders.

"Look here, you fellows," said Charlie, at last, "I want to tell Maggie something."

"And you don't want us to hear it? Never you mind: we'll get it all out of Maggie when you're gone." And they all trooped out with heads high in air.

"Is this true, Maggie?—only tell me is this true?" and all at once he was on his knees beside my chair, reading my face as a near-sighted person does a book.

"I don't understand you, Charlie."

"Yes you do. Was it my letter that—that—"

"Gave me a slow fever, do you mean? How absurd! I had been ill for days, and when I gave in at last, it happened to be your letter and the baby that I held in my hands, but I should have fainted all the same with the dust-pan and brush. Now tell me something about that 'lovely woman,' and get off your knees to begin with."

"Not till you confess that you cared more for my letter than for the dustpan."

"Now, Charlie, I want to reason with you—"

"Heaven forbid! You have coaxed and teased and scolded me ever since I knew you, but reasoned with me never."

Then mother's welcome step sounded in the hall.

"Hang it!" said Charlie, getting on his feet at last. "What a house this is! —one might as well live out of doors."

"We never did have a sitting with closed doors, and I don't know why we should begin now."

"Charlie, you have stayed too long when Maggie is so weak. Go away now, and come to-morrow."

Charlie took himself off with a very ill grace indeed.

"Has the doctor been here, mother?"

"No: I saw him driving down the 'Precinct' road. He can't be back before afternoon. You might as well take a nap."

I scorned the idea in my heart. Go to sleep after such a scene with Charlie, and perhaps something going to happen when Dr. Hayes came! Impossible! I lay back in the easy-chair and shut my eyes, so as to think better, as people do in church. It looked very much as if Charlie was off with the new love, and wanted to be on with the old; or else he meant to be "a brother" to me, but I was overburdened already with that commodity. I wondered now how I could ever have thought of trusting my whole life in his hands—he was so boyish, so impulsive, so inferior to Dr. Hayes. The doctor must have had it all his own way in my mind for a long time, for when I opened my eyes the afternoon sun was streaming in at the windows.

The room was empty, but some one had been there and gone: on a little table beside me lay an exquisite bunch of English violets, and a letter: "Miss Dalrymple"—that was all. I turned it over and over before I took the plunge of opening it. It began:

"MY DEAR DAISY:

"I hope this letter will not wholly surprise you. I meant to keep heart-whole until I could marry. Man proposes, but Love disposes without consulting him at all. You gave my heartstrings a tug the first time I laid eyes on you, and in these few weeks I have learned to love you dearly. I do not ask you to love me *now* in the same unreasoning way. A long engagement is the most harrowing thing in life: I would not so bind you to my will and pleasure if I could; but the dismal fact is, that I could not marry for two or three years yet, even if all things go well with me, and they have always had a habit of going contrariwise. My mother reduced herself to starvation-point to give me my education and profession. I must make up her little property to her before I can think of myself, and saving is slow work. I entreat you not to suppose that I take anything for granted as regards your feeling toward me. It may be that you are already attached,

or even engaged, to some one else. If it be so, I shall find it out in time, and gather grace somehow to be resigned to my fate. I only ask you, if you are altogether heart-free, to think as kindly of me as may be while I am working hard to deserve you. I might have kept back my declaration of love till I could have offered marriage at the same time—most men do, I believe—but I thought it might some time give you a moment's pleasure in the depth of some worry, or the height of boy-tyranny, to think that one man had eyes to see the sweet unselfishness of your character, and to love you for it so long as he lives.

"Good-bye, my Daisy, for a long time.
"JULIAN HAYES."

The spotless delicacy of this letter, the self-sacrifice of confiding his love to me without asking anything in return, was too much for me. I had liked him very much before, but now I fell in love with him beyond all hope of rescue, and all the more because I suspected that he had heard of Charlie's defection, and had hit upon this way of applying balm to the wound.

I was wrought up to quite a pitch of self-sacrifice myself, but there was really nothing for me to do but to get well as fast as possible, and lift a corner of my mother's burden. My business at present was to keep Charlie at arm's length, which was easily done with just a word in mother's ear: the moment he appeared she left everything, to brood over me as if I were the only chick left of her nine. He had to go back to his work in the city without relieving his mind of the burden which seemed to lie heavy on it.

I thought of my next meeting with Dr. Hayes with a flutter of dread, but he behaved so entirely like other people on that occasion and many succeeding ones that I had to take his letter out of my treasure-box and read it over at least twice each time to convince myself that I had not dreamed it all. The letter was an unspeakable comfort to me, holding out a distant yet sure entrance into a peaceful home, which

should be my very own. When I was stung all over with pin-pricks of vexation, I said in my heart, as perhaps Rachel did when she saw Jacob afar off tending her father's sheep, "It is only for seven years—not for ever;" and even if the seven years were doubled, I knew that boys, like wine, improve with keeping, and he had promised to love me while his life lasted. Somehow I never doubted that promise. Steadfastness was written all over him. Sometimes in church I stole furtive looks at him, and wondered if I could ever become used to walking up the middle aisle in his wake, as other wives did, when he was no blood-relation.

It was nearly a year after my fever that I went every day for a few weeks to sit an hour with a poor girl who had been a seamstress in our family and in others in the village. She was the softest-hearted, meekest of women, having no will of her own, and no courage to assert it if she had. She was led away by some ruthless villain to commit the unpardonable sin among women, and, though her repentance was swift and sincere, she was now forbidden every house except ours. Her health gave way under grief and reproach, and she fell into an old-fashioned decline, lying patiently on her bed until death should come to loose her prison-bars. Dr. Hayes visited her daily—not because his skill could avail anything, but because all others had forsaken her. His praise was always on her lips, yet I shrank from seeing him in her room, and carefully avoided the time of his visits. I was dropping strawberries into her mouth, one by one, as one feeds a baby, when I saw in her face that some one was standing in the door. I knew who it was without turning round.

"I must leave you now, and come again to-morrow," I said hastily, and rushed out of the room with intent to escape Dr. Hayes if possible. He had stepped back a little, and now barred the narrow passage:

"I knew poor Theresa must have one friend, and yesterday I recognized that quaint little saucer of Japan china that

used to stand on your table. Why have we never met here before?"

"She used to sew for us: mother always liked her," I answered, wholly at random.

The doctor's face suddenly darkened: "I have tried to plead that poor woman's cause in a great many houses lately, and they were all so interested and full of charity till I told her name, and then they all put on their armor of self-righteousness and would have none of her. One would think 'all *their* brothers had been valiant and all their sisters virtuous!'"

"Why did you not come to us?"

"I was afraid you would be cruel and hard like the rest, and call it virtue. I might have known I could trust you. Will you forgive me, Margaret?"

He put out his arms, and I made just the least step forward. If he kissed me many times in that little passage-way, dusky with cobwebs, no one knew it except the dying woman within the room, and she told the secret only to the angels, whom she joined that night.

This chance meeting made no difference in our relations to each other. The doctor had evidently yielded to a sudden temptation, and if he did not repent it, he at least set a double guard over himself for many weeks after.

It was not long after this that Charlie came home for his vacation (he was clerk in some wholesale place in the city). He walked into mother's sewing-room and threw down the gauntlet the very first day:

"Where's Maggie?"

"In the garden with the baby;" which was true enough five minutes before. One may have too much of a baby, as well as of any other good thing, and, having deserted her, I was seated on the piazza basely listening to every word spoken within.

"I'm glad she's out of the way for once. I haven't had a crumb of comfort with her since that miserable engagement of mine and the letter I sent her."

"What do you mean by your miser-

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able engagement?" said mother with dignity.

"Oh, it was mere child's play. I was bewitched with her prettiness and her flirting ways, but the moment I had committed myself I found how empty-headed she was, and how little she cared for me; so it was very easy to get up a little quarrel and break the engagement. The fact is, I loved Mag all the time. Now, auntie, won't you tell me if she cares for me the least bit?"

"My dear boy," mother was beginning (all boys are dear to her) when I put my head in at the window:

"And if I did care for you, what is to ensure me that you would not be bewitched by the prettiness of yet another young woman, who might prefer to hold on to her fish after she had caught him?"

"Margaret, I'm ashamed of you!"

"Never mind," said Charlie. "She would never let me come near her, and now she knows it without my taking the trouble to tell her."

"Know what?—that you will like me passing well until you are caught by some other fisher of men? You have Ferdinand's faculty of loving several women for several virtues."

Charlie was so vexed at this thrust that he departed without any leave-taking: he came back in the evening to be forgiven, but could not break through my bulwark of boys.

There was a pic-nic next day—an annual bore which had been submitted to with Christian patience for many years in our village, because no one was strong-minded enough to put it down. I made ready my white piqué suit and a gorgeous Roman sash (which my father had brought home from his last voyage "up the Straits"), thinking only of Dr. Hayes and Charlie, and overlooking the fact that I could never go anywhere without two young Dalrymples at least in my train. We had to ride a mile or two in a great open wagon with an awning over it. Charlie intrigued for a seat beside me, and obtained it. Dr. Hayes was opposite, and had no more words for me than for other people; but when the sun shone

into my eyes, I was scarcely conscious of the annoyance before he had let down a loop of the awning. He was always planning for my comfort when no one need be the wiser for it. It was like being upheld by wings invisible to all eyes but my own. After the bustle and chatter of the first start was over, everybody listened to what Jennie Hood was saying to her neighbor (her rule was, "Always to say something, if it wasn't so bright"):

"You will always see, if you take notice, that people like best those who look least like themselves. Tall men, if they follow the natural heart, pick out little wives to hang on their arms like work-bags. I am five feet one, and no one under six feet need apply."

We all laughed, and began to compare notes on the subject.

"There's Charlie Remington," Jennie went on, "with his light Saxon complexion: he will fall in love with a brunette of the deepest dye."

"Not so," said Charlie. "I will have a brown-haired woman or none."

"Did she have brown hair?" I whispered.

"The woman that I like best has pounds and pounds of it," returned Charlie in the same tone, winding on his finger the long curl that hung over my shoulder.

"As for Dr. Hayes," said Jennie, "being neither light nor dark, his fortune is hard to tell. Blondes and brunettes may both have hopes of him."

"Of good discourse, an excellent musician, and her hair shall be of what color it please God," quoted the doctor, with a flash at Charlie and a smile for me.

"What queer things Dr. Hayes says!" said Jennie Hood when we had left the wagon. "He looked at you, but he could not have meant you, because you don't know one tune from another."

"Of course not," I said, innocently.

We were going to "the Island," a long strip of piney land in the river, cut off from the mainland by a ranting, tearing brook, not quite deep enough to drown one, but sufficiently so to

make a tumble from the slippery log which made the only bridge anything but comfortable.

It was Charlie who gave me his hand over the abyss, but Dr. Hayes gave his mind to the safety of my brother Frank and the baby—an act for which King Arthur would have made him knight of the Round Table. The baby had added more than a year to her age since I first introduced her, but not a grain to her discretion. We first drew lots as to the lady who should make the tea and coffee and the gentleman who was to feed the fire. There may have been bribery in the matter, but the lot actually fell to Charlie and myself, and the rest of the party dispersed to find bark for plates, and kill time at any cost till dinner. The children went away in Dr. Hayes' company to fish for minnows.

"Now could anything be more delightful?" said Charlie. "I should have torn my hair, and hers too, if I had had to dawdle off with Jennie Hood, instead of helping you to make tea."

"Alas for my white gown!"

"Pshaw! does a woman never think of anything but her clothes?"

"Rarely: it must be all-absorbing if she does."

"Sit down here and be a good girl," said Charlie, throwing himself on a bed of soft moss.

Then a familiar howl rent the air: I knew the sound too well to delay an instant. There sat the doctor holding at arm's length what had been the baby, but now was a mere bundle of mud and water.

"Oh dear! this is too much! How did it happen?"

"I'll tell you," put in Frank. "She wasn't satisfied with the little ones: she saw a whopping big one, and tried for it, and so she pitched head first into the mud. Served her right."

I gave one glance at my white dress, and gave it up for lost.

"Never mind," said the doctor. "You go back to your work, and I'll see to this. 'I never could make tea,' as Mark Tapley said, 'but anybody can

wash a boy.' " The baby did not happen to be a boy, but that did not affect the moral beauty of the sentiment.

" You can take off her outside things," I said to Frank.

" Yes, and hold her head under water till she's 'most done bubblin'," said that young monster. " Girls don't pay for bringing up."

Charlie had let the fire die out under the kettle while he tried to carve a monogram out of C and M, but the grain of the wood was hostile to him. Any other couple might have claimed it without dispute.

" Hallo!" said Frank, running up to see what Charlie was about. " I hope you don't call that C and M: it looks more like *x y z*."

" Then how did you know it was C and M?" said Charlie.

" 'Cause you like Mag best, you know; but you've made a regular knot of it."

" A Gordian knot, that can never be untied," said Charlie under his breath, but all the little pitchers in our family have long ears.

" Oh, I know all about that," said Frank. " I had it in my history-lesson, but I forget what they did with it."

" Cut it, of course," said Dr. Hayes, quietly, bringing in the baby, a sadder if not a wiser child. The children began to harass Charley to go with them after berries, and when he finally yielded to their much importunity, the expression of a king was on his face. A few blessed minutes alone with my doctor had not been vouchsafed me since our meeting in the little entry-way dusky with cobwebs. The fire was soon burning brightly under his vigorous treatment, for he always did the nearest duty first. I was a good girl this time without an invitation, and sat down near him at just such a distance as he might lessen if he felt like it, and he did feel like it immediately.

" I have a bit of good news: at least to myself it is good," he said after a little pause.

" And therefore to me," I said, still playing diligently the part of good girl.

" I hope so."

" Have you any doubt of it?"

He glanced up at the monogram.

" Charlie is my cousin," I said—and then I repented myself of palming this Hibernian fib on my earnest lover—" and he used to be a shade nearer than a cousin, but he tumbled off his pedestal before I ever knew you."

" How long before?"

" I could give you the time in hours, but curiosity being unworthy of the manly mind, I shall not encourage yours."

Then the rest of the party came back and fell to eating and drinking, and I did not hear the good news, after all.

The day was to end with a dance on the green sward, and the company were still lounging about the table-cloth when another of my brothers, who had come to the dance, announced that mother had sent a carriage for the little ones.

" I will drive them home if you will trust me," said the doctor.

" Thank you. I am almost as tired as they are: I believe I will go too."

" I will take care of my cousins, sir: you need give yourself no farther trouble," said Charlie with a high-tragedy air.

Dr. Hayes only bowed and turned away.

I felt uncommonly savage as I rode home with Charlie, and utterly indifferent how soon he should discover it.

" Something has come over you, Mag: you used to like me better than anybody, and seize every chance to be with me."

" Did I? Your memory is better than mine."

" You snap a fellow up for a word now. I want to see you alone for one half hour, and I can make it all right between us."

" What if I preferred having it all wrong?"

" Will you or will you not give me a chance to speak to you when you are not in a crowd of children." (His sharp tone roused the baby, who had been asleep on my shoulder.) " By the way, who's that Dr. Hayes who takes so much on himself?"

How gladly I would have said that he was some time to be my "man of men," but there was no engagement, and it was impossible to explain the real state of affairs. The baby came to my rescue. Children "rush in where angels fear to tread."

"Dr. Hayes is a nice man. I love him: don't you, Maggie?"

"Yes, I do," I said boldly, and then retired behind the high crown of her sun-bonnet.

Charley turned square round, and if our old horse had been Pegasus, then would have been the time to soar away.

"Is that true, Maggie?"

"Yes, Charley—true as gospel;" and I showed him one corner of a very red face.

"That will do," said Charlie in a choked kind of voice, and he rattled us home over the stones in a way to put a violent end to the Dalrymples in the female line. I looked for Dr. Hayes when the picnickers came home, and was not disappointed. You would not have supposed there was a boy within a mile of the house, so deftly had they all been cornered in mother's room, and kept there by enormous bribes. You won't care to hear what the doctor said when he found me all alone in the parlor, and drew my sewing out of my hands because he liked to see my eyes while he talked. His good news was just this: a tough old uncle had died and remembered his sister in his will, which released her son from any farther anxiety on her account.

"Did you have company last night?" asked Frank next morning.

"Yes—Dr. Hayes."

"Oho! I guess Charlie will be in your hair. I found two chairs right close together in the parlor. They looked very sociable."

Six boys laid down knife and fork to laugh at this sally.

"Boys," said mother with dignity, "I want you to like Dr. Hayes, and always treat him with respect, because he will be your brother by and by."

"I've got too many brothers to be respectful to 'em," said Frank; "and

't ain't any news: I've caught 'em looking at each other in church this long time."

I flattered myself that our seven tyrants would be quite low-spirited in view of my leaving them, but they bore up wonderfully, assisted by an unlimited supply of wedding-cake. Julian's mother sent me a cream-colored silk that would stand alone for my wedding-dress, and my father brought me, from over seas, a veil that was just "woven air."

And yet I was a very crumpled-looking bride, and this was the reason: when half a dozen of my girl-friends had added the last touch to my costume before the ceremony, they left me alone a moment to think the last of my girl-thoughts while they went to call Dr. Hayes. He came in alone, and I took from my drawer a dainty little bow, made from a bit of the wedding silk. On the under side of the ends I had embroidered a "mountain daisy."

"You have never asked me for the 'tie' I promised you," I said. "Here it is, and you must be married in it."

"But why have the daisies out of sight?"

"Because I only want *you* to know they are there."

"You are my daisy, 'wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower,'" he said, and took me in his arms with a fervor which had no thought for wedding-garments; and this was why I forgot to look in the glass when he let me go, and disgusted the kind friends who had dressed me with all their art.

When I had put on my traveling-dress, and was giving the last kiss, Frank, the stony-hearted, was found bathed in tears, and not to be comforted on any terms.

"Keep up your heart, my boy: we'll come back in a fortnight, and you can see her every day in her own house," said Julian.

"Oh, bother! it ain't that," sobbed Frank. "I can see her often enough, but when she's gone, we sha'n't have any more waffles for breakfast."

W. A. THOMPSON.

ON THE HYPOTHESIS OF EVOLUTION, PHYSICAL AND METAPHYSICAL.

"Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God shall man live."

I.

THREE is apparently considerable repugnance in the minds of many excellent people to the acceptance, or even consideration, of the hypothesis of development, or that of the gradual creation by descent, with modification from the simplest beginnings, of the different forms of the organic world. This objection probably results from two considerations: first, that the human species is certainly involved, and man's descent from an ape asserted; and, secondly, that the scheme in general seems to conflict with that presented by the Mosaic account of the Creation, which is regarded as communicated to its author by an infallible inspiration.

As the truth of the hypothesis is held to be infinitely probable by a majority of the exponents of the natural sciences at the present day, and is held as absolutely demonstrated by another portion, it behooves those interested to restrain their condemnation, and on the other hand to examine its evidences, and look any consequent necessary modification of our metaphysical or theological views squarely in the face.

The following pages state a few of the former: if they suggest some of the latter, it is hoped that they may be such as any logical mind would deduce from the premises. That they will coincide with the spirit of the most advanced Christianity, I have no doubt; and that they will add an appeal through the reason to that direct influence of the Divine Spirit which should control the motives of human action, seems an unavoidable conclusion.

I. PHYSICAL EVOLUTION.

IT is well known that a species is

usually represented by a great number of individuals, distinguished from all other similar associations by more or less numerous points of structure, color, size, etc., and by habits and instincts also, to a certain extent; that the individuals of such associations reproduce their like, and cannot be produced by individuals of associations or species which present differences of structure, color, etc., as defined by naturalists; that the individuals of any such series or species are incapable of reproducing with those of any other species, with some exceptions; and that in the latter cases the offspring are usually entirely infertile.

The hypothesis of Cuvier assumes that each species was created by Divine power as we now find it at some definite point of geologic time. The paleontologist holding this view sees, in accordance therewith, a succession of creations and destructions marking the history of life on our planet from its commencement.

The development hypothesis states that all existing species have been derived from species of pre-existent geological periods, as offspring or by direct descent; that there have been no total destructions of life in past time, but only a transfer of it from place to place, owing to changes of circumstance; that the types of structure become simpler and more similar to each other as we trace them from later to earlier periods; and that finally we reach the simplest forms consistent with one or several original parent types of the great divisions into which living beings naturally fall.

It is evident, therefore, that the hypothesis does not include change of

species by hybridization, nor allow the descent of living species from any other living species: both these propositions are errors of misapprehension or misrepresentation.

In order to understand the history of creation of a complex being, it is necessary to analyze it and ascertain of what it consists. In analyzing the construction of an animal or plant we readily arrange its characters into those which it possesses in common with other animals or plants, and those in which it resembles none other: the latter are its *individual* characters, constituting its individuality. Next we find a large body of characters, generally of a very obvious kind, which it possesses in common with a generally large number of individuals, which, taken collectively, all men are accustomed to call a species: these characters we consequently name *specific*. Thirdly, we find characters, generally in parts of the body which are of importance in the activities of the animal, or which lie in near relation to its mechanical construction in details, which are shared by a still larger number of individuals than those which were similar in specific characters. In other words, it is common to a large number of species. This kind of character we call *generic*, and the grouping it indicates is a genus.

Farther analysis brings to light characters of organism which are common to a still greater number of individuals: this we call a *family* character. Those which are common to still more numerous individuals are the *ordinal*: they are usually found in parts of the structure which have the closest connection with the whole life-history of the being. Finally, the individuals composing many orders will be found identical in some important character of the systems by which ordinary life is maintained, as in the nervous and circulatory: the divisions thus outlined are called *classes*.

By this process of analysis we reach in our animal or plant those peculiarities which are common to the whole animal or vegetable kingdom, and then we

have exhausted the structure so completely that we have nothing remaining to take into account beyond the cell-structure or homogeneous protoplasm by which we know that it is organic, and not a mineral.

The history of the origin of a type, as species, genus, order, etc., is simply the history of the origin of the structure or structures which define those groups respectively. It is nothing more nor less than this, whether a man or an insect be the object of investigation.

EVIDENCES OF DERIVATION.

a. Of Specific Characters.

THE evidences of derivation of species from species, within the limits of the genus, are abundant and conclusive. In the first place, the rule which naturalists observe in defining species is a clear consequence of such a state of things. It is not amount and degree of difference that determine the definition of species from species, but it is the *permanency* of the characters in all cases and under all circumstances. Many species of the systems include varieties and extremes of form, etc., which, were they at all times distinct, and not connected by intermediate forms, would be estimated as species by the same and other writers, as can be easily seen by reference to their works.

Thus, species are either "restricted" or "protean," the latter embracing many, the former few variations; and the varieties included by the protean species are often as different from each other in their typical forms as are the "restricted" species. As an example, the species *Homo sapiens* (man) will suffice. His primary varieties are as distinct as the species of many well-known genera, but cannot be defined, owing to the existence of innumerable intermediate forms between them.

As to the common origin of such "varieties" of the protean species, naturalists never had any doubt, yet when it comes to the restricted "species," the anti-developmentalists denies

it *in toto*. Thus the varieties of most of the domesticated animals are some of them known—others held with great probability to have had a common origin. Varieties of plumage in fowls and canaries are of every-day occurrence, and are produced under our eyes. The cart-horse and racer, the Shetland pony and the Norman, are without doubt derived from the same parentage. The varieties of pigeons and ducks are of the same kind, but not every one is aware of the extent and amount of such variations. The varieties in many characters seen in hogs and cattle, especially when examples from distant countries are compared, are very striking, and are confessedly equal in degree to those found to *define* species in a state of nature: here, however, they are not *definitive*.

It is easy to see that all that is necessary to produce in the mind of the anti-developmentalists the illusion of distinct origin by creation of many of these forms, would be to destroy a number of the intermediate conditions of specific form and structure, and thus to leave remaining definable groups of individuals, and therefore "species."

That such destructions and extinctions have been going on ever since the existence of life on the globe is well known. That it should affect intermediate forms, such as bind together the types of a protean species as well as restricted species, is equally certain. That its result has been to produce *definable* species cannot be denied, especially in consideration of the following facts: Protean species nearly always have a wide geographical distribution. They exist under more varied circumstances than do individuals of a more restricted species. The subordinate variations of the protean species are generally, like the restricted species, confined to distinct subdivisions of the geographical area which the whole occupies. As in geological time changes of level have separated areas once continuous by bodies of water or high mountain ranges, so have vast numbers of individuals occupying such areas

been destroyed. Important alterations of temperature, or great changes in abundance or character of vegetable life over given areas, would produce the same result.

This part of the subject might be prolonged, were it necessary, but it has been ably discussed by Darwin. The *rationale* of the "origin of species" as stated by him may be examined a few pages farther on.

β. Of the Characters of Higher Groups.

a. Relations of Structures. The evidences of derivative origin of the structures defining the groups called genera, and all those of higher grade, are of a very different character from those discussed in relation to specific characters: they are more difficult of observation and explanation.

Firstly: It would appear to be supposed by many that the creation of organic types was an irregular and capricious process, variously pursued by its Author as regards time and place, and without definite final aim; and this notwithstanding the wonderful evidences we possess, in the facts of astronomy, chemistry, sound, etc., of His adhesion to harmonious and symmetrical sequences in His modes and plans.

Such regularity of plan is found to exist in the relations of the great divisions of the animal and vegetable kingdoms as at present existing on the earth. Thus, with animals we have a great class of species which consists of nothing more than masses or cells of protoplasmic matter, without distinct organs; or the Protozoa. We have then the Coelenterata (example, corals), where the organism is composed of many cells arranged in distinct parts, but where a single very simple system of organs, forming the only internal cavity of the body, does the work of the many systems of the more complex animals. Next, the Echinodermata (such as starfish) present us with a body containing distinct systems of organs enclosed in a visceral cavity, including a rudimentary nervous system in the form of a ring. In the Molluscs to this condi-

tion is added additional complication, including extensions of the nervous system from the ring as a starting-point, and a special organ for a heart. In the Articulates (crabs, insects) we have like complications, and a long distinct nervous axis on the lower surface of the body. The last branch or division of animals is considered to be higher, because all the systems of life-organs are most complex or specialized. The nervous ring is almost obliterated by a great enlargement of its usual ganglia, thus become a brain, which is succeeded by a long axis on the upper side of the body. This and other points define the Vertebrata.

Plans of structure, independent of the simplicity or perfection of the special arrangement or structure of organs, also define these great groups. Thus the Protozoa present a spiral, the Coelenterata a radiate, the Echinodermata a bilateral radiate plan. The Articulates are a series of external rings, each in one or more respects repeating the others. The Molluscs are a sac, while a ring above a ring, joined together by a solid centre-piece, represents the plan of each of the many segments of the Vertebrates which give the members of that branch their form.

These bulwarks of distinction of animal types are entered into here simply because they are the most inviolable and radical of those with which we have to deal, and to give the anti-developmentalists the best foothold for his position. I will only allude to the relations of their points of approach as these are affected by considerations afterward introduced.

The Vertebrates approach the Molluscs closely at the lowest extreme of the former and higher of the latter. The lamprey eels of the one possess several characters in common with the cuttle-fish or squids of the latter. The amphioxus is called the lowest Vertebrate, and though it is nothing else, the definition of the division must be altered to receive it: it has no brain!

The lowest forms of the Molluscs and Articulates are scarcely distinguishable

from each other, so far as adhesion to the "plan" is concerned, and some of the latter division are very near certain Echinodermata. As we approach the boundary-lines of the two lowest divisions, the approaches become equally close.

More instructive is the evidence of the relation of the subordinate classes of any one of these divisions. The conditions of those organs or parts which define classes exhibit a regular relation, commencing with simplicity and ending with complication; first associated with weak exhibitions of the highest functions of the nervous system—at the last displaying the most exalted traits found in the series.

For example: in the classes of Vertebrates we find the lowest nervous system presents great simplicity—the brain cannot be recognized; next (in lampreys), the end of the nervous axis is subdivided, but scarcely according to the complex type that follows. In fishes the cerebellum and cerebral hemispheres are minute, and the intermediate or optic lobes very large: in the reptiles the cerebral hemispheres exceed the optic lobes, while the cerebellum is smaller. In birds the cerebellum becomes complex and the cerebrum greatly increases. In mammals the cerebellum increases in complexity or number of parts, the optic lobes diminish, while the cerebral hemispheres become wonderfully complex and enlarged, bringing us to the highest development, in man.

The history of the circulatory system in the Vertebrates is the same. First, a heart with one chamber, then one with two divisions: three divisions belong to a large series, and the highest possess four. The origins of the great artery of the body, the aorta, are first five on each side: they lose one in the succeeding class in the ascending scale, and one in each succeeding class or order, till the Mammalia, including man, present us with but one on one side.

From an infinitude of such considerations as the above, we derive the certainty that the general arrangement of

the various groups of the organic world is in scales, the subordinate within the more comprehensive divisions. The identification of all the parts in such a complexity of organism as the highest animals present, is a matter requiring much care and attention, and constitutes the study of homologies. Its pursuit has resulted in the demonstration that every individual of every species of a given branch of the animal kingdom is composed of elements common to all, and that the differences which are so radical in the higher groups are but the modifications of the same elemental parts, representing completeness or incompleteness, obliteration or subdivision. Of the former character are rudimentary organs, of which almost every species possesses an example in some part of its structure.

But we have other and still more satisfactory evidence of the meaning of these relations. By the study of embryology we can prove most indubitably that the simple and less complex are inferior to the more complex. Selecting the Vertebrates again as an example, the highest form of mammal—*e. g.*, man—presents in his earliest stages of embryonic growth a skeleton of cartilage, like that of the lamprey: he also possesses five origins of the aorta and five slits on the neck, both which characters belong to the lamprey and the shark. If the whole number of these parts does not coexist in the embryonic man, we find in embryos of lower forms more nearly related to the lamprey that they do. Later in the life of the mammal but four aortic origins are found, which arrangement, with the heart now divided into two chambers, from a beginning as a simple tube, is characteristic of the class of Vertebrates next in order—the bony fishes. The optic lobes of the human brain have also at this time a great predominance in size—a character above stated to be that of the same class. With advancing development the infant mammal follows the scale already pointed out. Three chambers of the heart and three aortic origins follow, presenting the condition permanent

in the batrachia; and two origins, with enlarged cerebral hemispheres of the brain, resemble the reptilian condition. Four heart-chambers, and one aortic root on each side, with slight development of the cerebellum, follow all characters defining the crocodiles, and immediately precede the special conditions defining the mammals. These are, the single aorta root from one side, and the full development of the cerebellum: later comes that of the cerebrum also in its higher mammalian and human traits.

Thus we see the order already pointed out to be true, and to be an ascending one. This is the more evident as each type or class passes through the conditions of those below it, as did the mammal; each scale being shorter as its highest terminus is lower. Thus the crocodile passes through the stage of the lamprey, the fish, the batrachian and the reptile proper.

b. In Time. We have thus a scale of relations of existing forms of animals and plants of a remarkable kind, and such as to stimulate greatly our inquiries as to its significance. When we turn to the remains of the past creation preserved to us in the deposits continued throughout geologic time, we are not disappointed, for great light is at once thrown upon the subject.

We find, in brief, that the lowest division of the animal kingdom appeared first, and long before any type of a higher character was created. The Protozoön, Eozoön, is the earliest of animals in geologic time, and represents the lowest type of animal life now existing. We learn also that the highest branch appeared last. No remains of Vertebrates have been found below the lower Devonian period, or not until the Echinoderms and Molluscs had reached a great pre-eminence. It is difficult to be sure whether the Protozoa had a greater numerical extent in the earliest periods than now, but there can be no doubt that the Coelenterata (corals) and Echinoderms (crinoids) greatly exceeded their present bounds, in Paleozoic time, so that those at present existing are but a feeble remnant. If we exam-

ine the subdivisions known as classes, evidence of the nature of the succession of creation is still more conclusive. The most polyp-like of the Molluscs (brachiopoda) constituted the great mass of its representatives during Paleozoic time. Among Vertebrates the fishes appear first, and had their greatest development in size and numbers during the earliest periods of the existence of the division. Batrachia were much the largest and most important of land animals during the Carboniferous period, while the higher Vertebrates were unknown. The later Mesozoic periods saw the reign of reptiles, whose position in structural development has been already stated. Finally, the most perfect, the mammal, came upon the scene, and in his humblest representatives. In Tertiary times mammalia supplanted the reptiles entirely, and the unspiritual mammals now yield to man, the only one of his class in whom the Divine image appears.

Thus the structural relations, the embryonic characters, and the successive appearance in time of animals coincide. The same is very probably true of plants.

That the existing state of the geological record of organic types should be regarded as anything but a fragment is, from our stand-point, quite preposterous. And more, it may be assumed with safety that when completed it will furnish us with a series of regular successions, with but slight and regular interruptions, if any, from the species which represented the simplest beginnings of life at the dawn of creation, to those which have displayed complication and power in later or in the present period.

For the labors of the paleontologist are daily bringing to light structures intermediate between those never before so connected, and thus creating lines of succession where before were only interruptions. Many such instances might be adduced: two might be selected as examples from American paleontology; *i. e.*, the near approach to birds made by the reptiles *Lælaps* and *Megadactylus*, and the combination of characters of the old genera *Ichthy-*

osaurus and *Plesiosaurus* in the Polyctonus of Kansas.*

* Professor Huxley, in the last anniversary lecture before the Geological Society of London, recalls his opinion, enunciated in 1862, that "the positively-ascertained truths of Paleontology" negative "the doctrines of progressive modification, which suppose that modification to have taken place by a necessary progress from more to less embryonic forms, from more to less generalized types, within the limits of the period represented by the fossiliferous rocks; that it shows no evidence of such modification; and as to the nature of that modification, it yields no evidence whatsoever that the earlier members of any long-continued group were more generalized in structure than the later ones."

Respecting this position, he says: "Thus far I have endeavored to expand and enforce by fresh arguments, but not to modify in any important respect, the ideas submitted to you on a former occasion. But when I come to the propositions respecting progressive modification, it appears to me, with the help of the new light which has broken from various quarters, that there is much ground for softening the somewhat Brutus-like severity with which I have dealt with a doctrine for the truth of which I should have been glad enough to be able to find a good foundation in 1862. So far indeed as the Invertebrata and the lower Vertebrata are concerned, the facts, and the conclusions which are to be drawn from them, appear to me to remain what they were. For anything that as yet appears to the contrary, the earliest known marsupials may have been as highly organized as their living congeners; the Permian lizards show no signs of inferiority to those of the present day; the labyrinthodonts cannot be placed below the living salamander and triton; the Devonian ganoids are closely related to polypterus and lepidosiren."

To this it may be replied: 1. The scale of progression of the Vertebrata is measured by the conditions of the circulatory system, and in some measure by the nervous, and not by the osseous: tested by this scale, there has been successional complication of structure among Vertebrata in time. 2. The question with the evolutionist is, not what types have persisted to the present day, but the order in which types appeared in time. 3. The marsupials, Permian saurians, labyrinthodonts and Devonian ganoids are remarkably generalized groups, and predecessors of types widely separated in the present period. 4. Professor Huxley adduces many such examples among the mammalian subdivisions in the remaining portion of his lecture. 5. Two alternatives are yet open in the explanation of the process of evolution: since generalized types, which combine the characters of higher and lower groups of later periods, must thus be superior to the lower, the lower must (first) be descended from such a generalized form by degradation; or (second) not descended from it at all, but from some lower contemporaneous type by advance; the higher only of the two being derived from the first-mentioned. The last I suspect to be a true explanation, as it is in accordance with the law of homologous groups. This law will shorten the demands of paleontologists for time, since, instead of deriving all reptilia, batrachia, etc., from common origins, it points to the derivation of higher reptilia of a higher order from higher reptilia of a lower order, lower reptilia of the first from lower reptilia of the second; finally, the several groups of the lowest or most generalized order of reptilia from a parallel series of the class below, or batrachia.

We had no more reason to look for intermediate or connecting forms between such types as these, than between any others of similar degree of remove from each other with which we are acquainted. And inasmuch as almost all groups, as genera, orders, etc., which are held to be distinct, but adjacent, present certain points of approximation to each other, the almost daily discovery of intermediate forms gives us confidence to believe that the pointings in other cases will also be realized.

r. Of Transitions.

THE preceding statements were necessary to the comprehension of the supposed mode of metamorphosis or development of the various types of living beings, or, in other words, of the single structural features which define them.

As it is evident that the groups of highest rank have had their origin in remote ages, cases of transition from one to the other by change of character cannot be witnessed at the present day. We therefore look to the most nearly related divisions, or those of the lowest rank, for evidence of such change.

It is necessary to premise that embryology teaches that all the species of a given branch of the animal kingdom (*e. g.*, Vertebrate, Mollusc, etc.) are quite identical in structural character at their first appearance on the germinal layer of the yolk of the parent egg. It shows that the characters of the respective groups of high rank appear first, then those of less grade, and last of all those structures which distinguish them as genera. But among the earliest characters which appear are those of the species, and some of those of the individual.

We find the characters of different genera to bear the same relation to each other that we have already seen in the case of those definitive of orders, etc. In a natural assemblage of related genera we discover that some are defined by characters found only in the embryonic stages of others; while a second will present a permanent condition of

its definitive part, which marks a more advanced stage of that highest. In this manner many stages of the highest genus appear to be represented by permanent genera in all natural groups. Generally, however, this resemblance does not involve an entire identity, there being some other immaturities found in the highest genus at the time it presents the character preserved in permanency by the lower, which the lower loses. Thus (to use a very coarse example) a frog at one stage of growth has four legs and a tail: the salamander always preserves four legs and a tail, thus resembling the young frog. The latter is, however, not a salamander at that time, because, among other things, the skeleton is represented by cartilage only, and the salamander's is ossified. This relation is therefore an imitation only, and is called *inexact parallelism*.

As we compare nearer and nearer relations—*i. e.*, the genera which present fewest points of difference—we find the differences between undeveloped stages of the higher and permanent conditions of the lower to grow fewer and fewer, until we find numerous instances where the lower genus is exactly the same as the undeveloped stage of the higher. This relation is called that of *exact parallelism*.

It must now be remembered that the permanence of a character is what gives it its value in defining genus, order, etc., in the eyes of the systematist. So long as the condition is permanent no transition can be seen: there is therefore no development. If the condition is transitional, it defines nothing, and nothing is developed; at least, so says the anti-developmentalists. It is the old story of the settler and the Indian: "Will you take owl and I take turkey, or I take turkey and you owl?"

If we find a relation of *exact parallelism* to exist between two sets of species in the condition of a certain organ, and the difference so expressed the only one which distinguishes them as sets from each other—if that condition is always the same in each set—we call them two genera: if in any species the condition

is variable at maturity, or sometimes the undeveloped condition of the part is persistent and sometimes transitory, the sets characterized by this difference must be united by the systematist, and the whole is called a single genus.

We know numerous cases where different individuals of the same species present this relation of *exact parallelism* to each other; and as we ascribe common origin to the individuals of a species, we are assured that the condition of the inferior individual is, in this case, simply one of repressed growth, or a failure to fulfill the course accomplished by the highest. Thus, certain species of the salamandrine genus *ambystoma* undergo a metamorphosis involving several parts of the osseous and circulatory systems, etc., while half grown; others delay it till fully grown; one or two species remain indifferently unchanged or changed, and breed in either condition, while another species breeds unchanged, and has never been known to complete a metamorphosis.

The nature of the relation of *exact parallelism* is thus explained to be that of checked or advanced growth of individuals having a common origin. The relation of *inexact parallelism* is readily explained as follows: With a case of *exact parallelism* in the mind, let the repression producing the character of the lower, parallelize the latter with a stage of the former in which a second part is not quite mature: we will have a slight want of correspondence between the two. The lower will be immature in but one point, the incompleteness of the higher being seen in two points. If we suppose the immaturity to consist in a repression at a still earlier point in the history of the higher, the latter will be undeveloped in other points also: thus, the spike-horned deer of South America have the horn of the second year of the North American genus. They would be generically identical with that stage of the latter, were it not that these still possess their milk dentition at two years of age. In the same way the nature of the parallelisms seen in higher groups, as orders, etc., may be accounted for.

The theory of homologous groups furnishes important evidence in favor of derivation. Many orders of animals (probably all, when we come to know them) are divisible into two or more sections, which I have called *homologous*. These are series of genera or families, which differ from each other by some marked character, but whose contained genera or families differ from each other in the same points of detail, and in fact correspond exactly. So striking is this correspondence that were it not for the general and common character separating the homologous series, they would be regarded as the same, each to each. Now it is remarkable that where studied the difference common to all the terms of two homologous groups is found to be one of *inexact parallelism*, which has been shown above to be evidence of descent. Homologous groups always occupy different geographical areas on the earth's surface, and their relation is precisely that which holds between successive groups of life in the periods of geologic time.

In a word, we learn from this source that distinct geologic epochs coexist at the same time on the earth. I have been forced to this conclusion* by a study of the structure of terrestrial life, and it has been remarkably confirmed by the results of recent deep-sea dredgings made by the United States Coast Survey in the Gulf Stream, and by the British naturalists in the North Atlantic. These have brought to light types of Tertiary life, and of even the still more ancient Cretaceous periods, living at the present day. That this discovery invalidates in any wise the conclusions of geology respecting lapse of time is an unwarranted assumption that some are forward to make. If it changes the views of some respecting the parallelism or coexistence of faunæ in different regions of the earth, it is only the anti-developmentalists whose position must be changed.

For, if we find distinct geologic faunæ, or epochs defined by faunæ, coexisting during the present period, and

* *Origin of Genera*, pages 70, 77, 79.

fading or emerging into one another as they do at their geographical boundaries, it is proof positive that the geologic epochs and periods of past ages had in like manner no trenchant boundaries, but also passed the one into the other. The assumption that the apparent interruptions are the result of transfer of life rather than destruction, or of want of opportunities of preservation, is no doubt the true one.

d. Rationale of Development.

a. In Characters of Higher Groups. It is evident in the case of the species in which there is an irregularity in the time of completion of metamorphosis that some individuals traverse a longer developmental line than those who remain more or less incomplete. As both accomplish growth in the same length of time, it is obvious that it proceeds with greater rapidity in one sense in that which accomplishes most: its growth is said to be accelerated. This phenomenon is especially common among insects, where the females of perfect males are sometimes larvæ or nearly so, or pupæ, or lack wings or some character of final development. Quite as frequently, some males assume characters in advance of others, sometimes in connection with a peculiar geographical range.

In cases of *exact parallelism* we reasonably suppose the cause to be the same, since the conditions are identical, as has been shown; that is, the higher conditions have been produced by a crowding back of the earlier characters and an acceleration of growth, so that a given succession in order of advance has extended over a longer range of growth than its predecessor in the same allotted time. That allotted time is the period before maturity and reproduction, and it is evident that as fast as modifications or characters should be assumed sufficiently in advance of that period, so certainly would they be conferred upon the offspring by reproduction. The *acceleration* in the assumption of a character, progressing more rapidly than the same in another character, must soon produce, in a type

whose stages were once the exact parallel of a permanent lower form, the condition of *inexact parallelism*. As all the more comprehensive groups present this relation to each other, we are compelled to believe that *acceleration* has been the principle of their successive evolution during the long ages of geologic time.

Each type has, however, its day of supremacy and perfection of organism, and a retrogression in these respects has succeeded. This has no doubt followed a law the reverse of acceleration, which has been called *retardation*. By the increasing slowness of the growth of the individuals of a genus, and later and later assumption of the characters of the latter, they would be successively lost.

To what power shall we ascribe this acceleration, by which the first beginnings of structure have accumulated to themselves through the long geologic ages complication and power, till from the germ that was scarcely born into a sand-lance, a human being climbed the complete scale, and stood easily the chief of the whole?

In the cases of species, where some individuals develop farther than others, we say that the former possess more growth-force, or "vigor," than the latter. We may therefore say that higher types of structure possess more "vigor" than the lower. This, however, we do not know to be true, nor can we readily find means to demonstrate it.

The food which is taken by an adult animal is either assimilated, to be consumed in immediate activity of some kind, or stored for future use, and the excess is rejected from the body. We have no reason to suppose that the same kind of material could be made to subserve the production of force by any other means than that furnished by a living animal organism. The material from which this organism is constructed is derived first from the parent, and afterward from the food, etc., assimilated by the individual itself so long as growth continues. As it is the activity of assimilation directed to a special end during this latter period which we suppose

to be increased in accelerated development, the acceleration is evidently not brought about by increased facilities for obtaining the means of life which the same individual possesses as an adult. That it is not in consequence of such increased facilities possessed by its parents over those of the type preceding it, seems equally improbable when we consider that the characters in which the parent's advance has appeared are rarely of a nature to increase those facilities.

The nearest approach to an explanation that can be offered appears to be somewhat in the following direction :

There is every reason to believe that the character of the atmosphere has gradually changed during geologic time, and that various constituents of the mixture have been successively removed from it, and been stored in the solid material of the earth's crust in a state of combination. Geological chemistry has shown that the cooling of the earth has been accompanied by the precipitation of many substances only gaseous at high temperatures. Hydrochloric and sulphuric acids have been transferred to mineral deposits or aqueous solutions. The removal of carbonic acid gas and the vapor of water has been a process of much slower progress, and after the expiration of all the ages a proportion of both yet remains. Evidence of the abundance of the former in the earliest periods is seen in the vast deposits of limestone rock; later, in the prodigious quantities of shells which have been elaborated from the same in solution. Proof of its abundance in the atmosphere in later periods is seen in the extensive deposits of coal of the Carboniferous, Triassic and Jurassic periods. If the most luxuriant vegetation of the present day takes but fifty tons of carbon from the atmosphere in a century, per acre, thus producing a layer over that extent of less than a third of an inch in thickness, what amount of carbon must be abstracted in order to produce strata of thirty-five feet in depth? No doubt it occupied a long period, but the atmosphere, thus de-

prived of a large proportion of carbonic acid, would in subsequent periods undoubtedly possess an improved capacity for the support of animal life.

The successively higher degree of oxidization of the blood in the organs designed for that function, whether performing it in water or air, would certainly accelerate the performances of all the vital functions, and among others that of growth. Thus it may be that *acceleration* can be accounted for, and the process of the development of the orders and sundry lesser groups of the Vertebrate kingdom indicated; for, as already pointed out, the definitions of such are radically placed in the different structures of the organs which aerate the blood and distribute it to its various destinations.

But the great question, What determined the direction of this acceleration? remains unanswered. One cannot understand why more highly-oxidized blood should hasten the growth of partition of the ventricle of the heart in the serpent, the more perfectly to separate the aerated from the impure fluid; nor can we see why a more perfectly-constructed circulatory system, sending purer blood to the brain, should direct accelerated growth to the cerebellum or cerebral hemispheres in the crocodile.

b. In Characters of the Specific Kind. Some of the characters usually placed in the specific category have been shown to be the same in kind as those of higher categories. The majority are, however, of a different kind, and have been discussed several pages back.

The cause of the origin of these characters is shrouded in as much mystery as that of those which have occupied the pages immediately preceding. As in that case, we have to assume, as Darwin has done, a tendency in Nature to their production. This is what he terms "the principle of variation." Against an unlimited variation the great law of heredity or atavism has ever been opposed, as a conservator and multiplier of type. This principle is exemplified in the fact that like produces like—that children are like their

parents, frequently even in minutiae. It may be compared to habit in metaphysical matters, or to that singular love of time or rhythm seen in man and lower animals, in both of which the tendency is to repeat in continual cycles a motion or state of the mind or sense.

Further, but a proportion of the lines of variation is supposed to have been perpetuated, and the extinction of intermediate forms, as already stated, has left isolated groups or species.

The effective cause of these extinctions is stated by Darwin to have been a "natural selection"—a proposition which distinguishes his theory from other development hypotheses, and which is stated in brief by the expression, "the preservation of the fittest." Its meaning is this: that those characters appearing as results of this spontaneous variation which are little adapted to the conflict for subsistence, with the nature of the supply, or with rivals in its pursuit, dwindle and are sooner or later extirpated; while those which are adapted to their surroundings, and favored in the struggle for means of life and increase, predominate, and ultimately become the centres of new variation. "I am convinced," says Darwin, "that natural selection has been the main, but not exclusive, means of modification."

That it has been to a large extent the means of preservation of those structures known as specific, must, I think, be admitted. They are related to their peculiar surroundings very closely, and are therefore more likely to exist under their influence. Thus, if a given genus extends its range over a continent, it is usually found to be represented by peculiar species—one in a maritime division, another in the desert, others in the forest, in the swamp or the elevated areas of the region. The wonderful interdependence shown by Darwin to exist between insects and plants in the fertilization of the latter, or between animals and their food-plants, would almost induce one to believe that it were the true expression of the whole law of development.

But the following are serious objections to its universal application:

First: The characters of the higher groups, from genera up, are rarely of a character to fit their possessors especially for surrounding circumstances; that is, the differences which separate genus from genus, order from order, etc., in the ascending scale of each, do not seem to present a superior adaptation to surrounding circumstances in the higher genus to that seen in the lower genus, etc. Hence, superior adaptation could scarcely have caused their selection above other forms not existing. Or, in other words, the very differences in structure which indicate successional relation, or which measure the steps of progress, seem to be equally well fitted for their surroundings.

Second: The higher groups, as orders, classes, etc., have been in each geologic period alike distributed over the whole earth, under all the varied circumstances offered by climate and food. Their characters do not seem to have been modified in reference to these. Species, and often genera, are, on the other hand, eminently restricted according to climate, and consequently vegetable and animal food.

The law of development which we seek is indeed not that which preserves the higher forms and rejects the lower after their creation, but that which explains why higher forms were created at all. Why in the results of a creation we see any relation of higher and lower, and not rather a world of distinct types, each perfectly adapted to its situation, but none properly higher than another in an ascending scale, is the primary question. Given the principle of advance, then natural selection has no doubt modified the details; but in the successive advances we can scarcely believe such a principle to be influential. We look rather upon a progress as the result of the expenditure of some force fore-arranged for that end.

It may become, then, a question whether in characters of high grade the habit or use is not rather the result of the acquisition of the structure than the

structure the result of the encouragement offered to its assumed beginnings by use, or by liberal nutrition derived from the increasingly superior advantages it offers.

e. The Physical Origin of Man.

If the hypothesis here maintained be true, man is the descendant of some pre-existent generic type, the which, if it were now living, we would probably call an ape.

Man and the chimpanzee were in Linnaeus' system only two species of the same genus, but a truer anatomy places them in separate genera and distinct families. There is no doubt, however, that Cuvier went much too far when he proposed to consider *Homo* as the representative of an order distinct from the quadrupeds, under the name of *bimana*. The structural differences will not bear any such interpretation, and have not the same value as those distinguishing the orders of mammalia; as, for instance, between carnivora and bats, or the cloven-footed animals and the rodents, or rodents and edentates. The differences between man and the chimpanzee are, as Huxley well puts it, much less than those between the chimpanzee and lower quadrupeds, as lemurs, etc. In fact, man is the type of a family, *Hominidae*, of the order Quadrupeds, as indicated by the characters of the dentition, extremities, brain, etc. The reader who may have any doubts on this score may read the dissections of Geoffroy St. Hilaire, made in 1856, before the issue of Darwin's *Origin of Species*. He informs us that the brain of man is nearer in structure to that of the orang than the orang's is to that of the South American howler, and that the orang and howler are more nearly related in this regard than are the howler and the marmoset.

The modifications presented by man have, then, resulted from an acceleration in development in some respects, and retardation perhaps in others. But until the combination now characteristic of the genus *Homo* was attained the being could not properly be called man.

And here it must be observed that as an organic type is characterized by the coexistence of a number of peculiarities which have been developed independently of each other, its distinctive features and striking functions are not exhibited until that coexistence is attained which is necessary for these ends.

Hence, the characters of the human genus were probably developed successively: but few of the indications of human superiority appeared until the combination was accomplished. Let the opposable thumb be first perfected, but of what use would it be in human affairs without a mind to direct? And of what use a mind without speech to unlock it? And speech could not be possible though all the muscles of the larynx but one were developed, or but a slight abnormal convexity in one pair of cartilages remained.

It would be an objection of little weight could it be truly urged that there have as yet no remains of apelike men been discovered, for we have frequently been called upon in the course of paleontological discovery to bridge greater gaps than this, and greater remain, which we expect to fill. But we have apelike characters exhibited by more than one race of men yet existing.

But the remains of that being which is supposed to have been the progenitor of man may have been discovered a short time since in the cave of Naulette, Belgium, with the bones of the extinct rhinoceros and elephant.

We all admit the existence of higher and lower races, the latter being those which we now find to present greater or less approximations to the apes. The peculiar structural characters that belong to the negro in his most typical form are of that kind, however great may be the distance of his remove therefrom. The flattening of the nose and prolongation of the jaws constitute such a resemblance; so are the deficiency of the calf of the leg, and the obliquity of the pelvis, which approaches more the horizontal position than it does in the Caucasian. The investigations made at Washington during the war

with reference to the physical characteristics of the soldiers show that the arms of the negro are from one to two inches longer than those of the whites: another approximation to the ape. In fact, this race is a species of the genus *Homo* as distinct in character from the Caucasian as those we are accustomed to recognize in other departments of the animal kingdom; but he is not distinct by isolation, since intermediate forms between him and the other species can be abundantly found.

And here let it be particularly observed that two of the most prominent characters of the negro are those of immature stages of the Indo-European race in its characteristic types. The deficient calf is the character of infants at a very early stage; but, what is more important, the flattened bridge of the nose and shortened nasal cartilages are universally immature conditions of the same parts in the Indo-European. Any one may convince himself of that by examining the physiognomies of infants. In some races—*e. g.*, the Slavic—this

undeveloped character persists later than in some others. The Greek nose, with its elevated bridge, coincides not only with æsthetic beauty, but with developmental perfection.

This is, however, only "*inexact parallelism*," as the characters of the hair, etc., cannot be explained on this principle *among existing races*. The embryonic characters mentioned are probably a remnant of those characteristic of the primordial race or species.

But the man of Naulette, if he be not a monstrosity, is a still more distinct and apelike species. The chin, that marked character of other species of men, is totally wanting, and the dentition is quite approximate to the man-like apes, and different from that of modern men. The form is very massive, as in apes. That he was not abnormal is rendered probable by approximate characters seen in a jaw from the cave of Puy-sur-Aube, and less marked in the lowest races of Australia and New Caledonia.

EDWARD D. COPE.

A WEEK AMONG THE MORMONS.

DREARY, dark and drizzling—gray streaks of would-be light in the sombreness of the clouds—a flat stretch of partially-frozen mud on either side of the railroad track;—this was the scene, at five o'clock of a stormy morning, that we realized at Ogden Station as the train rolled away into the distance, and we three weary, sleepy travelers, bound for Mormonland, stood dolefully in front of the canvas house by courtesy yclept a station, shiveringly contemplating the prospect and ourselves by the dim rays of the station-master's lantern.

"Is this Mr. T. B.'s party?" the official presently demanded; and receiv-

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ing an affirmative response, he pleasantly ushered us into the rude house which formed the company's office and the official's abiding-place. "Bishop West's carriage is waiting for you," was comforting tidings, and in a few moments more the sound of wheels reached our ears; and with thanks for the politeness of the railroad people we clambered into the ambulance-like "carriage" and moved off, bound for Ogden City, distant some three miles, and the second Mormon town in the Territory of Utah. Sleepily we bounced along, every little distance hearing the swish of water against the wagon wheels and the splash as the horses apparently

plunged into moist depths. Our wonder aroused, we tried to peer into the dim darkness, and, able to see nothing, demanded of the charioteer if "they generally had so much water lying around loose?" He chuckled somewhat over our ignorance, and replied, "Why, it's the *irrigation*." We wonder how we were to know that irrigation meant deep gutters full of water every few rods across the roads, so that when driving through the town one has a sensation of continually crossing small creeks.

We drew up presently in front of a long, low, story-and-a-half house, and a man armed with a lantern appeared, helped us to dismount, and preceded us, lantern in hand, up stairs into two quaint-looking rooms, with beds mountain high, and closing the door solemnly and silently, departed. Sleepy and tired from the journey of fifty-six hours from San Francisco, we clambered into the feather heights, and forgetful of many-wived Mormon bishops and houses with numerous doors, each entrance betokening a wife, slept our first sleep under Mormon authority in a "Latter-Day Saint's" household.

It would require more words than are furnished by our language to depict the scene which stretched before our windows when daylight had fully come to reveal its beauties. The time was in the early days of October. The gardens surrounding the houses were full of fruit trees in bearing: their branches drooped heavily, laden with ripe pears and bright-hued peaches. The blue sparkling waters of the great Salt Lake laved the shore almost at the gardens' edge: hemming in and encircling the town were mountains whose dusky sides were turning into vivid brilliancy with the vivifying fingers of cold, that had touched the sumach leaves and brought out their scarlet blushes: over this had fallen in the night a powdering of snow, and with the morning's sunlight, dazzling bright, bringing into bold relief each color, there was a bewildering beauty about the scene that caused vague visions of Fairyland to flit

through the mind, and fully defies all description.

Feeling as though we were truly in a *terra incognita*, and that soft stepping would befit us, we wandered down stairs about mid-day, our sleep over, in search of adventure, curious to know what and whom we should see. The second wife of Bishop West came to minister to our wants—Mrs. West No. 2—and told us the bishop had been twice to inquire for us; that he lived opposite (pointing to a low, long, many-doored log house) with seven of his ten wives; and that she kept the house where we were stopping, a semi-hotel, and "Louise" lived in another house just down the street.

A young woman with a pretty little baby was in the sitting-room, and after a few moments' inspection of our party, abruptly inquired of me, "Are you married?" With a realizing sense of my shortcomings in that respect, I meekly replied in the negative; whereupon she demanded, "How old should you think I was?" Fully awake to the danger of adding aught to any woman's years, I stole a furtive look at the large, bony figure, the round, unIntellectual face, the staring blue eyes and coarse yellow hair, and suggested, "About twenty." "I'm not seventeen yet, and I've been married a year and a half to Bishop Budge (!) of Caché Valley."

Subsequent judicious inquiry elicited many facts regarding the bishop's ménage: that he had three wives and thirteen children; that they all lived together; that it was pretty hard work, particularly the washing; that the wives did not quarrel—what was the use?—that sometimes, at bed-time, there was a good deal of noise (one could hardly doubt that, with thirteen children in a small house), but the men did not mind it, for they took their hats and went out; that they had no time to go visiting; that the bishop read a great deal, but they had to look after the children. On being asked why she had married so young, at only a little past fourteen years of age, she replied, "Why, we all do—we have to. If we don't, we are

talked about, preached at by name in the Tabernacle, and made fun of. No Mormon woman would be an old maid, and they are called that at eighteen." Her curiosity was unbounded, and question followed question about the "world's people" and their denounced and forbidden ways. We felt it was almost too bad to show her a state of things where women had comforts, rights, attentions and education, for surely it was almost a case where "ignorance" was comparative "bliss."

I took the opportunity, while waiting for the rest of our party, who were to join us here, to jot down some items she gave me. She deliberately took her stand behind my chair to watch me, and suddenly exclaimed, "Laws me! how fast you do write!" It is presumable she never had written a letter in her life, and her ability to *read* written characters is open to doubt. Presently she said, "Do you do your washing with a machine?" I tried to remember whether that necessary domestic performance, in the household of which I was an honorary member, was accomplished with or without the aid of machinery, but had to give it up, and replied, "Really, I don't know. I *think* there is one in the house, but if you ask Mrs. B., she can tell." Her eyes grew immense, and with a countenance indicative of intense surprise, she ejaculated, "Why, don't you *do* the washing?" "Not exactly." "Well, who *does*?" "The servants," I replied, more amused than I cared to show. No more words were forthcoming, but I was looked at evidently as a poor good-for-naught: I was *not* married, and I *did not do the washing!*

I give a somewhat detailed account of Mrs. Budge No. 3, for she was not of the middle stratum even of Mormon society. Her husband was a man of station and position in the Church and State organization. He was a bishop, had charge over a township, and was well-to-do. In a little while he came into the room, and being introduced to me, "a lady from the East," entered into conversation, in which he proved

himself an intelligent, cultivated, well-read man. From him I gathered a better epitome of the religious faith of the Mormon Church than I was able to glean in all my talks with men higher in place and authority than was he. But I gathered also how they managed to keep their wives in subjection. Almost the first article of the Mormon creed is, that women are unequal to men in the eyes of the great Ruler of the Universe—that no woman ever can enter the land of the Hereafter *unless taken there by her husband*. Then all their teachings go to show that heaven is to be the scene of the great triumph of the Latter-Day Saints—that there will all the universe be in subjection to *them*, and their wives and daughters will be queens and princesses. Then, although the men are educated thoroughly, especially upon points likely to affect the spread of their belief, the women are left in utter and complete ignorance. In all the many houses, even of the highest of the land, to which we afterward had access, we saw scarcely a book save those on Mormonism, and not a single paper or magazine. We spoke of the topics of the day both at home and abroad, and met with entire blankness: none of them had any idea of what we were talking about. Then, before a girl has reached full womanhood, while her ideas are still unformed and childish, she is married, probably to a man old enough to be her father. Take any girl of fourteen or fifteen—which is the common marriageable age in Mormondom—even an educated girl, and how able is she to form opinions and right judgments? Then leave out the education, and her abilities will surely be at the minimum. So, by these three levers do Mormon men, wise in their generation, act upon the hearts of the women among them: First, by appealing to the religious element so strong in every woman; next, by keeping her in ignorance of everything that might show her the fallacy of the claims to superiority of the men; and lastly, by throwing upon childish shoulders burdens of care and weights of responsibility under which mature

womanhood must often faint. We are reminded of Him who pronounced woe of old upon those who "bind heavy burdens and grievous to be borne," and lay them upon others' shoulders.

The place occupied by a Mormon wife in her husband's household is simply that of a servant, with fewer privileges than has Jane the cook or Lucy the waiter in our domestic economy. She has no "afternoon out"—no wages to do as she will with—no "followers," and no chance of a change. But she has hard work, unrealizable in our comfortable houses; the privilege of waiting upon the master of the house when he chooses to call upon her services; and the belief that the more patiently she bears the cross of the present, the more beautiful will be the crown of the future she hopes to wear.

By invitation our party went to ride with President F—, one of the "Twelve Apostles," who claim the same position and authority given by our Lord to the twelve who lived and suffered with Him during the three years of His earthly ministry.

Up Ogden Cañon we drove, along a busy, brawling, beautiful stream that danced and bounded over a rocky bed close beside the road, which has been built at great cost and much labor by the Mormons, that they might have a safe road along which to bring their firewood. This is one of the most beautiful of the many magnificent gorges in these Rocky Mountain fastnesses. The president said to us, "Have we not at least a beautiful country?" I could not refrain from answering him, in the familiar words of Heber, that had been singing incessantly in my mind: "Here every prospect pleases, and only man is vile." "Ah!" was his reply, "it only needs education and enlightenment to bring the world's people to a realization of our better things."

We were taken back to his house to tea: on driving to the entrance, some one said, "Have you a school here?" for the yard was full of children. "Oh no: this is my family." "How many do they number?" we inquired, aghast.

"Twenty-nine living, and eleven dead." "Well, but honestly, president, do you know them all?" "Sometimes I *do* get their names a little mixed," was the response.

We were ushered into the house—a double, two-story adobe structure—where we met the mother of the president and Mrs. F— No. 1. The latter was a pleasant-faced woman of thirty-five or thereabouts, evidently so intent upon household cares and the exercising of hospitality that she had not taken time to array herself for festivities; for she had on a calico dress, minus a collar, made without any attempt at grace or beauty; in all presenting such an appearance as would be scorned by Bridget after her day's work is done. The introduction over, we were left to the entertaining powers of the president and his mother. The latter was a chirpy old lady of seventy-two, a Vermont woman, who was quite ready to tell us of her conversion to Mormonism forty years ago in the mountains of Vermont—of her belief in its claims, its miraculous pretensions, its superior holiness. She told us of the trials and sufferings of the early comers in Utah twenty-two years ago—of how they had been prospered, and what a power in the land and the earth Mormonism is to-day, and how much more it eventually will be. Such thorough religious fanaticism, such perfect faith in the leaders of the movement, it is hard to believe can exist in this enlightened, progressive nineteenth century. Her son deferred to her, and treated her opinions and words with marked respect and regard. Indeed, we noticed this through all our wanderings amid this singular and in many respects wonderful people: the sons seem to have a marked tenderness toward their mothers. We asked the old lady about herself. Her husband had had five wives, and she was the first. I said, "Do tell me how the women feel about this institution: they surely cannot like it?" "Certainly not, but then this is our cross. God has appointed it for us, and we must take it up and bear it patiently; and the more

quietly and happily we try to carry it, the greater will be our reward." "But," I persisted, "have you been happy?" "*Happy! I have suffered enough to have died ten thousand deaths.*" I can give the words, but not the accent or the look which accompanied and pointed them. We were answered.

Opposite to where we sat were some portraits, the president and his five wives hung in their rotation—Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5—as close together as possible. The effect was infinitely funny. We asked their names and residences, and were told that the four lived in this same house, though occupying separate living-rooms, and each one having her own door; that the supplies for household needs and consumption were kept in the cellar, and were common to all, but that each family lived to itself. Presently a summons to supper came, and we found ourselves in a room half kitchen, half dining-room, where Mrs. F—— No. 1 waited upon her guests from behind their chairs, declining an invitation from her husband to "get herself a cup and plate and sit down at this corner." She joined in the chat, however, and was quite pleased when we were informed by her husband that she had eleven children. The courtesies of the table were a little "mixed," according to our slower ideas, for the head of the house was first supplied with comestibles, afterward the mother-in-law, and then the guests.

After the repast—which was well cooked and of good quality and great abundance—we ladies were shown into a third room, to see Mrs. F—— No. 1's daughter, with her little babe. Here we had a long talk with the women alone. In this one room were four generations—the great-grandmother, a Yankee woman, who had known better things; the others, who had seen naught but Mormonism. Mrs. F—— No. 1 said she did not care *how* many wives her husband had: she had gone through all the suffering possible for a woman's heart to bear, and she was callous. She used the identical expression of her mother-in-law—that she had gone

through agony enough to have made death itself as naught; but *that* was past, and blessed indifference had followed. We queried whether they really thought this great country would allow Mormonism much longer to remain unmolested. The response came quickly—that the government could do nothing against the forces of the Latter-Day Saints. The hosts of the Lord would fight for them, and they would only need to bear the victors' palm. We looked in wonder and said, "Do you *really* feel this way?" The two elder women turned to each other, the fire of enthusiasm lighting up their faded, worn faces: "Our whole lives would have been utterly in vain if this is not true."

We shall never forget the scene. The room was plain, almost comfortless but for a bright crackling wood-fire in the large chimney-place. The bright light shone full on the figure of the young mother (not yet sixteen), with the little morsel of humanity in her arms; a younger sister was listening attentively, while the mother and grandmother, side by side, were sounding the key-notes of their whole lives. We could say but little: what we could we did, especially to the younger ones. But we felt it was futile. Our surprise at being allowed free talk with the Mormon women died away. Their submission was their religion, their only hope of happiness hereafter, which surely, if sorrow and sadness here can earn, they richly deserve. And they fully regarded us as benighted heathens, who one day would realize the mistake we had made. With women holding such ideas any efforts we might make at enlightenment would of course be unsuccessful.

By the next day the rest of the party had rejoined us, and bidding adieu to the kindly hostess, Mrs. Bishop West No. 2, and saying what has proved a final farewell to the fine-looking bishop himself—for he has since gone to his long home and final reckoning—we departed for "The City," in Mormon parlance.

The enthusiasm of the Mormon wanderers of twenty years ago is not to be

wondered at, when, after months of toilsome journeyings over the Plains, they reached the heights that looked down upon the magnificent valley of Salt Lake. We never expect to see again such beauty as was spread out before us as the stage slowly lumbered up the last rise in the ground and the scene burst upon us in all its grandeur. The sparkling, brilliant waters of the lake; the fertile, widespreading valley; the winding current of the river Jordan, uniting the Sweet Lake and the Salt; the tree-embowered city; and around all the chain of silent sentinels, their lofty, heaven-kissing heads crowned with an eternal whiteness,—all this, seen through the wonderfully rarefied, translucent atmosphere, that almost annihilates distance, is simply indescribable.

Sunday was our first day in Salt Lake City, and, like the rest of the world, we wended our way to the Tabernacle, with whose name and outward appearance nearly everybody is familiar. "The President," as the arch-deceiver is universally styled, was absent, but sermons were delivered by others in power to over seven thousand people. More than two-thirds of the audience were women, and certainly every second one had a child with her: the solemnity of the scene was *not* increased by the pipings of the younger portion of the congregation. Service over—and it lasted nearly three hours—our party was introduced to the son of Brigham Young, who offered his services as cicerone; and we clambered on to the roof of the Tabernacle, and such a view as repaid the exertion! From this height were seen the coaches bringing Vice-President Colfax and his party into the city, and great was the cheering that greeted them.

We were taken through "the President's" orchard; treated to grapes of his raising; shown the first adobe house built in Utah, where lives now the first wife of Brigham; shown the "Gable House," where is the office of the President and the abiding-place of sixteen of his countless spouses. All the numerous questions we had to ask were

courteously and fully responded to by Mr. Young, Jr., and an invitation finally tendered by him to visit his own house, which some of the party accepted. We found it to be one of the pleasantest-looking of a row of adobe buildings, tastefully furnished and occupied by "my wife Libbie." This lady was one of the first we had seen in Utah who seemed at all like our Eastern women. She made some queries of the party, and finally said she was a Philadelphian, a convert to Mormonism, and an inhabitant of The City only since her conversion and marriage to Mr. Young, just two years previous. We could not understand it. Down went all theories of lack of education, of observance of custom, of knowing nothing better, and we left the problem unsolved.

During the talk a pleasant-faced woman of about four-and-twenty came into the parlor, and was introduced as "my wife Lucy." The two women were very pleasant in their external intercourse, and had no asperity in their tones, but apparently were on the best of terms. We were lost in amazement. Presently a handsome light wagon drew up to the door, and a cordial invitation was given to go to Mr. Young's other home, seconded by "Mrs. Lucy," and the party moved on. A two-mile ride brought us to a fine plantation of trees surrounding a pleasant house: as the carriage rolled in at the gate the door opened and a voice said, "I'm so glad you've come back! I have been so lonely;" and we were presented to "my wife Clara," as pretty a blonde as one would wish to see, with a beautifully-shaped head and soft brown eyes—the first really pretty woman we had seen in Mormon dominions. We had a pleasant chat with these ladies, and a glorious drive back to the hotel under the star-besprinkled heavens, while the last rosy radiance lingered and stayed in the western skies.

The days sped rapidly in sight-seeing and attendance on the Fair, where all the articles displayed were of home manufacture, and testified strongly to the self-dependence of this industrious, fru-

gal people. A drive of six miles brought us to the Cocoonery of Brigham Young in a grove of mulberry trees. The coocoons are in charge of the *last* wife of the President, married within a year to him for the express purpose of taking care of this portion of his domain, from which he hopes to gain material to export, and so exchange with the *foreign* powers of the "States" for iron and other necessities not yet procurable in Utah.

All the Mormons with whom we talked seemed in an infuriated state of mind over Mr. Colfax, who had declined to accept the hospitalities of the city, as tendered him by some of their chief men. Brigham, who stands upon his dignity as President and head of the Mormon Church and organization, political and military, never calls upon strangers. The Vice-President of the United States likewise receives calls; and Mr. Young chose to ignore the Vice-President's presence completely, remaining out of Salt Lake City until within a few hours of the termination of Mr. Colfax's sojourn there.

One bright morning we started on a short exploring expedition around the city, meaning to return some of the visits that to our great surprise had been made to us by various Mormon women. Turning down the street opposite the "Gable House" with the "Eagle Gate," where Brigham Young has his abode, and where each gable is said to testify to the presence of a wife, we came to a pleasant-looking house, on whose porch stood a remarkably fine-looking woman, of whom we inquired for Mr. Joseph Young's house. With much suavity and courtesy we were directed opposite. Some one said, "That woman can never be a *Mormon*: she must belong to a Gentile family." During the call on "Mrs. Joe" we asked, "Who is your very handsome neighbor?" "Why," in some astonishment, "that is Amelia, and she wants your party to go to the President's with her." So the party adjourned to Mrs. Amelia Young's house, to be introduced to the favorite wife of Brigham—the only woman, it is report-

ed, who has any influence over him, and who is considered to be "the power behind the throne." The house itself externally is very like all the Salt Lake buildings, being constructed of sun-dried brick, or "adobe," and painted to suit individual taste; low in structure—only a story and a half high—with a hall running through the middle. But this house and its surroundings were in fine order: paint fresh, fences straight and trim, and a general air of neatness and finish that was often wanting in other buildings. The furnishing in-doors was the best we had seen; a fine "Steinway" stood open, the walls bore some pleasant pictures; the aspect was more familiar than any before encountered, and Mrs. Amelia became the surroundings: tall and graceful, with a commanding figure and a head worthy of better things, it was hard to realize her position. A daughter of Brigham, about twenty, was also in the room, seemingly on the best of terms with "Aunt Amelia," this being the avowed relationship held by the children of one wife to all the other wives. After the first few moments the talk flowed into Mormon channels. We noticed that on all occasions they *would* talk of themselves, assert their superiority over the rest of the world, and endeavor by vehement self-assertion to prove how much better was their condition than that of others. Mrs. Joe said, "Amelia, are you going to the President's?" "That will not be necessary. I have sent for the President!" But a few moments elapsed ere the President's own handsome carriage, drawn by a pair of black horses, drew up to the door, with a message that its owner was engaged at a business meeting, but had sent Mrs. Amelia the carriage, and would come himself at a later hour. Amelia offered to show the ladies some of their best families, and our party, just filling the carriage, moved off. The first house was one occupied by "the Happy Family," where two wives and nineteen children were said to live in a state of intense beatitude. We surely think that never have we seen faces expressive of

such utter joylessness as worn by these two women. Crushed-looking, without one spark of animation, one ray of interest, of all the sad faces we saw (and their name was legion), these were the very saddest. The house was handsome, the garden radiant with gorgeous plants and flowers. It is the show-place of the city, but those weary, woe-begone women! the memory of them haunts me yet, and stands out the more vividly from the elegance of the material surroundings.

We were amused at the commotion created by Mrs. Amelia's appearance in the stores on the street. Evidently she was recognized as a power. We watched her closely, curiously. Aware of her history, of the months of suing that Brigham had undergone ere he could bring her to consent to be Mrs. Young No. 40 or 50, or thereabouts, we looked and marveled. After the progress was over, the question was put: "What do you think of polygamy now? Is it what people have represented it to be?" "Not exactly," was the response, "but much worse." "Ah, well! I suppose your minds are not educated up to this point, but the day will come when you will see that we are in the right. *I* am not the only wife of my husband, but I consider myself the *equal*, if not the *superior*, of ANY woman in the United States." And she evidently did. "A kinder, more indulgent, more affectionate husband than mine cannot be seen." "No," chimed in *Miss Young*, "nor a better, kinder father than mine is." We were glad to hear it, but somehow it did sound a little dubious.

The hour approached, however, for the advent of the great man, and he entered the room with a quick, firm tread, not in accordance with his "threescore years and ten," and was presented to the group. In any assemblage he might have passed unnoticed. A short, rotund figure, grayish hair and whiskers, a pleasant face and a mellifluous voice, with a falling cadence in it;—this was the first impression of a man who has probably caused more wretchedness than any other person in this genera-

tion. He sat down carelessly in an arm-chair, and began to chat: finally he turned to us and said, "I hear you have had unwonted opportunities for seeing the interior of our households. What do you think of the *happiness* of Mormon families?" We said, "It seems as though there were more *peace* than we supposed possible." He returned, "I wanted to hear Anna Dickinson lecture here, very much. I would gladly have given a dollar to hear her scold. I understand she excels in that, and with all my wives and daughters I have not heard a woman scold these fifteen years. What do you think of that?" "We think it speaks very forcibly," we replied. How we longed to say it spoke volumes for the utter annihilation of all vim and energy and force of purpose in the souls of these wretched, oppressed creatures! The mention of Mr. Colfax acted as a spur, and the bitterness of the tone and malevolent expression of the face transformed the easy-going, smug-looking old man before us into a vindictive, unscrupulous, ambitious leader, as he said, "Colfax's conduct here is very significant of the probable action of the government toward us. We are ready for it, however: let it do its worst."

Brigham made many inquiries about the East and its strides of advancement. His language was ungrammatical and inelegant, but with a certain strength and terseness that evinced power and force. A photograph of himself having been produced, we asked him to write his name on the carte, which he did, and glancing at the caligraphy, said, "The writing is not much, but it will do. *I am satisfied to make history: I leave it for others to write.*"

At this juncture the door opened and quite an old lady entered, very plainly attired. Brigham exclaimed, "Oh, Sister Young, how do you do to-day? This is my *first wife*, ladies!" The old lady proved chatty, invited us to come and see her house, talked of her children and of the new railroad, and presently rose to go. Her husband said, "If you are going home, I shall have the pleas-

ure of escorting you," and bowed himself out: the old couple went away, escorted to the gate by Mrs. Amelia with all cordiality and apparent contentment. We felt bewildered: our ideas were so twisted we could hardly tell whether "we were we."

An invitation was extended to us all to go to Mrs. Amelia's private box at the theatre, and for a few moments we stopped in to take a look at the audience and the actors. Five of Brigham's children were on the stage participating in the representation of *Richard III*. The house was full, the costumes, scenery, etc., quite first class, but oh the expression on the women's faces! Hopelessness predominated: a dogged quietude, a bearing of all ills, seemed the best condition they could arrive at. We tarried but a little: then with thanks to our entertainers, and a realizing sense of what Mormonism means, at least to its women, we passed out into the clear evening air, the starlit heavens above us looking on calm and quiet, as though no misery, no despair, were felt under their brilliant canopy.

As we look back on those days, spent in that glorious country, our hearts sink within us to realize the enslaved condition of the women. Bound in a bitter bondage, with but faint hope of anything better, taught that to refuse the servitude will bring upon their souls

eternal misery, the key to their position lies in the invariable response made by each woman with whom we talked: "Yes, it is a cross, and a heavy one, but it is *right* and God's will, and we ought to submit."

One woman said, "Oh if you knew how we Mormon women felt when the railroad was finished! Thanksgivings went up all over the land, but those from our hearts outweighed them all. I used to feel that these mountains were prison walls that held us here in bondage, but now we can get away!" The moral effect of the railroad already begins to evince itself, we think, for there is much more freedom of speech in Salt Lake City, and the women are inquiring and thinking for themselves. May the day be hastened when this yoke of horrible bondage shall be lifted from their shoulders!

As the stage reached the top of the hill from which the last view could be procured of the valley and the city, and we turned for one final look at the loneliness spread out at our feet, overhung with all the glory of an autumnal sky, the contrast between the outward beauty and the inward deformity was sharp and striking. Familiar words would come to our memory:

" Ah, they have fallen into a pit of ink,
That the wide sea hath drops too few
To wash them white again."

A. M.

SHALL WE DESPAIR OF THE REPUBLIC?

ARE we going to the dogs? It is what men say with untroubled coolness, and with even greater calmness proceed to demonstrate. They say that our legislative bodies and our public officials are absolutely corrupt; that our legal tribunals are in the control of rich men—in other words, that the "rings" have the courts in their pock-

ets; that the vast fortunes made during the war have inspired a frantic thirst for wealth and wrought a vast demoralization of the country; and that men are now not ashamed openly to boast of transactions which a few years ago they would have as openly denounced.

If you hopefully dispute them, they will draw from their memories many

facts as startling as they are disreputable. There is A, they tell you, in a public post of which the salary is not over fifteen hundred, and its lawful perquisites dear at five hundred more. Yet A keeps his fast trotter and lives in a brown-stone house at the corner of Fifth avenue and Walnut street. There is B, who three years ago went to the Legislature of Alaska as poor as Job in the days of his tribulation, who now is as rich as Job in the days of his restoration. There is General Cincinnatus, whose lovely place at Tusculum is the envy even of Verres, and whose income-tax would permit him to make of solid gold the ploughshare with which he cultivates his Sabine farm. There are D, E and F, the conscript fathers, who drive a regular traffic in plunder, and whose demands you must satisfy ere you can get a deed of your own water-lots on either sea-front of Corinthiabi-maris. So it goes through an entire mercenary and marauding alphabet.

There is no reason to doubt these statements. The only question which concerns us is that generalized conclusion to which the narrators so swiftly jump—that they prove a civilization rotten ere it is ripe, and that we are just upon the verge of an utter wreck of prosperity, character and national hope. In other words, the thing to ask is, Are these facts evidence of vital disease? or are they simply a surface-rash by which the body in a healthy training process is expelling corrupt humors?

Let one generalization meet another. Is it possible for a nation which has just passed through a four years' agony of such mighty and ennobling self-sacrifice to fall so suddenly into the abyss of dishonesty? The answer is, "No!" It is *not* possible that the nation was saved by such martyr earnestness only to sell itself for the wages of infamy. And it can be also shown that a like state of things—corrupt officers and much mal-administration—does not necessarily imply national ruin.

To refer to history. Three hundred years ago, roughly calculating, the

English judiciary was not immaculate. Bribery approached even the woolsack when he who sat thereon was Francis Bacon. Philosopher, statesman, scholar, he was neither a man of the people forced upward into office by the concurrent forces of an ambitious temperament and an unsettled time, nor yet was he a scion of that aristocracy which could plead its Norman birth-right in bar of the requirement of ordinary morals. In either case we might call him an exception. But he was of the English middle class, the son of a father distinguished for his services, the inheritor of a name without blemish, no novice to the temptations of a court, no stranger to the lofty teachings of literature, and sprung from the country gentry, then to England the nursery of its noblest and best citizens and servants. Yet the lord chancellor was tried for taking bribes—tried and convicted. That such a man, so placed, could fall into this fault is proof of two things—viz., that neither for suitors to offer nor for judges to receive was beyond a precedent. Others must have sinned, and got off better than Bacon. If there were doubt on this point, Bishop Latimer's sermons, preached ere Bacon was born, would conclusively prove it. And the defence which Bacon attempted to set up—that he had not sold justice, only promptness in its administration, shows that a permissible license was not unknown to those times.

Half a century later, in the time of Charles the Second, came a day when political virtue hardly seemed to exist. The diary of Samuel Pepys, commissioner of the admiralty and courtier, lets us behind the scenes. Men of probity and character were not above direct pecuniary gifts in return for official service.

In the next reign another keeper of the great seal and of the king's conscience sat upon the bench, before whom neither age nor innocence knew mercy or justice. Jeffreys was that judge to whose pre-eminence of brutality and shamelessness even Scrogggs and Williams owe a comparative obscurity of in-

famy. Yet a single stroke of legislation purified the judiciary by making the Bench independent of the Crown.

We pass on to the days of the House of Hanover and the time of Walpole. That great minister—for he was great, great enough to uphold a dynasty of foreigners as narrow in their souls as in their petty ancestral domains, and as depraved in their morals as they were repulsive in their manners—that great minister took for his well-known maxim that "Every man has his price." Apparently that price was rarely too high in Walpole's market to hinder him from getting such and as many men as he wanted. Who were the men whom he bought? A Barebones Parliament swept from the purlieus of London? Not at all. They were the country gentlemen of England—the old, long-descended lines of the squirearchies of her rich counties.

As Walpole vanishes another succeeds. It is that young Mr. Pitt who entered upon public life an ardent patriot and a lofty declaimer against Hanoverian subsidies and court oppression. To the Orfords had succeeded the Pelhams in the business of corruption. Newcastle was the master in that school, the Raphael of his art who eclipsed the Perugino who preceded him. If Pitt stood haughtily apart from the drudgery of political intrigue, he did not hesitate to employ the votes the motive of which he could hardly have failed to know.

A little later on, and another great statesman, when the fate of British India and his own were trembling in the balance, bought Sir Elijah Impey, chief-justice of the supreme court of Bengal, and with that convenient tool broke the cabal of Francis and Clavering and put to death the Brahmin Nuncomar. That Hastings actually did all which Fisk and Drew have ever been accused of attempting, is unquestionable; yet he has found no less an apologist than Lord Macaulay. More than this, it was not the careless or questionable lending of judicial aid to further a doubtful transaction of the market that Impey engaged in. He used his high

office to put to death the native of a conquered country over which he was the sworn protector, and that by a violent construction of a British statute as utterly foreign to the moral code of Hindostan as the retaliatory laws of Moses to the social life of to-day.

Pages might be cited of instances to the same effect. Yet out of this sea of official venality, out of this pool of judicial prostitution, out of this age of parliamentary frailty, there has emerged a judiciary whose integrity is only equaled by its ability; a Parliament which no Premier would dare approach with corrupt suggestions, and a civil service which, if dilatory, is very far from dishonest.

But it is said that our American government, once pure, is rapidly becoming more corrupt. The fact is yet to be proved. Photograph your smoothest pen-stroke into a twenty-times-magnified copy, and what spots and ragged outlines not before discernible! We have to deal with hugely magnified interests, and the microscopic deviation expands into a blur when applied to the distributor of a revenue now reckoned in millions where it once was counted in hundreds.

Some readers of this paper may recollect the charges poured out against the administration of Mr. Van Buren—the alleged extravagance in the Seminole war, and the fabled luxury of the White House, as described in the "gold-spoon" philippic of Mr. Ogle. We should laugh at them now.

Another point must be considered. The financial disturbance of the war, so greatly affecting all values, left it really uncertain what were just prices. Men took what they could get, especially in government contracts, being in honest doubt whether they were likely to receive even a fair return. It was fairy money which they pocketed, that might at any moment, it seemed, turn to stones and dried leaves. And men generally, if they reasoned at all upon the point, felt that since the government was bound to provide a sufficient currency,

the loss of a depreciation should fall on the State rather than on the citizen.

This is not given as a sound argument for the practices complained of. It is only to show that what we have been calling absolute disregard of right and wrong may have been no more than a confusion of the moral sense. It is the ethics of the cloak-room after an inauguration ball, according to which one seizes *any* hat and *any* umbrella, because one's own are hopelessly gone. It does not follow that this sullied virtue will presently take to filching from private halls and reaping the outer garments it has not sown. We agree that better is catarrh with integrity than a clear larynx with larceny, but we do not feel that such doings necessarily imperil the general laws of *meum* and *tuum*.

Now, as to official peculation. The public is not without sin. It takes the services of its officers without proper compensation. If it is robbed, it has been robbing. What per cent. of their hard-earned salaries are naval officers compelled by the shabby economies of the State to expend upon their vessels and the public service? The navy is not complained of for being light-fingered, because its officers are gentlemen, but it would not be to be wondered at if they *were* somewhat lax in their ideas concerning perquisites. But generally, in regard to the service of the State, it should be held that the one who enters it has a right to two things. One of these is a fair living compensation: the other is a reasonable certainty of continuance in office during good behavior, with a retiring provision at the end.

He has a right to the former, since the people can always afford a fair day's wages for a fair day's work, because the State is independent of fluctuations in the labor-market, and because ordinarily the nation demands the man's entire service. Much of its work will brook nothing less. A commander cannot say, "I do not enter the navy for storms at sea and naval battles, but only for dockyard duty." He

cannot in honor resign because ordered to the coast of Sumatra, instead of to the Mediterranean. He cannot so arrange his cruises as to provide for his family. This is true to a degree also of bureau employments. If they are faithfully discharged, they leave little time for the chances of private profit. And certainly in most cases they cut off all hope of that adventure and enterprise by which mercantile fortunes are made. The compensation for this disadvantage should be permanence. If we get little, let us get it surely. But five per cent. per annum for our investments, accompanied by the uncertainty of the stock-market, is not what any man would choose.

It is not right—but is it not natural?—for a man to say, "Since I *may* go at any moment, and *must* go when this administration ends, I will make all I can." Let a merchant give his clerks to understand that he is ever on the watch to get others in their places at cheaper rates, and he will not long keep honest men in his employ. Why do our banks, as a rule, command the services of men of sterling fidelity? They pay only moderate salaries, but every cashier knows that he has a place which is as certain as the earth's movement in its orbit, and his quarterly salary is an income on which he can count while he lives and can work. Try rotation in office upon our banks, and what would our deposits be worth?

Next, as to legislative corruption. This *is* a sore subject. But is it not greatly exaggerated in the popular mind? *All* business in public bodies is not done dishonestly, nor are *all* legislators accessible to bribes. Special legislation has been the *fons ac origo hujuscemodi mali*, and there has been far too much special legislating. Yet herein a great deal of the corruption complained of belongs to secondary processes—to the mere expediting of business. It is like hotel bribery. Every guest cannot be served first. If you want the first service out of turn, others must wait who have an equal right, and you *ought* to pay extra. You cannot complain of the waiter's ex-

tortion, since you paid the landlord for your dinner, but not for the privilege of tantalizing a dozen or more to see you eat it. It is the men who would not wait the due course of public business who have brought this upon us.

And the fact that we complain of legislative bribery, and chafe under it, shows that, however coolly we may talk of its inevitableness, we have not come to regard it as right. When a race loses the practice of any virtue, it is not offended at the presence of the correspondent vice. We do not expect a Fenian to set a high value upon accurate and measured statement. We do not look for abhorrence of unchastity at Tahiti. An Italian of the sixteenth century would consider Iago as rather an estimable character, and Paris takes very easily the breach of the seventh commandment. When we are really callous to this condition of our legislatures we shall say much less about it. When we accept the situation we shall choose our representatives according to their bribable capacity, getting the men who will do the most work at the lowest rates.

But bribery is self-limited. It implies a conscience to be perverted. There must be something worth buying in the market. In essence it means that the fidelity which the legislator owes to the general public is transferred for a consideration to an individual. But there it stops: the man who takes bribes indefinitely loses all value. This fact will always make bribery exceptional. There must be some character, some conscience — something which when bought will stay bought. Absolute venality serves nobody's turn, since when you have it you may lose it to another to-morrow. Nor are such legislators acceptable to the public. They damage the reputation of their party, as well as interfere with its policy. With a free ballot notoriously corrupt men must pay a high price for election, and even a great railroad corporation would find a staff of legislators an expensive luxury. As a rule, then, legislation is not carried on by sheer dishonesty. Excep-

tional wrong-doing is wrought by extraordinary means.

Let us look at the *rationale* of this. It is said that there is no chance to get anything that "has money in it" through most legislatures without paying a heavy tax. This is paid, it is believed, to a few who hold the balance of power, or to a clique who manage votes, or to one or two leaders whose management is not suspected. But what are these things that "have money in them"? They are schemes based upon private advantage. They are valuable privileges which ought to be granted only under great restriction. Their promoters hope for unlimited working of a monopoly balanced only by so much of concession to the public convenience as is absolutely necessary. It is natural for men who see so much plunder pass through their hands to long to take hold of it. When a plan which has for its main end public benefit is introduced, black mail is not thought of, because that will stop it at once. Robin Hood was not unpopular in his day, since he confined his spoliations mainly to those who fleeced the people. If the people is a foolish sovereign, and flings away its monopolies to whoever will ask, it cannot blame those who in turn squeeze a percentage from its favorites. The remedy lies in guarding monopolies.

There is another source of this evil which is almost as dangerous as the elective judiciary—the greatest curse ever inflicted by headstrong theorists upon this country. It comes from the defective working of our political machinery. Men are unwilling to pass through the drudgery of entering political life, because it involves contact with so much that is corrupting. Why is this so? Because of one fatal mistake made in the repeal of the laws requiring majority elections. It was caused by a fit of pique at the trouble given by third parties, and an unwillingness to have repeated trials to elect. But the present law practically disfranchises every man who will not submit to a party nomination. He has no vote unless he gives it either to a party or to a person whom

he disapproves. And this has thrown the business of choice into the hands of the managers of primary meetings —into the hands of those who can make a business of politics. These will always know how to keep nominations out of the hands of good citizens. What is to be done is to restore the right of selection as well as of election, and to make bad nominations powerless by giving the voter a chance to defeat the man he objects to, without having to do it by the choice of another equally objectionable.

Three things, then, are indicated as plans of reform: A civil service during good behavior, with sufficient salary

and retiring pension—an independent judiciary being included in the same; the subjection of all monopoly grants of public franchises to a rigid test; the restoration of the old majority law of elections.

If these do not vastly hinder corruption, then we may begin to despair of the republic. But while such mighty operations as daily take place are based upon a higher degree of confidence of man in man than the world has ever known, it is too early to say that honor and good faith and Christianity in common life are gone from the land.

WALTER MITCHELL.

A GHOST AS A MODERN CONVENIENCE.

SUCH a desperately new house you never saw: it was painted and papered and varnished and polished from top to bottom. Then the furniture was all startlingly fresh and bright. They said it had been occupied six months, but it looked as if no one had ever sat down in it since the things were set in and ranged in order in the rooms. We took it from an agent, and he remarked at the time that it was an opportunity we would not often meet with. "Circumstances," he added, "had rendered it necessary for the owner to go abroad, and a completer or more modern dwelling it had never been his good fortune to offer to housekeepers."

It was modern—that was an undeniable fact—and so full of conveniences that it was enough to drive any one wild to see the way it insisted on your washing your hands. Silver spigots of all devices popped up at you out of closets and odd corners; little marble basins were burrowing everywhere, and bell-handles and speaking-tubes adorned the walls. There were so many registers that the furnace seemed to be dis-

couraged, and declined heating any. There was a bay window at the side, and one at the back, and even the comonest rooms were corniced. To be sure, there was not any yard to speak of: that had been swallowed up in the back-building improvements; and when you looked out of the sitting-room windows, they introduced you face to face with the affairs of the people next door, who wisely enough declined to be stared at, and so lived behind drawn window-shades. Every house in the row was like its neighbors, but ours and that next door were twin creations of the same brain. There might possibly be a little variety in the others, in the quality of nails used or the shade of paint put on, but ours and our neighbors' did not vary in the size of a tack or the dash of a brush.

Cousin Jane is naturally timid and easily impressed. "Agnes, don't you think we had better keep our blinds down?" she asked: "they keep theirs so next door, and they are exactly alike, you know."

"But we can't see if we do."

"Yes, I know that does make a difference; but then, again, they appear to be such solemn people they may expect it."

"Expect us to be uncomfortable?" I asked.

"Not quite that; but they look out of the cracks of the upper shutters, and peep over the kitchen blinds at us, always in such a gloomy, depressed way, as if we worried them and preyed on their minds, that I thought maybe it would be better to make a little sacrifice, if you didn't find it too inconvenient."

"Pshaw!" said her sister Nell: "that's just nonsense. You were born to be somebody's slave, Jane, and are always finding cords to bind yourself with. The truth is, I was going to suggest taking down the staring white things altogether, to break the monotony. The lace curtains are drapery enough, and I cannot endure a whole row of vacant white eyes glowering at me when I look up at a house."

Jane gasped for breath: "Oh pray don't think of such a thing, Nelly. Agnes knows how impressive the agent was on the subject of no alterations being attempted. He said there was a particular reason for it: didn't he, Agnes?"

"Well, well," said her sister, "then don't bother: the people next door are nothing to us. All we have got to do is to be comfortable till we hear from John."

John was Cousin Jane's husband, and he had to start to Liverpool on important business as soon as he got us the key of the house: Uncle Palmer, the girls' father, was to remain behind in charge; but just as we were settling nicely into place he was sent for to go to his cotton-mills to superintend the improvements they were making in consequence of the fire that had burnt down the old building two months before. Then Dick, my brother and uncle's ward, got an invitation from a college friend to go somewhere in a birch canoe, and we couldn't have prevailed on him to give it up if we had

been a dozen lone women instead of three.

"Uncle will be back in a day or two, and there's neighbors enough to keep you from being lonely, I should hope," said Dick; and he strapped his portmanteau and departed, leaving us three desolate creatures. Three, did I say! I mean five, for were not Eliza Jane and Nancy as susceptible of loneliness and unprotected self-dependence as we were? I should say even more so, since we tried to rise above it and put cheerful faces on the matter, but they persisted in sighing heavily, and discovering food for gloomy reflection in everything that happened. The oven in the range would not brown things nicely. "What would you expect?" said Nancy. "A houseful of dissolute craytures of women, widout so much as a coat or a hat hung up in the hall! It's a wonder we're not all murdered in our beds, so it is."

"Lawsy me!" giggled Eliza Jane: "I'd jest as liefs be a nun, and a little liefser; for they don't have to work and slave themselves, and they don't never need to be scared to death for fear of seeing a feller's boots peeking out from under the bed when they go up stairs at night."

"We must not be hard on the girls," said Cousin Jane, gently. "You know they are very considerate in some things, and it really is quite dull and lonely for them."

Jane was not very strong. John's going was such a sudden thing that she had not time to miss him till he was gone, and then she gave her whole time to it, and did it thoroughly.

"Look at her eyes," Nell would cry, indignantly: "she's been crying, actually crying. And just behold what's she's been up to, shut in here by herself—reading his love-letters! Oh dear! it's enough to make a girl forswear such nonsense for life, to see what a noodle it has made of her sister. Separated for six weeks, and she wears the martyred air of a creature that has buried every hope on earth!"

Yes, that was the truth: Jane did allow herself to become greatly depressed,

and when Nell said that she enjoyed being a slave, she might have added that she was ready to become a martyr too.

But even worrying about John Spencer, who was a dear, good young husband and in no earthly danger, was better than getting fussy over the family next door; yet I must confess they struck me as being very singular people. There were several of them, I suppose, but I had only seen a pale, sad-eyed girl and an elderly woman, both dressed in the heaviest and most uncompromising mourning. Their conduct was more remarkable than their appearance; and while they evidently seemed to have a really unwarrantable interest in us and our affairs, they at the same time endeavored to keep it a secret, and themselves as much out of sight as possible. Looking up suddenly from my work, I would see a sorrowful eye apparently fixed on me, and instantly retiring behind the corner of the white shade when discovered; and yet I felt I was not the object of interest. Nell was watched the same way; so was Jane; and we almost encouraged her to grieve about John, so that she would not have time to find herself the subject of this odd scrutiny.

We were going to live in our new house for a year. At the end of that time, Uncle Palmer's improvements and machinery would all be perfected, Dick's studies completed, and John and Jane in a position to go abroad for that Continental tour we had lived in expectation of so long.

Meantime, we were going to be economical and study, so as to know more and have more when we were all ready to enjoy it properly.

"We might set to work and make up things," said Nell: "it will save a great deal, and I have been reading all the tourists' books I could find, to discover what we shall be likely to need."

"There's a closet with a glass door lined with red silk in the third-story entry: it would be a good place to keep our Continental stores in, wouldn't it?"

"Yes; and do you know I have never

looked into it?" said Nell. "Let us go and investigate its capabilities at once."

I pause here a moment and take breath, before entering on the serious part of this narrative, as Bluebeard's wife, holding the key of the fatal chamber in her hand, lingered before placing it in the lock, and felt the indefinable thrill of warning that runs electrically before evil to come.

Up to this moment we had been calmly happy, disturbed only by the natural regret of a fond wife and the maidenly pensiveness of our domestics. Now our own minds were to become a prey to harrowing emotions, and the sensation of content and self-reliance was to be obscured by shadows of doubt and lurking mystery.

Without alarm or trepidation we mounted the stairs—those modern stairs that creaked as if every fibre of their newness resented our tread—and reached the landing where the dreadful closet stood. We looked at it a moment in silence.

"Isn't it nice?" said Nell. How well I remember her words!

"Umph!" was my equally indelible reply. "I cannot see why they put it here: it's such a queer place for a closet, and there is no recess for it to fill up."

Nell had opened it, and a strange smell of decaying leaves came out in quite a little gust. It was all empty, except one of its shallow shelves, and that held a funeral wreath—faded and unsightly, but still a first-class, fashionable funeral wreath. Both stood still and stared at it blankly. There were nine camellias that had once been snowy white, but were now an ugly brown; there were geranium leaves in plenty, all shriveled and yellow; and quantities of mignonette and sweet alyssum, with some fossil orange flowers dropping to bits.

"Good gracious!" cried Nell, the first to gain courage and words: "whose is it? what can it mean?"

"Let us shut it up again," murmured I, faintly: "it seems like a grave."

"No; I do not think it would do to leave this thing here," said Nelly, slow-

ly. "Nancy or Eliza Jane would discover it, and then we should have to give up living at once. I believe I will hide it or destroy it. Oh dear! what a dreadful thing to have to do! It's almost like injuring some living creature."

She was a resolute girl, high-spirited and courageous. I thought it better not to interfere or mar her heroic mood; so I stepped back a little as she pulled out the fearful ghost of former bloom.

A great many people have called flowers beautiful, and quite a quantity of verses of varied quality has been written to prove they are so. Indeed, it is now a received opinion, and I feel I am guilty of heresy in offering a conditional remark on the subject. Yet I must do it, and I protest that flowers are only beautiful when allowed to remain where Nature intended them to be—a fact which is proven by the protest they offer against their removal, in withering and becoming hideous as soon as they can. As for flowers preserved in wax, phantom-flowers, pressed flowers, and all the rest of the fossil flora, look at them—that is all I ask: see the walls of sorrowing friends adorned with half-decayed masses in wreaths, touching reminders of the state of the departed; or gaze on the vases of their spectral-looking fibres that make you chilly to contemplate them. As for that refined order of dried-herb-closet, a herbarium, it reminds one of hot teas for colds or spice for stuffing.

As Cousin Nell pulled this particular mass of remains toward her, a shower of dust and leaves came with it, and a small photograph fluttered to the ground.

I picked it up. Oh such a sick, ghastly-looking face—so sharp and thin and long and sallow!—a man who had had the consumption, and fought against death until there was nothing left to carry on the battle with. What a frightful memento of misery endured, and the triumph of hopeless, wasting disease! Why do people want to torture themselves by preserving such private and individual racks whereon to stretch their own sensibilities.

"That is the legitimate proprietor of
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the wreath," whispered Nell, shuddering, as she looked over my shoulder at the dreadful man. "Isn't it fearful? It seems as if we had the horrid things on our hands for life, and should never get rid of them."

"You shouldn't like to burn them up in the range at night, should you?" I hinted. I knew nothing would tempt me to do it, but I hoped she would discover more decision than I.

She shook her head.

"Then there's the loft," I said.

"Yes, that's it," she answered with a sigh of relief: "that is the very place;" and she gathered up the crumbling thing and I took up the photograph, and together we mounted the ladder in the upper back entry that communicated with the dark, empty space between the ceiling of the upper story and the roof. As Nelly, reaching her arms over as far as she could, dropped the wreath among the joists and rafters, I pushed the photograph after it, and a little shower of dust and shreds of leaves rose in the still air, as if in protest against the act.

"Let us get down as soon as we can, and promise never to name the affair to each other: it will only keep us thinking of it," I said, and scrambled off the ladder, leaving Nell to draw over the sliding door and follow, which she did immediately and with some trepidation.

As she commenced at once to talk about Paris and our winter there that was soon to be so delightful, Nancy came in on tiptoe and with elaborate caution:

"Do you know, Miss Agnes, what Eliza Jane and me has found out about them quare people that do be watching uz so next door? They're all mad, miss: yes, miss, jist what I'm telling ye—they're as mad as March hares; and if they was to take the notion to break in on uz, what's to hinder them from murdering uz in our beds? Sure there's no law in Ameriky that would meddle wid them for it, they say."

Eliza Jane, with a face no less portentous, came tiptoeing in her wake.

Evidently they considered that extreme caution was their only safeguard in the peril that surrounded them.

"I see it myself," whispered Eliza Jane — "I see it with these here eyes. I was a-looking up at the windows, sort of sly — 'tain't no wrong, for they for everlasting a-looking and a-spying at us—and I see that daughter of their'n come to the third-story back and lift the shade for half a minute; and, Miss Nell, as sure as you sit there it is all crossed with iron bars, like a menagerie."

"The window covered with bars?" repeated Nell. "Oh I think you must be mistaken: if there were bars we should see them outside the blinds."

"That's it!—that is just it! You see they're all crazy, and they has to be locked in in that way; but they don't want folks to know it, so she puts their curtains between the bars and the windows, so as to hide it."

"There must be a child in the house," said I, endeavoring to be perfectly calm, and even indifferent. "It was the nursery window you noticed, Eliza Jane, and you know we often protect such places in that way."

Eliza Jane took the explanation ill. She sniffed derisively and tossed her head. "I had a second cousin who was head-nuss in a lunacy asylum," she remarked, "and them bars ain't to keep no baby in, as she would tell you if she see 'em. Why, they looks more like things on a wild beast's cage than anything I can think of else."

"Troth, I wouldn't wonder if they had them there," said Nancy: "I heard something like a roar onct, and the whole family have a quare look, as if they were scart out of their wits at something."

We heard Jane's step in the hall outside.

"There, there!" cried Nell, in a suppressed tone, "do not for your life let your mistress hear you talk in this foolish way. She is delicate and nervous, you know, and what only serves to amuse us would distress her."

So saying, she pretended to be telling

them something about the arrangement of the furniture when Cousin Jane came in, and assuming a cheerful air dismissed them all with a warning look.

"Serves to amuse us!" I repeated her words to myself, but failed to find their applicability, for I could not discover such a sensation even distantly connected with our lonely household and our queer neighbors; and to add to the dolefulness of our position, Jane had come in to say that she really believed she was sick.

She confessed to feeling rather miserably for a day or two past, but a visitation in the form of chills had come upon her that morning, followed by a low but decided fever; so that she could no longer conceal her sufferings, and meant to give up and go to bed. Of course we had known it would come to this at last. She had gone on moping and crying secretly ever since John left, and this was the natural consequence, and only what might have been expected.

"I should not mind it so much," faltered Jane, "but all my sewing, that I meant to do so nicely, is cut out and basted; yet I do not feel as if I could hold a needle in my fingers if there was a fortune to be won by it."

Nell and I promised eagerly to do it all, and induced her to lie down and let us call the doctor for advice.

That was an odd way of Jane's: she never felt sick without calling up a host of neglected duties to prey on her mind and make her worse. We knew, even before the doctor told us so, that she was extremely nervous, and needed entire rest and cheerful surroundings more than medicine. Yet he gave her some, and whatever it was, the effect it produced was sleep—sleep of such a decided character that she seemed to sink into it as if she never meant to rise and come up to the surface of the waking world any more.

We sat in the sewing-room, and did our best with the cut-out and basted work. It was late: Nancy and Eliza Jane had retired, and we only waited to see if Jane would rouse in time for a

second dose before we followed their example. Nell proposed lying on the sofa beside her bed, while I slept in the back room. Jane lay in such a deep, heavy sleep that she did not stir in the least, and you could not tell that she was breathing until you stooped down and listened. It grew oppressively silent all over the house: it was quiet enough at the best of times, but to-night it was positively awful. Nell made spasmodic efforts to be conversational and agreeable, so I knew she was feeling nervous and frightened. I tried hard to be careless and merry, and signally failed. We had talked of the hitherto unfailing theme, our trip abroad, and discovered it to be without a charm; then we had gone back to our life in the country, our old friends there, the changes and troubles produced by the fire, and Uncle Palmer's great loss, etc., etc.; and Nell tried so hard to keep up the interest in the conversation that she even harrowed her own feelings by recurring to events that we used to think too painful to mention. Still, I could see that it was an effort—and not a very successful one, either—for whenever a sound, however faint, seemed to stir in the awful stillness, she would start and change color, despite her strong desire to hide it. The truth is, we were both trying not to think of those horrid discoveries of ours, the funeral wreath and the ghastly picture, and I knew, and so did she, that there was no other subject in either of our minds all the time.

"Dear me!" said Nell, pretending to ruminant and look interested in the recollection, "it is next month that Minnie Davis meant to be married. I wonder if she will come to town and do her shopping?"

"It would be a relief to have such a gay creature here, wouldn't it?" I hinted.

Nell drew a sigh of inexpressible longing. "Oh," she said, "don't I wish I could hear her laugh? It would startle the shadows in this dreary new house."

Yes, that was the vexation: had it been an old house, one would not have minded a shade of gloom more or less, for it would have been in character;

but in a fresh, strangely modern dwelling, all shining red and white, there could be no propriety in mysterious horrors and haunting terrors.

Just as I came to this conclusion, and, feeling a little nerved by it, determined to shake off the oppressive shadows that weighed me down, I heard a faint sound, like the slow turning of a screw. Nell started and laid her hand on my arm with a quick, tight grasp. The sound lasted quite a little while, and ended with a dreadful click, like the final turn of a screw in a coffin-lid.

Yes, that was what it reminded me of, and by a miserable fatality I saw that Nell shared the thought. Her hold tightened, and she drew a gasping breath. Something like a footfall, but very soft and almost noiseless, followed, and grew more distinct every moment, for it was coming toward us. The door stood a little way open, and a faint light glimmered in the hall outside: our terrified eyes turned in that direction, and beheld the outline of something white moving cautiously along among the shadows. It was a man—the man, the proprietor of the funeral wreath—and he seemed gliding through the air directly toward us; no doubt come to avenge its desecration and demand it back.

Nelly opened her lips as if to shriek, but no sound left them, and stretching her hands out to ward off the terrible presence that still kept advancing toward us, she fell down in a heap on the carpet, leaving me to face the horror all alone. It entered the room and seemed to go toward a writing-desk in the corner—a large affair, with a case of books above it, that was kept locked, and never used by any of us, according to a promise exacted by the agent.

I think I spoke to this fearful apparition, for I remember the sound of my own voice as I faintly whispered, "She put it in the loft," meanly desiring to save myself and implicate the insensible Nell; but I could not make a tone higher than a shrill whisper, and my heart seemed to cease beating, and to swell with an awful throb that smoth-

ered my breath and turned my body to ice.

And yet the apparition appeared totally indifferent to us both—I could not but be aware of that, even in the midst of my fear—and having stood a silent moment or two beside the secretary, it turned and seemed to disappear in the shadows of Jane's bed-chamber.

As soon as it was out of sight I got back my breath and scrambled on my feet. I believe I had followed Nell on the carpet, and found myself behind the easy-chair as a sort of barricade against the wandering spirit's nearer approach. My cousin became suddenly conscious at the same moment.

"Has it gone?" she asked; and I hope my eyes were not quite as wild or my face as entirely white as hers.

"It went into Jane's room," I replied in a whisper; and in a second Nell's courage came back, for she loves Jane with her whole heart, and, though two years younger, always takes a tender elder sister's care of her.

"In Jane's room?" she repeated. "Oh, what does the terrible thing want with her? She did not touch it;" and she actually seized the sofa pillow as a weapon of defence, and followed the ghost.

It was not there. Jane was sleeping still so very heavily that even our exclamations of wonder and the attempt we made at search did not disturb her.

Yes, we did look for it, but we first waited a little while to be quite sure that it had gone. You cannot imagine how our courage came back when we knew it was entirely out of sight, and we even tried to persuade ourselves that we must have been dreaming, and no dead man had ever thought of paying us a visit on such a trifling pretext as a funeral wreath.

But we could not quite accomplish that, nor could we feel sleepy any more, nor desire to go to bed across the hall in the room that belonged to us.

The first thing we had done on regaining our self-control was to lock the door by which the spirit entered, and our search had all been made inside

the two rooms. Neither of us thought it best to go beyond them, and Nell closed and fastened the door in Jane's room, out of which it seemed probable the spirit had departed. Then we made both apartments pretty light—that was because it seemed more cheerful—and sat down, our excitement being now subsided, to feel very doleful and depressed.

"I wish heartily that we had stayed in the country," said Nell, "and I believe father made a great mistake in selling Crayton Hill. What use will the improvements be if his family are not allowed to live to enjoy them? Jane's frightened to death, you look like a ghost, and I wish there never had been a furnished modern house to rent in the world."

That was the safest thing we could do, so we both got out of temper, and fretted and scolded and started at every sound till daybreak, and then we fell fast asleep and dreamed most uncomfortably.

I thought we had both found refuge down a trap-door that led away under the house to a wide, open country, green and beautiful, with great moss-grown rocks and little glens full of wild flowers. Somebody seemed waiting for us here, and led us into a little grotto with a stationary washstand and silver bell-handle in it, but just as we were admiring its completeness, a window was closed, and we discovered it to be crossed with iron bars that prevented our ever getting out again. Nell sprang up in great excitement, and beat and rattled at these bars, so as shake the very ground beneath our feet. Gradually a voice seemed to break through my dream. It cried:

"Miss Agnes, are ye slaping, or is it dead ye are? Miss Agnes—oh, Miss Agnes!—what's the matter wid you all?"

They were Nancy's tones, and they had evidently reached their climax in a wild, shrill, beseeching scream.

I sprang up and rubbed my eyes. Oh, what a miserable, aching, weary, dreary creature I felt! and the recollection of the ghostly figure made my

head reel as I tried to remember just where I was and all about it.

Nell lay across the foot of Jane's bed, and both still slumbered profoundly. I opened the door.

"It is just nine o'clock, miss," remarked Nancy with a resigned air. "I've been knocking at this door, whenever Eliza Jane gave out, ever since seven. The breakfast's stone cold, there's two letters come, and a young lady's in the parlor with a traveling-bag."

It was evident from Nancy's manner that she had weighed the amount and nature of her communications, and considered a desperate calmness best calculated to show them off to their fullest effect: therefore she repeated all these items in a studied monotone that told well.

"Goodness gracious!" I cried. "Nine o'clock—letters—a young lady!"

"Who is it?" muttered Nell, gathering herself up.

"Yes, Miss Nell, she said she was an old friend, and that she would not disturb you for the world, but could just sit by the parlor window and read till you got up." Nancy drew a card out of her pocket. "That's her name," she continued; "and as she has been waiting so long for her breakfast, she may be famished by this time."

"Why, Nell, it's Minnie Davis!" I exclaimed. "Oh, I am so glad!" and running into the next room, I washed my sleepy face and brushed my tumbled hair with all the eager haste I could.

Nell followed me in a few moments, and shut the door carefully. "I have been thinking that we had better keep our secret, dear," she said, with quite a pathetic pity expressed in her voice for herself and me. "I know it is awful, but we can do nothing till my father comes, and now we are *four*; and Minnie is so lively it will not be so bad, you know."

"That is true, and Jane would be so terribly alarmed."

"Yes, she is awake reading her letters. John is all safe and well, and papa says the work goes on finely at Crayton. She

will be soon well, of course, and to tell her about that dreadful thing last night would only set her off again."

So we went down to see Minnie, and never said a word about anything but Jane's illness, to account for our pale faces.

You could not possibly be dull where Minnie was: she was not at all wild or loud or rollicking, like some lively girls are: she was only quietly and irresistibly droll, and saw the funny side of everything at a first glance. It was no effort with her: it was simply her nature to amuse; and so we all sat down to breakfast together. It was almost noon: a stranger would have looked on us as a family of gay-spirited people, who had not a care in the world.

Of course, Jane got well as soon as she read John's letter, and Minnie told her she should ask her matronly advice on many housekeeping points, which made her feel important and delighted, because, though Jane never did anything about the domestic affairs, she was greatly flattered to be considered competent in all such respects. We had never seen Minnie's lover: he lived in the city, and she had met him while visiting her aunt. He was a dear, good fellow, she told me, but rather sorrowful just then, having lost a loved brother that the whole family looked up to and revered. The reason she was to be married on the sixteenth of the following month was, that her lover's family would see no one for the first year of their mourning, which would expire on the first, and they needed a fortnight to be able to bring themselves to bear the very moderate glimpse of gayety a private wedding, with no strangers present, made necessary.

"They came to see me while I was at Aunt Clara's," said Minnie, "and they seemed nice, good, sepulchral sort of people, with smiles like a bit of gilding on a tombstone, and manners as set as the little flower-borders around graves. George is not so melancholy as the rest; so you need not look so sympathizing. He has rather caught their ways, and he sincerely mourns his brother's loss,

but he *can* laugh: I heard him before we set the day."

"Then you have never visited them?" said Jane, with a glance of surprise. She had gone to John's home with Nell, and stayed a month among the Spencers, before she was married; so she considered it odd that any one else should venture on matrimony without that initiatory step.

"Not yet," confessed Minnie. "I am afraid they would be shocked by my good spirits if I did; so George thought it better to wait till that awful year of methodical gloom was past, and then his family could conscientiously welcome me."

"Do they live in this part of the town?" asked Nell.

"I cannot tell, really. I never learned the streets, and I always address George at his office. When we get the important shopping over, I'll tell him that I am here, and I shall be so glad to have you see and like him."

"Which we will be sure to do," said Nell, confidently; and having become quite enlivened by our increased number, we began laying plans for home pleasures and quiet enjoyment of Minnie's visit during the next few days, almost forgetful of the terrible skeleton that was hid in our closet.

But twilight brought a reminder in the person of Eliza Jane, who came flying into the sitting-room with a white face and round eyes, and no ceremony whatever:

"Oh, Miss Agnes, there's an awful thing in the loft. I went up to put away Mr. Dick's fishing-net, and I saw two eyes like living coals looking down at me; so I dropped it and ran for my life."

Nell turned pale, and I gasped for breath.

"Come for that fearful wreath again," I thought. But a large, comfortable-looking cat wound slowly down the stairs, and, passing out of the back entry, went over the fence in a dignified, leisurely way that established her respectable mortality.

"That's a real cat, I think," said

Jane, timidly. She inclined to the spiritual view, and was already quite alarmed.

"Of course it is," said Minnie, "and it was that she saw."

"It looked a heap wilder than that," protested Eliza Jane, "and bigger and more frightfuller every way."

"Still, that was it," said Nell with decision, and so dismissed the case.

"But how did it get in our loft?" she said to me afterward. "Oh, Agnes, I can't bear to think of that sight last night, and I wish you would just write to father and tell him all."

She had expressly forbidden my doing this while daylight and our courage lasted, but now, that night was coming on, it seemed a different thing.

"I think it would be nice to all sleep in these two connecting rooms," she said later in the evening. "It is so cheerful to talk till you fall asleep."

"What an idea, Nell!" said unconscious Jane. "You used to say it bored you to hear people talking all the time when you were trying to doze off."

"Yes, that was when the conversation consisted of little screams and inquiries, such as, 'What's that?' 'Oh listen, Nell!' or, 'Do you hear that queer sound?' That's your style, you know, and you have another way of keeping alive the interest by giving me sharp little terrified pinches whenever you hear a sound, that ruins my temper and makes my arms black and blue."

Jane laughed: she felt so happy about hearing from John that she had forgotten all her fears, and positively denied ever having felt them.

As we went up to bed she glanced up the third-story stairs.

"There's that closet door ajar," she cried in a dismayed voice: "the agent said it was to be kept locked, and that rummaging thing, Nancy, has gone and found a key for it."

"Why, Jane, what new discoveries you are making about that agent! Every day some fresh restriction, till it really seems as if the house were not ours at all. I will go and fasten the door;" and Nell ran up to attend to it,

calling out as she went, "You stay there and wait for me, please."

But no key was to be found, and she had to leave it just as it was.

She carried her point about the bed arrangement, and we all four slept in the two communicating rooms. Jane claimed Minnie, and we two frightened ones were left together.

"Why, what a blaze of gas you have in your room!" complained Jane: "you'll heat it up directly."

"One can't get undressed in the dark," said Nell.

"And only see! she's locking her door!" cried Minnie. "Oh what an old-maidish trick on a warm summer night!"

Nell turned the key again, and set it open.

"What could I have been thinking of?" she said, laughingly.

I could have told her easily, but I only watched the shadows in the hall outside, and trembled secretly at every fancied sound.

I resolved to remain awake and watch, and began a lengthened conversation with a view to induce Minnie to a like course, but I felt my words becoming too burdensome to lift into utterance. Great gape seemed to stretch between me and the rest, and I kept sinking into wells, and bringing myself to the top again with a painful jerk. Then I had a long, pleasant blank that was empty of care and trouble and fear of ghostly things.

Suddenly it was filled with a ringing cry of alarm, and a sharp consciousness, confused and painful, was thrust upon me. I sat up, and saw Jane and Minnie and Nelly all on the floor together—Jane keeping up her cries of terror, and they two looking about them in every direction, without seeming sufficiently composed to see anything clearly.

"The robber!" cried Jane—"the dreadful robber! I saw him come in at that door, and he tried to open the desk that the agent was so particular about; and now he is in the dining-room collecting the silver."

Minnie ran quickly and closed and bolted the doors that let into the hall.

"If it was a robber, we are safe now," she said. "Tell us what he looked like, Jane."

"He was fearful," said Jane to begin with, determined to see everything in its worst light! "He had dreadfully fixed eyes, and his face was pale—chalked over to frighten us, I suppose. He had left his shoes down stairs, and had no coat on."

"Let us make an alarm from the front window," said Minnie.

"It is no use," said Nell, desperately. "It is not a robber: it only wants its own, and Agnes knows it."

"What do you mean?" asked Jane, aghast. "Do you think we have anything belonging to the wretch?"

"Oh, don't mention it!" cried Nell, shuddering. She sat down and hid her face in her hands, really overcome with our miserable position.

"Let us call a policeman in to search the house," insisted Minnie. "Aunt Clara always said it was the safest way."

"There are things beyond the control of the force," muttered Nell; and so we all sat shivering with fear and bewildered with conflicting thoughts till the summer dawn came to our relief and took away our horror. Then we four searched the house, and found there was not a pin missing.

"We are a set of fools," said Minnie, as we concluded our investigation. "Jane dreamed it all, and we helped her to be alarmed at the recollection."

"No, but I *did* see the man," persisted Jane. "I couldn't get asleep right—I suspect it was because I took a powder the night before—and I was just as wide awake as I am now, when he came prowling in."

"Stalking, you mean, Jane."

"Yes, Nell, that is more like it; but I knew he had come to prowl and steal, and so I could see through his tricks of walking so straight and stiff, and keeping his eye fixed as if he were dead."

"What shall we do?" asked Nell, whose desperation grew intense at every word her sister uttered.

"We can keep the girls up to-night for company," suggested I.

"To help us to be more frightened," said Minnie. "Whatever it is, it knows how to get in mysteriously, for there's not a bolt drawn nor key turned in the house. I believe it is a spirit, and I am going to watch for it myself to-night."

"Alone?" we asked all together.

"Why, no," confessed Minnie, laughing. "I intend to send to George, with your permission. I meant to wait a week, and let it get a little nearer the end of the season of mourning before introducing him, but Mr. Palmer and John and Dick being gone, and male stock being at a premium, I think it's a good time to bring mine forward. He is not afraid of ghosts, I know, and he is one of those quiet, sensible men who *ought* to have some courage."

We all began to be much interested in Minnie's lover, and again Nelly postponed writing for her father, for, as she said, it would give him trouble, and make him very captious if he could not discover any cause for her alarm.

"A man in the house is all we want, Agnes, and we must be just as agreeable as possible and betray Minnie's beau into late hours, so as to frighten that horrid thing off with our merriment and good spirits, and the pretence of having a protector with us."

Just as we sat down to tea that evening, rather flushed with the expectation of a pleasant change, Dick and uncle dashed in among us in high spirits, and it came out that the birch-canoe party had found rowing and poling such hard work that a little of it satisfied them, and they changed their plan into a walking tour. Dick, being away far enough from home to be sociable with those he met, discovered among the tourists just the kind of man uncle needed in his factory-work—a universal genius who held the key of mechanical invention between his handy thumb and forefinger. He had secured this prize, and carried him down to the mills, where uncle received him like a deliverer from a mass of confused responsibilities.

Both uncle and Dick were in excel-

lent spirits, and we all grew gay and hilarious, quite forgetting our late depression, and meanly undervaluing the coming knight we had counted on so largely an hour before.

It was rather late when he came, and Minnie had been talking so amusingly with Dick that I am afraid the most of us had forgotten all about her lover. Eliza Jane, much flushed with the abundance of the article on hand, announced rather tamely—

"A gentleman, miss;" and Jane stepped forward. So did Nell, so did I.

With one accord we all three started back and uttered three distinct sounds.

"The robber!" screamed Jane, with quite a little yell.

"The dead man!" murmured Nell.

"Come for his wreath," added I.

Yes, there he was, the haunting spirit whose dreadful presence had filled us with nameless terror and distress, actually arrayed in modern evening costume and walking into our parlor.

Was that all? No: behind him came the sad-eyed lady whom we had seen from our windows, and her equally mournful daughter, followed up by a plump, comfortable-looking, rosy-faced old man, who seemed determined to be jolly, though he evidently had a hard time carrying out the idea.

"The family from next door," murmured Jane, faintly, evidently giving way beneath such a combined pressure of circumstances.

"We had expected to do ourselves this honor somewhat later," began the elder lady, in a voice as regular and monotonous as a passing bell. "The deep shadow that has obscured our lives is not yet shifted, but the approaching duty of a new connection has led us to waive for a while the luxury of seclusion and anticipate time a little."

She then solemnly kissed Minnie and shook hands with us all.

Her daughter followed in just the same manner, with a more timid spirit, but the old gentleman rubbed his hands briskly, and made several bows in different directions.

"Glad to see you all," he said in a

series of cheery jerks: "happy to greet neighbors and family connections at the same time. Pleasant, very pleasant. Sorry to say we're all rather down—lost our eldest—fine fellow—the image of George here; great blow, but must be borne." Here he rubbed his hands with increased energy, and seemed to feel that we now knew his family history, and there was nothing left to do but be comfortable.

But the dreadful young man! Minnie had gone to his side instantly, and looked sharply at us all as we uttered our irrepressible exclamations. But he only gazed in astonishment around him, and then seemed to seek his mother's eye for counsel and direction.

"Ah! what is it?" she asked. She was so full of her own systematized sorrow that she had not noted our dismay.

Nell tried hard to overcome her doubt, astonishment and shrinking repugnance, and speak reasonably: all I could do was to hold my tongue, but Jane did not even do that:

"Papa, he frightened us all out of our wits—indeed he did. Of course I know now he is no robber, because Minnie Davis couldn't be engaged to such a character, but I know John would object to it, and it really was alarming—"

"Object to what, Jane? Be intelligible!" But uncle required too much of my poor confused little cousin.

Nell did better. "We have certainly seen Mr. Harrington in here," she said, trying to be very composed. "It was impossible to hide our feelings on recognizing him, and it is due to you all to make an explanation."

So she told about the figure we had seen, not particularizing the night-dress, but Minnie's lover grew white and red, and stammered without uttering anything we could understand.

His stern and solemn mother glowered at us, but his agreeable father burst out laughing.

"Yes, follow my example," he entreated: "it is the only way we can come to a really clear conclusion. The poor lad walks in his sleep, and some-

body has opened that staircase door that I wanted built up when Gerald died; but our people promised his widow, who believed in making a treasure of her gloom, to leave everything just as it was, to make her miserable again when she comes back from abroad next year; and so it had to remain. It was locked on your side, and I did not know there was a key to be found."

I looked at Nell, and she at me: we both drew a long breath.

"There was a funeral wreath," said I.

"There was! there was!" cried the bereaved mother in a harmonious groan: "we meant to have it preserved, but it was mislaid. Our lost Gerald was the last to use that door: it was made for him and his brother to consult about their studies and communicate, without the formality of leaving the house on either side. They were deeply attached and singularly alike in everything."

"It shall be closed up," cried Mr. Harrington, senior, decidedly; but his son only kept changing color like a chameleon, and looking at his boots.

"I can give you the wreath: I found it," said Nell. "So did your great cat, who came down from the loft to-day and startled us all."

"Oh, it will be an unspeakable pleasure," said the elder woman with unction; and she added, "The lofts connect: indeed the whole house was built so that our tender intercourse could be kept up easily."

"I am sorry our poor George gave you any uneasiness," whispered his sister: "he always dreaded that he would go out in his night-dress, but we only feared that he would walk from the window, and so we had it barred."

Minnie laughed. She had been looking from one to the other and trying to stifle the inclination, but it could not be repressed. Uncle's amazement, Dick's bewilderment, Jane's propriety, and her future mother-in-law's solemn woe, all mixed together, and crowned with her lover's abashed dejection and his father's desire to make it all pleasant, were too much for her: she began in a smothered titter, which swelled into a

full-grown laugh, in which most of us joined.

"Please don't speak of it again," she said when she got her breath. "What overcomes me is, that I sent for him as a valiant and true knight to protect and succor us lonely damsels, and find that he has been the cause of all the mischief."

"Unintentionally, unintentionally, I assure you," murmured her admirer, faintly; which was the first successful attempt he had made to break silence; and though Minnie called him a courageous fellow, I never saw a more cowardly face than his whenever he met our eyes.

"I thought he looked plumper than the photograph," whispered Nell, "even when I believed him to be a spirit."

"Yes, so did I, but they must improve in the other world, you know," I replied: "and the likeness is astonishing."

"It is not fair to Minnie to allow it to prejudice us," we both agreed; and so, despite our gloomy commencement and rather incongruous material, we addressed ourselves so earnestly to the task as to produce a rather agreeable evening out of it.

It was hard work to make the som-

nambulist at ease, but we felt we should soon learn to like him as a legitimate acquaintance, particularly as his father declared the door should be built up at once to prevent any ghostly intimacy; but Jane remained obdurately prejudiced. She hid it as well as she could from Minnie, and tried to be very polite and courteous to Mr. George, but her conviction was that John would not like it, and she was too true a wife to forget such an uncomfortable encounter, or entirely excuse it as the effect of mental phenomena.

"He certainly behaved like a robber, and his family are very uncomfortable people, to watch other persons' dwellings as if they were the grave into which they had lowered all their perished hopes. If that designing agent had been more explicit, they might have kept their sacred memories to themselves, for I never could consider a ghost a modern convenience."

But this was with us in private: publicly, it was all suppressed, and we met our neighbors with all proper civility, though it certainly was nice to see the fossil wreath depart and hear the masons at work at the new wall.

MARGARET HOSMER.

LAKE SUPERIOR AND THE SAULT STE. MARIE.

THE body of fresh water which forms the upper link in the chain of great lakes stretching halfway across the North American continent—which is greater than any other one in, or any other five out of, this great lake chain, and which, in depth of crystal waters, salubrity of climate, surrounding mineral wealth and grandeur of scenery, is without a parallel on the globe—has appropriately received the name of Lake Superior. In all that constitutes superiority it is the *superior* of all lakes.

It is four hundred and thirty miles

long, one hundred and sixty broad, and one thousand feet deep. Its waters wash a coast-line of over fifteen hundred miles. The surface, which is elevated six hundred and twenty-seven feet above the ocean's level, covers an area of thirty-two thousand square miles. This is a larger extent of the earth's surface in fresh water than the whole of Scotland with a population of three million souls, and about the same as Ireland with a population of nearly seven millions.

The tributaries of the lake are over

two hundred, of various sizes, ranging from the brook to the large river. Few of the rivers are navigable, as they abound with rapids and falls, some of which are of great beauty.

There is but one outlet, that by the St. Mary's river at the east end, emptying into Lake Huron. Many have conjectured the existence of a subterranean outlet, as it is difficult to account for the escape of the superfluous water (making all due allowance for evaporation) by one river from such an immense lake, whose tributaries drain a territory of more than a hundred thousand square miles.

As most of the streams which find their level in the lake rise in regions covered with snow two-thirds of the year, the water is intensely cold. If one were shipwrecked at any great distance from shore the ability to swim would avail little, as the most robust would chill to death in a few hours, even in July or August. During my first summer on the lake I once, but only once, tried bathing a short distance above Ontonagon. I did not go in quite knee-deep, and was dressed in quick time. The day being exceedingly hot, the sensation, as I waded in the water, was similar to that produced by holding ice in the hand. I saw an old ocean sailor, the only survivor of a schooner in the iron trade which was sunk by colliding with the steamer Illinois opposite Grand Island, who had been floating about on planks for three hours. When picked up he was extremely swollen, and unable to use any of his limbs, and, though contrary to all expectation, he lived, he did not recover from the effects of the chilling for a long time. Knowing, notwithstanding the darkness of the night, where the vessel was at the time of the collision, he told me he felt, upon securing the planks, quite hopeful of reaching shore, but within an hour he began to feel insensibility from cold creeping over him, and he must have perished had not a passing vessel discovered him.

The transparency of the waters is wonderful. It is no figure of speech to

say they are clear as crystal. I have looked over the side of a vessel on a calm day, and distinctly seen a white-stocked anchor at a depth greater than fifteen fathoms.

From waters of such purity and low temperature one would, of course, expect fish of the finest flavor; nor are you disappointed. They are much superior to those taken from the lower lakes, and command a higher price. Feasting on Lake Superior white-fish is one of the rare luxuries of visitors every summer. The fish most sought after are the white-fish, Mackinac trout, siskowet and speckled trout. The latter abound in the streams emptying into the lake, are of great delicacy, and their pursuit is the source of the greatest pleasure to the angler.

All over the bed of the lake lie great numbers of precious stones, which the waves are constantly washing ashore. The varieties obtained are the agate, carnelian, amethyst, chlorastrolite, jasper and opal. They are eagerly gathered by visitors, and borne as souvenirs to distant parts of the world. The stones are mostly small, but occasionally large ones are stumbled upon.

Numerous islands stud the waters of the lake, the greater number being near the coast, a few standing out toward the centre. Some of them, with their dense pine forests and white beaches, are exceedingly beautiful: others are masses of rugged, bald rock. These rocky islands are the haunts of wild birds. To many of them you can go at any time through the summer and gather baskets of eggs; which, by the way, are fine eating. The most noted of the islands is Isle Royal, which has an area of two hundred square miles, magnificent scenery, and was at one time the seat of celebrated copper-mines. Its beach is a favored spot for gathering precious stones. The bays of this island are very beautiful. On a calm day in July or August the visitor, sailing into one of these bays, might easily imagine himself entering a haven of the land of his dreams, so enchanting is the picture.

The form of the lake is very irregular. The greatest length extends east and west, but in following the shore you are continually turning toward the different points of the compass. This gives an endless variety of scenery, and is advantageous in affording many fine harbors, to which vessels may run during storms, which in spring and fall are frequent, and sometimes terrific.

The shore is mostly high, rocky, rugged, sublime: majesty is the characteristic of nearly every scene on the rock-bound coast, which is more massive on the northern than on the southern side. Gloomy masses of green trap, or belted sandstone, or brightly-veined granite or marble, tower up many hundred feet, snow-white clouds crowning their summits. Bold, rugged headlands project miles out into the lake. Beautiful and spacious bays abound. Some of these bays recede in picturesque curves a great distance from the main shore-line, their waters lying placidly around the base of the vast mineral mountains, where the tempests rarely agitate them.

The Lake Superior region is emphatically one abounding in natural wonders. Nearly everything one meets presents an unusual appearance. The upheavings of the raging oceans of fire among these mountains at some remote period in the past have been fearful. The evidences of this meet you everywhere. In some localities rocks have been projected far into the air by the action of internal fires, and fallen in confused piles. I have walked over some of these rocks, and seen where large veins have been opened by one upheaval, and by a subsequent one closed up with a different kind of rock in a molten state, filling the veins occasionally to overflowing. The traces of the fire are as apparent as though it had occurred yesterday. I have seen trap, granite and sandstone all fused into a solid mass in this manner; the trap in most instances coming last, having been the fusing power. Any one having the curiosity to see an illustration of this can be gratified by walking over the rocks of Lighthouse Point at Marquette.

He who travels these shores, witnessing the sunsets of this northern clime, the displays of the Aurora Borealis, whose brilliancy is lost to lower latitudes, the ever-varying optical illusion known as mirage, so common in the summer months, and the endless variety of landscapes on islands, coast and mountains, need not go farther to have seen the grandest scenery on the globe.

Like the inexhaustible mineral deposits along its coasts, this majestic lake for a long time was but a cipher in the sum of the nation's greatness; and only for the discovery of the *extent* of the mineral wealth of the surrounding mountains, Lake Superior would not to-day be among our great highways of traffic. Such, however, it has become. The birchen canoe of the red man has been superseded by the spreading sail and thundering engine which now render these waters subservient to the commerce of the world. Twenty years ago a single schooner was adequate to the demands of Lake Superior commerce; the lapse of five years added three more; five years later, at the opening of the ship canal at the head of the St. Mary's river, by which all vessels are enabled to pass directly through from Lake Huron, six steamers were added; and at present, steam and sail, there are over two hundred. The boats cannot, as a general rule, enter the lake, on account of ice, earlier than the first of May: navigation closes in November. Many of the boats draw off earlier, as the fall storms are very severe. The sail vessels are principally engaged in the iron business, carrying up coal, etc. etc., as ballast. The most of the copper is carried on the steamers. Regular mail and passenger steamers run between Cleveland, Detroit and Chicago and the different points on Lake Superior. The travel on them is immense during the warm months. Their accommodations are not surpassed in the finest steamers crossing the Atlantic. It cannot be a matter of surprise that this travel should be increasing every year, for there is a concentration of at-

traction in the Lake Superior country rarely excelled in any one region on the continent.

Among the multitudes one meets in summer are votaries of science, attracted by geological and botanical phenomena; artists, who appreciate the natural wonders of these shores and mountains, and render their beauties subservient to modern Art; pleasure-seekers of every variety and from both sides of the Atlantic, who flee the pent-up, sultry atmosphere of cities for the exhilarating breezes of a climate probably the most invigorating in the world; invalids, mostly consumptive, who go in search of their wonted vigor of step and richer hue in the life current; and shrewd speculators, who have calculated the future greatness of a trade, with its adjuncts, having as a basis the inexhaustible deposits of native copper and the best iron ore in the world. Hotels and nearly all private houses in the towns are crowded through the summer. A good many persons go prepared to coast the lake and camp out. This is the course, as far as it is practicable, for all who go in search of health. I have known a month of this life to do more for some invalids than three months' hotel-life could do. My first summer I lived in this way, and can heartily advise all who have lost their health, and are willing to throw physic to the dogs and give Nature a fair chance, to go and do likewise. I have spent five summers and one winter on the lake. When I first went there, few who knew me ever expected I would return, or even live through one season. Nine years have passed since, and that I have lived through them I attribute to outdoor life in coasting Lake Superior.

There are three great routes of travel open to tourists to the Lake Superior country.

The first is the Cleveland, Detroit and Lake Superior line of steamers. Starting from Cleveland, they cross Lake Erie; ascend the Detroit river or straits, stopping at Detroit; cross Lake St. Clair; ascend the river St. Clair, stopping at Port Sarnia in Canada,

where the Grand Trunk Railway crosses to Michigan; then cross Lake Huron; ascend the river St. Mary into Lake Superior, along which they pass to the west end, making a trip of about a thousand miles from Cleveland to Superior City. By these steamers many travelers reach Lake Superior who do not touch Cleveland or Detroit, but go aboard at Port Sarnia on the St. Clair river, or at Sault Ste. Marie, reaching the latter point by steamers from Collingwood on the Georgian Bay in Canada.

The second is the Chicago and Lake Superior line of steamers. These boats travel the whole length of Lake Michigan; pass through the Straits of Mackinac (pronounced Mackinaw), by which Lake Michigan pours its waters into Lake Huron; thence along the head of Lake Huron a short distance to the mouth of the river St. Mary, ascending which they enter Lake Superior, making a trip of nearly nine hundred miles from Chicago to Superior City.

The third is the Chicago and North-western Railroad. From Chicago the road runs up through Wisconsin to Green Bay, across which passengers are transferred by steamboat to Escanaba, where they take the Peninsular division of the North-western Railroad, and are carried to Marquette, on the south shore of Lake Superior.

The course pursued by the regular mail and passenger steamers of the Cleveland, Detroit and Chicago lines, after entering Lake Superior through the ship canal, lies along the south or Michigan shore. Here are located the most productive iron and copper mines, and the towns attracting travel and creating lake commerce. Entering the lake, they first run to Marquette, the dépôt and entrepôt of the iron region, a distance of one hundred and seventy miles; thence to Portage Lake, seventy miles; thence to Copper Harbor, sixty miles; thence to Eagle Harbor, sixteen miles; thence to Eagle River, eight miles; thence to Ontonagon, eighty miles; thence to Superior, one hundred and sixty miles—in all, five hundred

and sixty-four miles along the south shore to the west end. Occasionally they return by the north shore, thus giving travelers an opportunity of witnessing the scenery of that wild and comparatively unknown region.

We will follow this line of travel along the south shore, then round the west, and return by the north, noting some of the natural wonders of the country, the towns in the iron and copper districts, and the mines.

Before committing ourselves to the broad waters of Lake Superior, however, let us take a ramble round the neighborhood of its mouth, and have a glance at the famous and romantic falls, the ancient village of Sault Ste. Marie, and the magnificent ship canal.

The St. Mary's river, which separates the upper peninsula of Michigan from Canada, and connects Lake Huron with Lake Superior, is sixty-three miles long, and is probably the most difficult of navigation on the continent. It is between two and three miles wide at the mouth, and studded with numerous beautiful islands. As we ascend, the stream becomes quite narrow at different points, then suddenly widens out into picturesque lakelets. Reaching the head of the river, we meet the falls, where all boats had to stop prior to the opening of the canal, but now pass on freely, no matter what their tonnage may be. The "falls" are a succession of rapids, with a descent of twenty-two feet in three-quarters of a mile, their whole length. There is no bold precipice at any point over which the waters leap, but a gradual flow into the deep channel of the river. There are several small islands scattered among the rapids, creating different channels. The waters rush down with great fury, leaping over huge boulders and winding round the fairy islands. The fish are abundant in the rapids. Indians and half-breeds may be seen at all hours of the summer day scooping out splendid white-fish. Two of them go out in each canoe. The canoe will sit in the dashing stream by the hour, steady as though held by anchor. They go right out into

the most turbulent parts of the channel. One man sits in the stern of the canoe, and with his single oar holds her in the same position for a long time, her bow parting the waters beautifully. To the spectator ashore it frequently looks very hazardous. There is quite an art in the management of the frail little shell in such a position. The Indian who handles the net dips it quickly at the right moment and locality, and takes in his fish as the noble fellow is heading courageously against the current. This fishing is laborious, but very exciting, and frequently pays well. A score of canoes out in the rapids at a time when the fish are plenty produces a scene of high excitement among spectators on the shore, who probably have just landed from the steamboat on their first trip to Lake Superior. Adventurous strangers catch the spirit of the scene and try their hand. And now for fun. It is all very well while they are content to go out and share with the Indian; but if prompted by their vanity to take charge of a canoe—one to hold the oar, the other to fish—their ardor is soon damped, and a good laugh afforded those who remain on *terra firma*. The scene is ludicrous in the highest degree. Despite the utmost efforts of white men I have seen try it, the canoe rushes down stream. They try again and again, but down, down she goes like a bird, and the only wonder is that she does not upset. Our travelers, having worked themselves into a frenzy of excitement to become expert fishermen after the style of the Sault Indian and half-breed, give up in disgust, make for the bank as soon as possible, and rarely try a second time. One chance, however, yet remains for the courageous spirits—that of having an exhilarating dance among the dashing, laughing waters. And be it known that the ladies are generally two to one in the adventure. This is to walk up the river bank to the head of the rapids, step into a canoe, and rush down some one of the channels, an Indian having you in charge. I have seen this done several times, but never attempted it. If everything hap-

pens to go right, all is well; but a little oversight, and your chances of escape need not be reckoned on. Several lives were lost in earlier years in this attempt to descend the rapids. An Indian can do it safely, because he does not lose self-control through excitement. One who has not learned the art of suppressing all excitement under the most extreme circumstances should never make the venture.

The village of Sault Ste. Marie was founded by the Jesuits over two hundred years ago. The settlement figures prominently in the history of their missions among the Indians. It was also the seat of a government fort. The town is of little importance in any way. There is nothing to build it up, there being no mineral deposits in the vicinity, and its agricultural interests cannot amount to much at any time in the future. It will always have a great deal of summer travel, on account of its location by the falls. The country around is highly romantic, and the trout-fishing good in the streams. It is a delightful place at which to spend a few weeks in summer, exploring the many wild haunts around the mouth of the lake, and in fishing and duck-shooting.

It is only about fifteen years since Lake Superior was fully opened to our lake commerce by the construction of the St. Mary's ship canal, to overcome the obstruction of the rapids to continuous navigation. This canal is a noble monument of the enterprise of the present age. The old maxim was, "Perseverance conquers all things;" the modern reading of which is, "Money conquers all things." Thousands of years ago men were content to build pyramids, the tower of Babel and such like, without reference to large or even small dividends on their investments, but all that kind of building is unknown in America. We have as much perseverance as the pyramid or tower builders, but while they were content to live to work, we work to live. With us everything of this kind must pay in dollars, and then we build as high as the ancients, and excavate deeper, and

bore through greater mountains, and talk under the widest oceans, and span with iron rails the largest continents. We stop at nothing. And so, up here lay inexhaustible mountains of minerals, but the rocks of the Sault rapids stood as an impassable barrier in the way of vessels waiting to carry these minerals to where they might augment the material wealth of the world; and, presto! the rocks disappear. A million dollars' worth of powder and muscle expended, and a highway is opened for the vessels through solid rock. The canal is wide and deep enough to admit the largest boats in the trade. I believe there are some steamers on the lower lakes too long for the locks, but these would not suit the Lake Superior trade. The locks are probably the largest in the world. The canal is a mile long. The cost of construction was largely borne by a government appropriation of lands in the State of Michigan. All vessels passing through pay toll.

We pass out of the ship canal across Tequamenon Bay into the lake with the rising of the sun. The morning is delightful. Such an atmosphere, so pure to the eye, so invigorating to breathe, one never moves through in lower latitudes. Every passenger is in ecstasy with the hour and surroundings. The lake is smooth as a sea of glass, save the gentle swell created by the motion of the boat. There is not the slightest current in the air that we can feel, except that arising from our own motion. We sit on the upper deck that we may be able to sweep the eye over the whole picture. Wild ducks by thousands are seen over toward the north shore. Some of them fly off in alarm: most remain quietly on the water, paying no attention to us. Indians are encamped on the south shore, the smoke of their camp-fires curling up snake-like toward the sun while their morning meal is in course of preparation. Some of them are gliding over the water in their canoes. And here, farther up, are white men busy taking in splendid white-fish and Mackinac trout from their gill-nets.

As it is now the breakfast hour, the gulls begin to gather round the boat, hovering over her track that they may pick up the crumbs that will be thrown overboard by the waiters. The captain brings out a beautiful little fowling-piece and tries to wing some of them. Shot after shot is fired, but no bird falls. With every flash the birds make a sudden curve, and instantly fall into place again, following us up closely. They have a sublime contempt for the gun, if they *are* gulls. They seem to know well enough that danger is threatening them, but nevertheless consider themselves masters of the situation. Some of the passengers, who pride themselves on being good marksmen, are itching to try the captain's gun: they feel sure of success. They are gratified with the chance to shoot, but not with their ill success. Not a bird is hurt. In the mean time, the ladies have their enjoyment of the scene by casting bread on the water, and watching the birds dip with beautiful agility and pick it up, sweeping right on without breaking their graceful curve through the air.

The rapid motion of the steamer soon carries us out on the lake, where we lose sight of land on the north, while on the south, keeping close to shore, we pass successively White-fish Point, the seat of a lighthouse; Point au Sable, a chain of barren white sand-hills, rising several hundred feet above the lake; the world-renowned Pictured Rocks, stretching like a grand panorama for five miles along the coast; and Grand Island, where there is a fine natural harbor. Immediately after passing Grand Island, Marquette looms into view.

Marquette, the great dépôt and entrepôt of the iron region, is situated on an eminence at the western end of a spacious and picturesque bay, and presents a beautiful appearance from the deck of the approaching vessel. Upon going ashore one is not disposed to say that "distance lends enchantment to the view." Many of the pioneers of the iron region were people of intelligence and refinement, the evidences whereof

soon appear to the visitor. The houses are principally built of wood, though since the great fire, a few years ago, which destroyed much of the business portion of the town, stone and brick have been largely used. The numerous evergreens of Nature's planting over the site of the town, which the woodman's axe has spared, add much to the beauty of the landscape. The place, though yet in its youth, has quite the air of a city, with its foundries and machine-shops; its docks, stretching out into the bay, at which, through the summer, may always be seen numerous vessels engaged in the iron trade with Chicago, Detroit, Cleveland, Buffalo and other points; and its railroad, for the transportation of iron ore from the mountains to the furnaces and docks. The railroad crosses the Peninsula south to Green Bay, on Lake Michigan, and extends west toward the copper region.

Leaving Marquette, we pass, close by, Presque Isle and Granite Point, and in a few hours are at Keewenaw Point, where are located the first and principal towns of the copper region. Portage and Houghton lie back from the Lake Superior shore fourteen miles, and are reached by ascending a crooked river and crossing a small lake, which reposes quietly in a deep basin surrounded by vast overtopping mountains of copper. While in here the winds may lash into madness the waters of the great lake, and one know nothing of it, save as learned from the fugitive sounds wandering from the main shore up through the deep gorge, over the calm surface of the little sheet of water called Portage Lake, at the head of which sit the two towns. Little can be said for the beauty of either of these towns. They are located opposite each other, on rugged hillsides, over which boulders are scattered. They are, however, the *live* towns of Lake Superior. This is glory enough for their citizens. The spirit of speculation is in the ascendancy, and the man who "makes haste to get rich" will find plenty of congenial spirits. Along the river banks there are several stamp-mills, smelting-works and other

manufactories growing out of the copper-mining business. A large number of mines are in operation in the vicinity. The mineral wealth of this neighborhood is fabulous.

Returning by the little lake and river, we next touch at Copper Harbor. This is a small, unimportant village, notwithstanding it has the best harbor on the coast. There are but few mines in the neighborhood, consequently there are few improvements or additions to the population. There is an old fort just outside of the village, long since abandoned by the government. It has been converted into a resort for invalids.

Eagle Harbor, touched next, is a small place, and also a shipping-port for the copper-mines lying three miles back from the shore.

Eagle River, eight miles farther west, is a prosperous little place, being the port of entry for some of the best mines in the country.

The next town touched is Ontonagon, at the mouth of the Ontonagon river. This is the oldest of the modern towns on the lake, having been built after the days of the French Jesuits among the Indians and at the opening of the copper speculations. It opened with brilliant prospects, but after a brief, hotbed growth, declined as a shipping port rapidly and almost hopelessly. The place has no harbor, and it is frequently very difficult, if not impossible, for vessels to reach the dock. Vast sums of money in former years were spent in dredging the channel, but without permanent benefit. Since the introduction of railroad travel on the Peninsula, further expenditures in this direction are not so necessary. Thirteen miles back from Ontonagon, among the mountains, are several mining towns, active, prosperous places. Some of the mines in this locality are of great value.

Bayfield, in Wisconsin, the famous Jesuit settlement in the palmy days of Indian missions in the North-west, which is next touched, I need hardly speak of: it has nearly ceased to exist, except on paper. Boats do not call regularly.

Here we are at the west end, entering

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the bay of Superior. This bay is practically the head of the grandest line of river-and-lake navigation in the world. From the Gulf of St. Lawrence, up through the whole line, including the rivers St. Lawrence, Niagara, Detroit, St. Clair and St. Mary, and Lakes Ontario, Erie, St. Clair, Huron and Superior, to the shore of this bay, where the city of Duluth is rising, the distance is two thousand two hundred miles.

As we enter the bay, Superior City, in Wisconsin, is on our left, and Duluth, in Minnesota, on our right. The distance between the two places across the bay (or rather the two bays, for an arm of land running down from the north shore forms St. Louis Bay) is eight miles. The St. Louis river, which for some distance forms the boundary line between Wisconsin and Minnesota, empties into Superior Bay, and is really the original source of the St. Lawrence and the great lake chain.

What a history the locality round the shores of Superior Bay and the mouth of the St. Louis river has had in the last fifteen or twenty years! Fifteen years ago thousands of people were confident one of our great cities was going to rise here on the Wisconsin shore, instantly. Building-lots were sold at fabulous prices. Many houses were built. The expectations of Superior City were stupendous. Everybody knew they were not realized. Superior was suddenly deserted. After the momentary excitement had passed, men began to think that this was another paper city, and off they went, each his own way. Some sold out for a mere song: others, refusing to pay taxes, had their lots sold for them. But how wonderfully all this has changed! There is little excitement on the south shore of the bay, at Superior City, but it is excitement intensified on the north shore, at Duluth. The growth of Duluth is magical. The question of success in founding a great city here is now forever settled. From this time forward the world will hear regularly of the progress of towns, cities, railroads and navigation connected with this region;

and from all parts of the Old World a tide of emigration will begin to roll over the Atlantic and the Eastern States that will cover these great empires even to the Pacific coast. What fortunes await the lucky few who held on to their swamps and sand-banks through the years of despondency, after the hopes of the original founders of Superior City had died out! A good many are today bitterly repenting their want of foresight. They say they might have foreseen that a great city would be founded here when the railroads would come, as come they must.

The time is not far distant when vessels laden with minerals from the Lake Superior mines, and grain from Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Dakota, and all the North-western States, even from California, will pass through Lake Superior from Superior City, Duluth and other ports, direct to Liverpool, England. And the sight of this is not going to be reserved for the next generation. *We* are going to see it; and right soon. A network of railroads will soon spread over this vast territory, from Lake Superior to the Pacific coast, and towns and cities rise along every line. The St. Paul and Pacific Railroad is now penetrating toward Lake Winne-

peg, into the Selkirk Settlement, where the fires of revolution have been recently kindled. The Lake Superior and Mississippi Railroad will soon unite the Mississippi river and Lake Superior. The Northern Pacific Railroad Company are at present vigorously pushing their road from Duluth to the Red river, at the western boundary of Minnesota. This road, as soon as possible, will cross the Red River, and pass on to Puget's Sound, and also to Portland, Oregon. Few people who have not been up here have more than a faint conception of the fertility of this belt of the great North-west. It is a magnificent country. Its climate is delightful; its agricultural resources are superb; it is large and wealthy enough to become in itself, if separated by an ocean from the rest of the world, one of the greatest of nations, with a government of the highest rank. But it is not isolated in its greatness. It is a vital member of the Union, and is about to prove itself to be the one possessing the most vigorous vitality. It is not one of the extremities of the domain of the Union, but is, in fact, the great vital centre, having for one arm the Southern States down to the Gulf, and for the other, British America up to the North Pole.

ISAAC AIKEN.

EPIGRAM.

"**Y**OU men are weathercocks," cried Rosalind.
"Quite true," said I, "but woman is the wind;
And if the wind its shiftings would but cease,
The weathercocks might rest in blissful peace;
But if it will from every quarter blow,
The poor things round and round must always go;
Until, at last, all power of movement o'er,
Worn, broken, smashed, they fall to turn no more!"

R. M. WALSH.

THE LOSS OF THE ONEIDA; OR, YOKOHAMA'S BAY.

A BOVE the wind and waves
 Of Ocean's distant caves,
 A spirit seems to say:
 "Here sleep th' Oneida's dead,
 Within their watery bed
 Of Yokohama's Bay;

"And ever o'er their graves
 Shall moan the dashing waves,
 That, ceaseless, will not stay
 To heed th' imploring hands
 Uplifted from the sands
 Of Yokohama's Bay."

All hearts and hopes beat high,
 No bosom heaved a sigh,
 As on that fatal day
 Th' Oneida homeward steered,
 And from the land she veered
 Of Yokohama's Bay.

Sweet thoughts of native land,
 When they should press the hand
 Of kindred far away,
 Were joys their bosoms bore,
 In parting from the shore
 Of Yokohama's Bay.

Alas! the Future hides,
 In her mysterious tides,
 The fate of men alway:
 Here many sailed the deep,
 Unconscious of death's sleep
 In Yokohama's Bay.

'Twas barely dark as yet,
 The signal lights were set
 When sat the sunset's ray:
 Below, bright comforts glowed,
 Hilarious spirit flowed
 In Yokohama's Bay.

But soon there comes a shock!—
 A trembling, fearful knock!—
 Then all within's dismay!
 They look: her quarter's gone!
 A Demon Ship glides on
 Up Yokohama's Bay!

They hail her; vain the cry,
 The whistle's note on high,
 The signal-gun's fierce ray!
 She speeds—remorseless thing!—
 As 'twere with hell's dark wing,
 Up Yokohama's Bay!

Eightscore and sixteen men
 Are left to battle then
 With all the wild waves' play:
 But two small boats to save
 A third from out the grave
 Of Yokohama's Bay.

Fivescore fifteen go down,
 And those who do not drown,
 Threescore and one are they:
 These live to tell the tale,
 Those mourns the sighing gale
 In Yokohama's Bay.

In duty's sternest hour,
 When dangers darkly lower,
 Forget the bravest may
 What still to life they owe:
 With Williams it was so
 In Yokohama's Bay.

And with him sank to rest—
 To whom in memory blest
 The tribute tear we pay—
 Full many a noble soul,
 O'er whom the waters roll
 Of Yokohama's Bay.

Perfidious Albion, thou!
 How oft upon thy brow,
 Since Columbia's natal day,
 Thou'st worn the branded name!
 And now again the shame
 Of Yokohama's Bay!

Thy brutal Captain Eyre,
 Of deed so dark and dire,
 The world of him will say:
 "His curse shall ever be
 The shameless infamy
 Of Yokohama's Bay."

HENRY H. GOODRICH.

SIR HARRY HOTSPUR OF HUMBLETHWAITE.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER VII.

LADY ALLINGHAM.

THERE was one more meeting between Cousin George and Emily Hotspur before Sir Harry left London with his wife and daughter. On the Sunday afternoon following the ball he called in Bruton street, and found Lord Alfred there. He knew that Lord Alfred had been refused, and felt it to be a matter of course that the suit would be pressed again. Nevertheless, he was quite free from animosity to Lord Alfred. He could see at a glance that there was no danger for him on that side. Lord Alfred was talking to Lady Elizabeth when he entered, and Emily was engaged with a bald-headed old gentleman with a little ribbon and a star. The bald-headed old gentleman soon departed, and then Cousin George, in some skillfully indirect way, took an opportunity of letting Emily know that he should not go to Goodwood this July.

"Not-go to Goodwood!" said she, pretending to laugh. "It will be most unnatural, will it not? They'll hardly start the horses without you, I should think."

"They'll have to start them without me, at any rate." Of course she understood what he meant, and understood also why he had told her. But if his promise were true, so much good had been done; and she sincerely believed that it was true. In what way could he make love to her better than by refraining from his evil ways for the sake of pleasing her? Other bald-headed old gentlemen and bewigged old ladies came in, and he had not time for another word. He bade her adieu, saying nothing now of his hope of meeting her in the autumn, and was very affectionate in his farewell to Lady Elizabeth: "I don't suppose I shall see

Sir Harry before he starts. Say 'good-bye' for me."

"I will, George."

"I am so sorry you are going. It has been so jolly, coming in here of a Sunday, Lady Elizabeth; and you have been so good to me. I wish Scarrowby was at the bottom of the sea."

"Sir Harry wouldn't like that at all."

"I dare say not. And as such places must be, I suppose they ought to be looked after. Only why in June? Good-bye! We shall meet again some day." But not a word was said about Humblethwaite in September. He did not choose to mention the prospect of his autumn visit, and she did not dare to do so. Sir Harry had not renewed the offer, and she would not venture to do so in Sir Harry's absence.

June passed away—as Junes do pass in London—very gayly in appearance, very quickly in reality, with a huge outlay of money and an enormous amount of disappointment. Young ladies would not accept, and young men would not propose. Papas became cross and stingy, and mammas insinuated that daughters were misbehaving. The daughters fought their own battles, and became tired in the fighting of them, and many a one had declared to herself before July had come to an end that it was all vanity and vexation of spirit.

The Allinghams always went to Goodwood—husband and wife. Goodwood and Ascot for Lady Allingham were festivals quite as sacred as were Epsom and Newmarket for the earl. She looked forward to them all the year, learned all she could about the horses which were to run, was very anxious and energetic about her party, and, if all that was said was true, had her little book. It was an institution also that George Hotspur should be one of the party; and of all the arrangements usually

made, it was not the one with which her ladyship could dispense the easiest. George knew exactly what she liked to have done, and how. The earl himself would take no trouble—desired simply to be taken there and back, and to find everything that was wanted the very moment it was needed. And in all such matters the countess chose that the earl should be indulged. But it was necessary to have some one who would look after something—who would direct the servants, and give the orders, and be responsible. George Hotspur did it all admirably, and on such occasions earned the hospitality which was given to him throughout the year. At Goodwood he was almost indispensable to Lady Allingham, but for this meeting she was willing to dispense with him. "I tell you, Captain Hotspur, that you're not to go," she said to him.

"Nonsense, Lady Allingham!"

"What a child you are! Don't you know what depends on it?"

"It does not depend on that."

"It may. Every little helps. Didn't you promise her that you wouldn't?"

"She didn't take it in earnest."

"I tell you you know nothing about a woman. She will take it very much in earnest if you break your word."

"She'll never know."

"She will. She'll learn it. A girl like that learns everything. Don't go, and let her know that you have not gone."

George Hotspur thought that he might go and yet let her know that he had not gone. An accomplished and successful lie was to him a thing beautiful in itself—an event that had come off usefully, a piece of strategy that was evidence of skill, so much gained on the world at the least possible outlay, an investment from which had come profit without capital. Lady Allingham was very hard on him, threatening him at one time with the earl's displeasure and absolute refusal of his company. But he pleaded hard that his book would be ruinous to him if he did not go; that this was a pursuit of such a kind that a man could not give it up all of a moment; that he would take care that his name was

omitted from the printed list of Lord Allingham's party; and that he ought to be allowed this last recreation. The countess at last gave way, and George Hotspur did go to Goodwood.

With the success or failure of his book on that occasion our story is not concerned. He was still more flush of cash than usual, having something left of his cousin's generous present. At any rate, he came to no signal ruin at the races, and left London for Castle Corry on the 10th of August without any known diminution to his prospects. At that time the Hotspurs were at Humblethwaite with a party, but it had been already decided that George should not prepare to make his visit till September. He was to write from Castle Corry—all that had been arranged between him and the countess—and from Castle Corry he did write:

"DEAR LADY ELIZABETH:

"Sir Harry was kind enough to say last winter that I might come to Humblethwaite again this autumn. Will you be able to take me in on the 2d September? We have about finished with Allingham's house, and Lady A. has had enough of me. They remain here till the middle of this month. With kind regards to Sir Harry and Emily,

"Believe me, yours always,

"GEORGE HOTSPUR."

Nothing could be simpler than this note, and yet every word of it had been weighed and dictated by Lady Allingham. "That won't do at all. You mustn't seem to be so eager," she had said when he showed her the letter as prepared by himself. "Just write as you would do if you were coming here." Then she sat down and made the copy for him.

There was very great doubt and there was much deliberation over that note at Humblethwaite. The invitation had doubtless been given, and Sir Harry did not wish to turn against his own flesh and blood—to deny admittance to his house to the man who was the heir to his title. Were he to do so, he must give some reason: he must declare some

quarrel; he must say boldly that all intercourse between them was to be at an end; and he must inform Cousin George that this strong step was taken because Cousin George was a—blackguard! There was no other way of escape left. And then Cousin George had done nothing since the days of the London intimacies to warrant such treatment: he had at least done nothing to warrant such treatment at the hands of Sir Harry. And yet Sir Harry thoroughly wished that his cousin was at Jerusalem. He still vacillated, but his vacillation did not bring him nearer to his cousin's side of the case. Every little thing that he saw and heard made him know that his cousin was a man to whom he could not give his daughter, even for the sake of the family, without abandoning his duty to his child. At this moment, while he was considering George's letter, it was quite clear that George should not be his son-in-law; and yet the fact that the property and the title might be brought together was not absent from his mind when he gave his final assent. "I don't suppose she cares for him," he said to his wife.

"She's not in love with him, if you mean that."

"What else should I mean?" he said, crossly.

"She may learn to be in love with him."

"She had better not. She must be told. He may come for a week. I won't have him here for longer. Write to him, and say that we shall be happy to have him from the second to the ninth. Emily must be told that I disapprove of him, but that I can't avoid opening my house to him."

These were the most severe words he had ever spoken about Cousin George, but then the occasion had become very critical. Lady Elizabeth's reply was as follows:

"**MY DEAR COUSIN GEORGE:**—Sir Harry and I will be very happy to have you on the second, as you propose, and hope you will stay till the eleventh.

"Yours sincerely,

"ELIZABETH HOTSPUR."

He was to come on a Saturday, but she did not like to tell him to go on a Saturday, because of the following day. Where could the poor fellow be on the Sunday? She therefore stretched her invitation for two days beyond the period sanctioned by Sir Harry.

"It's not very gracious," said George as he showed the note to Lady Allingham.

"I don't like it the less on that account. It shows that they're afraid about her, and they wouldn't be afraid without cause."

"There is not much of that, I fancy."

"They oughtn't to have a chance against you, not if you play your game well. Even in ordinary cases the fathers and mothers are beaten by the lovers nine times out of ten. It is only when the men are oafs and louts that they are driven off. But with you, with your cousinship and half heirship, and all your practice, and the family likeness, and the rest of it, if you'll only take a little trouble—"

"I'll take any amount of trouble."

"No, you won't. You'll deny yourself nothing, and go through no ordeal that is disagreeable to you. I don't suppose your things are a bit better arranged in London than they were in the spring." She looked at him as though waiting for an answer, but he was silent.

"It's too late for anything of that kind now, but still you may do very much. Make up your mind to this—that you'll ask Miss Hotspur to be your wife before you leave— What's the name of the place?"

"I have quite made up my mind to that, Lady Allingham."

"As to the manner of doing it, I don't suppose that I can teach you anything."

"I don't know about that."

"At any rate I sha'n't try. Only remember this. Get her to promise to be firm, and then go at once to Sir Harry. Don't let there be an appearance of doubt in speaking to him. And if he tells you of the property—angrily, I mean—then do you tell him of the title. Make him understand that you give as

much as you get. I don't suppose he will yield at first. Why should he? You are not the very best young man about town, you know. But if you get her, he must follow. She looks like one that would stick to it if she once had said it."

Thus prompted, George Hotspur went from Castle Corry to Humblethwaite. I wonder whether he was aware of the extent of the friendship of his friend, and whether he ever considered why it was that such a woman should be so anxious to assist him in making his fortune, let it be at what cost it might be to others? Lady Allingham was not the least in love with Captain Hotspur, was bound to him by no tie whatsoever, would suffer no loss in the world should Cousin George come to utter and incurable ruin; but she was a woman of energy, and, as she liked the man, she was zealous in her friendship.

CHAPTER VIII.

AIREY FORCE.

LADY ELIZABETH had been instructed by Sir Harry to warn her daughter not to fall in love with Cousin George during his visit to Humblethwaite; and Lady Elizabeth was, as a wife, accustomed to obey her husband in all things. But obedience in this matter was very difficult. Such a caution as that received is not easily given even between a mother and a child, and is especially difficult when the mother is unconsciously aware of her child's superiority to herself. Emily was in all respects the bigger woman of the two, and was sure to get the best of it in any such cautioning. It is so hard to have to bid a girl, and a good girl too, not to fall in love with a particular man. There is left among us, at any rate, so much of reserve and assumed delicacy as to require us to consider, or pretend to consider, on the girl's behalf, that of course she won't fall in love. We know that she will, sooner or later; and probably as much sooner as opportunity may offer. That is our experience of the genus *girl* in

the general; and we quite approve of her for her readiness to do so. It is, indeed, her nature; and the propensity has been planted in her for wise purposes. But as to this or that special sample of the genus *girl*, in reference to this or that special sample of the genus *young man*, we always feel ourselves bound to take it as a matter of course that there can be nothing of the kind—till the thing is done. Any caution on the matter is therefore difficult and disagreeable, as conveying almost an insult. Mothers in well-regulated families do not caution their daughters in reference to special young men. But Lady Elizabeth had been desired by her husband to give the caution, and must in some sort obey the instruction. Two days before George's arrival she endeavored to do as she was told—not with the most signal success:

"Your cousin George is coming on Saturday."

"So I heard papa say."

"Your papa gave him a sort of invitation when he was here last time, and so he has proposed himself."

"Why should not he? It seems very natural. He is the nearest relation we have got, and we all like him."

"I don't think your papa does like him."

"I do."

"What I mean is, your papa doesn't approve of him. He goes to races, and bets, and all that kind of thing. And then your papa thinks that he's over head and ears in debt."

"I don't know anything about his debts. As for his going to races, I believe he has given them up. I am sure he would if he were asked." Then there was a pause, for Lady Elizabeth hardly knew how to pronounce her caution. "Why shouldn't papa pay his debts?"

"My dear!"

"Well, mamma, why shouldn't he? And why shouldn't papa let him have the property—I mean, leave it to him instead of to me?"

"If your brother had lived—"

"He didn't live, mamma. That has

been our great misfortune. But so it is; and why shouldn't George be allowed to take his place? I'm sure it would be for the best. Papa thinks so much about the name and the family, and all that."

"My dear, you must leave him to do as he thinks fit in all such matters. You may be sure that he will do what he believes to be his duty. What I was going to say was this—" And, instead of saying it, Lady Elizabeth still hesitated.

"I know what you want to say, mamma, just as well as though the words were out of your mouth. You want to make me understand that George is a black sheep."

"I'm afraid he is."

"But black sheep are not like blackamoors: they may be washed white. You said so yourself the other day."

"Did I, my dear?"

"Certainly you did, and certainly they may. Why, mamma, what is all religion but the washing of black sheep white—making the black a little less black, scraping a spot white here and there?"

"I am afraid your cousin George is beyond washing."

"Then, mamma, all I can say is, he oughtn't to come here. Mind, I think you wrong him. I dare say he has been giddy and fond of pleasure; but if he is so bad as you say, papa should tell him at once not to come. As far as I am concerned, I don't believe he is so bad, and I shall be glad to see him."

There was no cautioning a young woman who could reason in this way, and who could look at her mother as Emily looked. It was not, at least, within the power of Lady Elizabeth to do so. And yet she could not tell Sir Harry of her failure. She thought that she had expressed the caution; and she thought also that her daughter would be wise enough to be guided—not by her wisdom—but by the words of her father. Poor, dear woman! She was thinking of it every hour of the day, but she said nothing more on the subject, either to her daughter or to Sir Harry.

The black sheep came, and made one of a number of numerous visitors. It had been felt that the danger would be less among a multitude, and there was present a very excellent young man, as to whom there were hopes. Steps had not been taken about this excellent young man, as had been done in reference to Lord Alfred; but still there were hopes. He was the eldest son of a Lincolnshire squire, a man of fair property and undoubted family, but who, it was thought, would not object to merge the name of Thoresby in that of Hotspur. Nothing came of the young man, who was bashful, and to whom Miss Hotspur certainly gave no entertainment of a nature to remove his bashfulness. But when the day for George's coming had been fixed, Sir Harry thought it expedient to write to young Thoresby and accelerate a visit which had been previously proposed. Sir Harry as he did so almost hated himself for his anxiety to dispose of his daughter. He was a gentleman, every inch of him, and he thoroughly desired to do his duty. He knew, however, that there was much in his feelings of which he could not but be ashamed. And yet, if something were not done to assist his girl in a right disposal of all that she had to bestow with her hand, how was it probable that it could be bestowed aright?

The black sheep came, and found young Thoresby and some dozen other strangers in the house. He smiled upon them all, and before the first evening was over had made himself the popular man of the house. Sir Harry, like a fool as he was, had given his cousin only two fingers, and had looked black at their first meeting. Nothing could be gained by conduct such as that with such a guest. Before the gentlemen left the dinner-table on the first day even he had smiled and joked, and had asked questions about "Allingham's mountains." "The worst of you fellows who go to Scotland is, that you care nothing for real sport when you come down south afterward." All this conversation about Lord Allingham's

grouse and the Scotch mountains helped George Hotspur, so that when he went into the drawing-room he was in the ascendant. Many men have learned the value of such ascendancy, and most men have known the want of it.

Poor Lady Elizabeth had not a chance with Cousin George. She succumbed to him at once—not knowing why, but feeling that she herself became bright, amusing and happy when talking to him. She was a woman not given to familiarities, but she did become familiar with him, allowing him little liberties of expression which no other man would take with her, and putting them all down to the score of cousinhood. He might be a black sheep—she feared there could be but little doubt that he was one—but, from her worsted-work up to the demerits of her dearest friend, he did know how to talk better than any other young man she knew. To Emily, on that first evening, he said very little. When he first met her he had pressed her hand and looked into her eyes, and smiled on her with a smile so sweet that it was as though a god had smiled on her. She had made up her mind that he should be nothing to her—nothing beyond a dear cousin : nevertheless, her eye had watched him during the whole hour of dinner, and, not knowing that it was so, she had waited for his coming to them in the evening. Heavens and earth ! what an oaf was that young Thoresby as the two stood together near the door ! She did not want her cousin to come and talk to her, but she listened and laughed within herself as she saw how pleased was her mother by the attentions of the black sheep.

One word Cousin George did say to Emily Hotspur that night, just as the ladies were leaving the room. It was said in a whisper, with a little laugh, with that air of half joke, half earnest, which may be so efficacious in conversation : "I did not go to Goodwood, after all."

She raised her eyes to his for a quarter of a second, thanking him for his goodness in refraining. "I don't

believe that he is really a black sheep at all," she said to herself that night as she laid her head upon her pillow.

After all, the devil fights under great disadvantages, and has to carry weights in all his races which are almost unfair. He lies as a matter of course, believing thoroughly in lies, thinking that it is by lies chiefly that he must make his running good ; and yet every lie he tells, after it has been told and used, remains as an additional weight to be carried. When you have used your lie gracefully and successfully, it is hard to bury it and get it well out of sight. It crops up here and there against you, requiring more lies ; and at last, too often, has to be admitted as a lie—most usually so admitted in silence, but still admitted, to be forgiven or not according to the circumstances of the case. The most perfect forgiveness is that which is extended to him who is known to lie in everything. The man has to be taken, lies and all, as a man is taken with a squint, or a harelip, or a bad temper. He has an uphill game to fight, but when once well known, he does not fall into the difficulty of being believed.

George Hotspur's lie was believed. To our readers it may appear to have been most gratuitous, unnecessary and inexpedient. The girl would not have quarreled with him for going to the races—would never have asked anything about it. But George knew that he must make his running : it would not suffice that she should not quarrel with him. He had to win her, and it came so natural to him to lie. And the lie was efficacious : she was glad to know that he stayed away from the races for her sake. Had it not been for her sake ? She would not bid him stay away, but she was so glad that he had stayed. The lie was very useful. If it only could have been buried and out of sight when used !

There was partridge-shooting for four days—not good shooting, but work which carried the men far from home, and enabled Sir Harry to look after his cousin. George, so looked after, did not

dare to say that on any day he would shirk the shooting. But Sir Harry, as he watched his cousin, gradually lost his keenness for watching him. Might it not be best that he should let matters arrange themselves? This young squire from Lincolnshire was evidently an oaf: Sir Harry could not even cherish a hope on that side. His girl was very good, and she had been told, and the work of watching went so much against the grain with him; and then, added to it all, was the remembrance that if the worst came to the worst the title and property would be kept together. George might have fought his fight, we think, without the aid of his lie.

On the Friday the party was to some extent broken up. The oaf and sundry other persons went away. Sir Harry had thought that the cousin would go on the Saturday, and had been angry with his wife because his orders on that head had not been implicitly obeyed. But when the Friday came, and George offered to go in with him to Penrith, to hear some case of fish-poaching which was to be brought before the magistrates, he had forgiven the offence. George had a great deal to say about fish, and then went on to say a good deal about himself. If he could only get some employment—a farm, say, where he might have hunting—how good it would be! For he did not pretend to any virtuous abnegation of the pleasures of the world, but was willing—so he said—to add to them some little attempt to earn his own bread. On this day Sir Harry liked his cousin better than he had ever done before, though he did not even then place the least confidence in his cousin's sincerity as to the farm and the earning of bread.

On their return to the Hall on Friday, they found that a party had been made to go to Ulleswater on the Saturday. A certain Mrs. Fitzpatrick was staying in the house who had never seen the lake, and the carriage was to take them to Airey Force. Airey Force, as everybody knows, is a waterfall near to the shores of the lake, and is the great lion of the Lake scenery on that side of the

mountains. The waterfall was full fifteen miles from Humblethwaite, but the distance had been done before, and could be done again. Emily, with Mrs. Fitzpatrick, and two other young ladies, were to go. Mr. Fitzpatrick would sit on the box. There was a youth there also who had left school and not yet gone to college. He was to be allowed to drive a dog-cart. Of course George Hotspur was ready to go in the dog-cart with him.

George had determined from the commencement of his visit, when he began to foresee that this Saturday would be more at his command than any other day, that on this Saturday he would make or mar his fortune for life. He had perceived that his cousin was cautious with him, that he would be allowed but little scope for love-making, that she was in some sort afraid of him; but he perceived also that in a quiet, undemonstrative way she was very gracious to him. She never ignored him, as young ladies will sometimes ignore young men, but thought of him even in his absence, and was solicitous for his comfort. He was clever enough to read little signs, and was sure at any rate that she liked him.

"Why did you not postpone the party till George was gone?" Sir Harry said to his wife.

"The Fitzpatricks also go on Monday," she answered, "and we could not refuse them."

Then again it occurred to Sir Harry that life would not be worth having if he was to be afraid to allow his daughter to go to a pic-nic in company with her cousin.

There is a bridge across the water at the top of Airey Force, which is perhaps one of the prettiest spots in the whole of our Lake country. The entire party on their arrival of course went up to the bridge, and then the entire party of course descended. How it happened that in the course of the afternoon George and Emily were there again, and were there unattended, who can tell? If she had meant to be cautious, she must very much have changed her plans in allow-

ing herself to be led thither. And as he stood there, with no eye resting on them, his arm was round her waist and she was pressed to his side.

"Dearest, dearest," he said, "may I believe that you love me?"

"I have said so. You may believe it if you will."

She did not attempt to make the distance greater between them. She leant against him willingly.

"Dear George, I do love you. My choice has been made. I have to trust to you for everything."

"You shall never trust in vain," he said.

"You must reform, you know," she said, turning round and looking up into his face with a smile. "They say that you have been wild. You must not be wild any more, sir."

"I will reform. I have reformed. I say it boldly: I have become an altered man since I knew you. I have lived with one hope, and even the hope alone has changed me. Now I have got all that I have hoped for. Oh, Emily, I wish you knew how much I love you!"

They were there on the bridge, or roaming together alone in the woods, for nearly an hour after that, till Mrs. Fitzpatrick, who knew the value of the prize and the nature of the man, began to fear that she had been remiss in her duty as chaperon. As Emily came down and joined the party at last, she was perfectly regardless either of their frowns or smiles. There had been one last compact made between the lovers.

"George," she had said, "whatever it may cost us, let there be no secrets."

"Of course not," he replied.

"I will tell mamma to-night, and you must tell papa. You will promise me?"

"Certainly. It is what I should insist on doing myself. I could not stay in his house under other circumstances. But you too must promise me one thing, Emily."

"What is it?"

"You will be true to me, even though he should refuse his consent?"

She paused before she answered him:

"I will be true to you. I cannot be

otherwise than true to you. My love was a thing to give, but when given I cannot take it back. I will be true to you, but of course we cannot be married till papa consents."

He urged her no farther. He was too wise to think it possible that he could do so without injuring his cause. Then they found the others, and Emily made her apologies to Mrs. Fitzpatrick for the delay with a quiet dignity that struck her cousin George almost with awe. How had it been that such a one as he had won so great a creature?

George, as he was driven home by his young companion, was full of joyous chatter and light small-talk. He had done a good stroke of business, and was happy. If only the baronet could be brought round, all the troubles which had enveloped him since a beard had first begun to grow on his chin would disappear as a mist beneath the full rays of the sun; or even if there still might be a trouble or two—and as he thought of his prospects he remembered that they could not all be made to disappear in the mist fashion—there would be that which would gild the clouds. At any rate he had done a good stroke of business. And he loved the girl too. He thought that of all the girls he had seen about town, or about the country either, she was the bonniest and the brightest and the most clever. It might well have been that a poor devil like he in search of an heiress might have been forced to put up with personal disadvantages—with age, with plain looks, with vulgar manners, with low birth; but here, so excellent was his fortune, there was everything which fortune could give. Love her? Of course he loved her. He would do anything on earth for her. And how jolly they would be together when they got hold of their share of that twenty thousand a year! And how jolly it would be to owe nothing to anybody! As he thought of this, however, there came upon him the reminiscence of a certain Captain Stubber, and the further reminiscence of a certain Mr. Abraham Hart, with both of whom he had had dealings; and he told himself

that it would behoove him to call up all his pluck when discussing those gentlemen and their dealings with the baronet. He was sure that the baronet would not like Captain Stubber nor Mr. Hart, and that a good deal of pluck would be needed. But on the whole he had done a great stroke of business; and, as a consequence of his success, talked and chatted all the way home, till the youth who was driving him thought that he was about the nicest fellow that he had ever met.

Emily Hotspur, as she took her place in the carriage, was very silent. She also had much of which to think—much on which, as she dreamed, to congratulate herself. But she could not think of it and talk at the same time. She had made her little apology with graceful ease. She had just smiled—but the smile was almost a rebuke—when one of her companions had ventured on the beginning of some little joke as to her company, and then she had led the way to the carriage. Mrs. Fitzpatrick and the two girls were nothing to her now, let them suspect what they choose or say what they might. She had given herself away, and she triumphed in the surrender. The spot on which he had told her of his love should be sacred to her for ever. It was a joy to her that it was near to her own home, the home that she would give to him, so that she might go there with him again and again. She had very much to consider and to remember. A black sheep! no. Of all the flock he should be the least black. It might be that in the energy of his pleasures he had exceeded other men, as he did exceed all other men in everything that he did and said. Who was so clever? who so bright? who so handsome, so full of poetry and of manly grace? How sweet was his voice, how fine his gait, how gracious his smile! And then on his brow there was that look of command which she had ever recognized in her father's face as belonging to his race as a Hotspur—only added to it was a godlike beauty which her father never could have possessed.

She did not conceal from herself that

there might be trouble with her father. And yet she was not sure but that upon the whole he would be pleased after a while. Humblethwaite and the family honors would still go together if he would sanction this marriage; and she knew how he longed in his heart that it might be so. For a time probably he might be averse to her prayers. Should it be so, she would simply give him her word that she would never during his lifetime marry without his permission, and then she would be true to her troth. As to her truth in that respect, there could be no doubt. She had given her word, and that, for a Hotspur, must be enough.

She could not talk as she thought of all this, and therefore had hardly spoken when George appeared at the carriage door to give the ladies a hand as they came into the house. To her he was able to give one gentle pressure as she passed on; but she did not speak to him, nor was it necessary that she should do so. Had not everything been said already?

CHAPTER IX.

"I KNOW WHAT YOU ARE."

THE scene which took place that night between the mother and daughter may be easily conceived. Emily told her tale, and told it in a manner which left no doubt of her persistency. She certainly meant it: Lady Elizabeth had almost expected it. There are evils which may come or may not, but as to which, though we tell ourselves that they may still be avoided, we are inwardly almost sure that they will come. Such an evil in the mind of Lady Elizabeth had been Cousin George. Not but what she herself would have liked him for a son-in-law, had it not been so certain that he was a black sheep.

"Your father will never consent to it, my dear."

"Of course, mamma, I shall do nothing unless he does."

"You will have to give him up."

"No, mamma, not that: that is be-

yond what papa can demand of me. I shall not give him up, but I certainly shall not marry him without papa's consent, or yours."

"Nor see him?"

"Well, if he does not come, I cannot see him."

"Nor correspond with him?"

"Certainly not, if papa forbids it."

After that, Lady Elizabeth did give way to a considerable extent. She did not tell her daughter that she considered it at all probable that Sir Harry would yield, but she made it to be understood that she herself would do so if Sir Harry would be persuaded. And she acknowledged that the amount of obedience promised by Emily was all that could be expected. "But, mamma," said Emily, before she left her mother, "do you not know that you love him yourself?"

"Love is such a strong word, my dear."

"It is not half strong enough," said Emily, pressing her two hands together. "But you do, mamma?"

"I think he is very agreeable, certainly."

"And handsome?—only that goes for nothing."

"Yes, he is a fine-looking man."

"And clever? I don't know how it is—let there be who there may in the room, he is always the best talker."

"He knows how to talk, certainly."

"And, mamma, don't you think that there is a something—I don't know what—something not at all like other men about him that compels one to love him? Oh, mamma, do say something nice to me: to me he is everything that a man should be."

"I wish he were, my dear."

"As for the sort of life he has been leading, spending more money than he ought, and all that kind of thing, he has promised to reform it altogether; and he is doing it now. At any rate, you must admit, mamma, that he is not false."

"I hope not, my dear."

"Why do you speak in that way, mamma? Does he talk like a man that is false? Have you ever known him to be false? Don't be prejudiced, mamma, at any rate."

The reader will understand that when the daughter had brought her mother as far as this, the elder lady was compelled to say "something nice" at last. At any rate, there was a loving embrace between them, and an understanding that the mother would not exaggerate the difficulties of the position either by speech or word.

"Of course you will have to see your papa to-morrow morning," Lady Elizabeth said.

"George will tell him everything to-night," said Emily. She, as she went to her bed, did not doubt but what the difficulties would melt. Luckily for her—so luckily!—it happened that her lover possessed by his very birth a right which, beyond all other possessions, would recommend him to her father. And then had not the man himself all natural good gifts to recommend him? Of course he had not money or property, but she had, or would have, property; and of all men alive her father was the least disposed to be greedy. As she half thought of it and half dreamt of it in her last waking moments of that important day, she was almost altogether happy. It was so sweet to know that she possessed the love of him whom she loved better than all the world besides!

Cousin George did not have quite so good a time of it that night. The first thing he did on his return from Ulleswater to Humblethwaite was to write a line to his friend, Lady Allingham. This had been promised, and he did so before he had seen Sir Harry:

"DEAR LADY A.:

"I have been successful with my younger cousin. She is the bonniest and the best and the brightest girl that ever lived, and I am the happiest fellow. But I have not as yet seen the baronet. I am to do so to-night, and will report progress to-morrow. I doubt I sha'n't find him so bonny and so good and so bright. But, as you say, the young birds ought to be too strong for the old ones.

"Yours, most sincerely, G. H."

This was written while he was dressing, and was put into the letter-box by himself as he came down stairs. It was presumed that the party had dined at the falls, but there was "a tea" prepared for them on an extensive scale. Sir Harry, suspecting nothing, was very happy and almost jovial with Mr. Fitzpatrick and the two young ladies. Emily said hardly a word. Lady Elizabeth, who had not as yet been told, but already suspected something, was very anxious. George was voluble, witty, and perhaps a little too loud. But as the lad who was going to Oxford, and who had drank a good deal of champagne and was now drinking sherry, was loud also, George's manner was not specially observed. It was past ten before they got up from the table, and nearly eleven before George was able to whisper a word to the baronet. He almost shirked it for that night, and would have done so had he not remembered how necessary it was that Emily should know that his pluck was good. Of course she would be asked to abandon him. Of course she would be told that it was her duty to give him up. Of course she would give him up unless he could get such a hold upon her heart as to make her doing so impossible to her. She would have to learn that he was an unprincipled spendthrift — nay, worse than that, as he hardly scrupled to tell himself. But he need not weight his own character with the further burden of cowardice. The baronet could not eat him, and he would not be afraid of the baronet.

"Sir Harry," George whispered, "could you give me a minute or two before we go to bed?" Sir Harry started as though he had been stung, and looked his cousin sharply in the face without answering him. George kept his countenance and smiled. "I won't keep you long," he said.

"You had better come to my room," said Sir Harry, gruffly, and led the way into his own sanctum. When there he sat down in his accustomed arm-chair, without offering George a seat, but George soon found a seat for himself.

"And now what is it?" said Sir Harry with his blackest frown.

"I have asked my cousin to be my wife."

"What! Emily?"

"Yes, Emily, and she has consented. I now ask for your approval." We must give Cousin George his due, and acknowledge that he made his little request exactly as he would have done had he been master of ten thousand a year of his own, quite unencumbered.

"What right had you, sir, to speak to her without coming to me first?"

"One always does, I think, go to the girl first," said George.

"You have disgraced yourself, sir, and outraged my hospitality. You are no gentleman."

"Sir Harry, that is strong language."

"Strong! Of course it is strong. I mean it to be strong. I shall make it stronger yet if you attempt to say another word to her."

"Look here, Sir Harry, I am bound to bear a good deal from you, but I have a right to explain."

"You have a right, sir, to go away from this, and go away you shall."

"Sir Harry, you have told me that I am not a gentleman."

"You have abused my kindness to you. What right have you, who have not a shilling in the world, to speak to my daughter? I won't have it, and let that be an end of it. I won't have it. And I must desire that you will leave Humblethwaite to-morrow. I won't have it."

"It is quite true that I have not a shilling."

"Then what business have you to speak to my daughter?"

"Because I have that which is worth many shillings, and which you value above all your property. I am the heir to your name and title. When you are gone I must be the head of this family. I do not in the least quarrel with you for choosing to leave your property to your own child, but I have done the best I could to keep the property and the title together. I love my cousin."

"I don't believe in your love, sir."

"If that is all, I do not doubt but what I can satisfy you."

"It is not all, and it is not half all. And it isn't because you are a pauper. You know it all as well as I do, without my telling you, but you drive me to tell you."

"Know what, sir?"

"Though you hadn't a shilling, you should have had her if you could win her, had your life been even fairly decent. The title must go to you—worse luck for the family! You can talk well enough, and what you say is true. I would wish that they should go together."

"Of course it will be better."

"But, sir—" then Sir Harry paused.

"Well, Sir Harry?"

"You oblige me to speak out. You are such a one that I do not dare to let you have my child. Your life is so bad that I should not be justified in doing so for any family purpose. You would break her heart."

"You wrong me there, altogether."

"You are a gambler."

"I have been, Sir Harry."

"And a spendthrift."

"Well, yes—as long as I had little or nothing to spend."

"I believe you are over head and ears in debt now, in spite of the assistance you have had from me within twelve months."

Cousin George remembered the advice which had been given him, that he should conceal nothing from his cousin. "I do owe some money, certainly," he said.

"And how do you mean to pay it."

"Well, if I marry Emily, I suppose that you will pay it."

"That's cool, at any rate!"

"What can I say, Sir Harry?"

"I would pay it all, though it were half the property—"

"Less than a year's income would clear off every shilling I owe, Sir Harry."

"Listen to me, sir. Though it were ten years' income I would pay it all, if I thought that the rest would be kept with the title, and that my girl would be happy."

"I will make her happy."

"But, sir, it is not only that you are a gambler and spendthrift, and an unprincipled debtor without even a thought of paying. You are worse than this. There! I am not going to call you names: I know what you are, and you shall not have my daughter."

George Hotspur found himself compelled to think for a few moments before he could answer a charge so vague, and yet, as he knew, so well founded; nevertheless he felt that he was progressing. His debts would not stand in his way if only he could make this rich father believe that in other matters his daughter would not be endangered by the marriage. "I don't quite know what you mean, Sir Harry. I am not going to defend myself. I have done much of which I am ashamed. I was turned very young upon the world, and got to live with rich people when I was myself poor. I ought to have withstood the temptation, but I didn't, and I got into bad hands. I don't deny it. There is a horrid Jew has bills of mine now."

"What have you done with that five thousand pounds?"

"He had half of it; and I had to settle for the last Leger which went against me."

"It is all gone?"

"Pretty nearly. I don't pretend but what I have been very reckless as to money. I am ready to tell you the truth about everything. I don't say that I deserve her; but I do say this—that I should not have thought of winning her, in my position, had it not been for the title. Having that in my favor, I do not think that I was misbehaving to you in proposing to her. If you will trust me now, I will be as grateful and obedient a son as any man ever had."

He had pleaded his cause well, and he knew it. Sir Harry also felt that his cousin had made a better case than he would have believed to be possible. He was quite sure that the man was a scamp, utterly untrustworthy, and yet the man's pleading for himself had been efficacious. He sat silent for full five minutes before he spoke again, and

then he gave judgment as follows : " You will go away without seeing her to-morrow ? "

" If you wish it."

" And you will not write to her ? "

" Only a line."

" Not a word," said Sir Harry, imperiously.

" Only a line, which I will give open to you. You can do with it as you please."

" And as you have forced upon me the necessity, I shall make inquiries in London as to your past life. I have heard things which perhaps may be untrue."

" What things, Sir Harry ? "

" I shall not demean myself or injure you by repeating them, unless I find cause to believe they are true. I do believe that the result will be such as to make me feel that in justice to my girl I cannot allow you to become her husband. I tell you so fairly. Should the debts you owe be simple debts, not dishonorably contracted, I will pay them."

" And then she shall be mine ? "

" I will make no such promise. You had better go now. You can have the carriage to Penrith as early as you please in the morning, or to Carlisle if you choose to go north. I will make your excuses to Lady Elizabeth. Good-night."

Cousin George stood for a second in doubt, and then shook hands with the baronet. He reached Penrith the next morning soon after ten, and breakfasted alone at the hotel.

There were but very few words spoken on the occasion between the father and the daughter, but Emily did succeed in

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having pretty nearly the truth of what had taken place. On the Monday her mother gave her the following note :

" DEAREST : At your father's bidding I have gone suddenly. You will understand why I have done so. I shall try to do just as he would have me; but you will, I know, be quite sure that I should never give you up. Yours for ever and ever,

G. H."

The father had thought much of it, and at last had determined that Emily should have the letter.

In the course of the week there came other guests to Humblethwaite, and it so chanced that there was a lady who knew the Allinghams, who had unfortunately seen the Allinghams at Goodwood, and who, most unfortunately, stated in Emily's hearing that she had seen George Hotspur at Goodwood.

" He was not there," said Emily, quite boldly.

" Oh yes—with the Allinghams as usual. He is always with them at Goodwood."

" He was not at the last meeting," said Emily, smiling.

The lady said nothing till her lord was present, and then appealed to him : " Frank, didn't you see George Hotspur with the Allinghams at Goodwood, last July ? "

" To be sure I did, and lost a pony to him on Eros."

The lady looked at Emily, who said nothing further, but she was still quite convinced that George Hotspur had not been at those Goodwood races.

It is so hard, when you have used a lie commodiously, to bury it and get well rid of it !

NEGRO SUPERSTITIONS.

" Last Sat'day night
 De niggas went a huntin'.
 De dogs dey run de coon,
 De coon he run de wolver,
 De wolver run de Stiff-leg,
 De Stiff-leg run de Devil;
 Dey run him up de hill,
 But dey catch him on the level."

MANY a mythical story has originated in some such weird song as I have just quoted, and in time gained credence with the ignorant. I listened to this jargon for the first time in my early boyhood, as it was sung with banjo accompaniment by an old negro named Cato, who rejoiced in the euphonic surname of Escutcheons. On my way home from his cabin in the dim twilight, I drew, in my childish imagination, a picture, and half dreamed it over at night. Foremost came a bounding devil, with horns and tail erect, closely pursued by something half human, half animal (*i. e.*, the Stiff-leg), which with rapid strides but halting gait had almost clutched his Sable Majesty. The Stiff-leg in turn was pursued by a wolf, the wolf by a raccoon of tremendous proportions, and the raccoon by a pack of yelping, barking dogs; while the negro huntsmen, with wild mirth, over fallen logs and through brambly brake, brought up the rear. I have thought since, if I had wealth at command, and could find an artist who could form a like conception of the wild chase, I would have it painted in fresco on the walls of some favorite room. If such an impression was made on the childish imagination of a white boy, the song no doubt impressed itself with a strong semblance of reality on the dark minds of some half dozen negro children who listened to Cato at the same time.

We find in our cities, even at the present day, amongst people of intelligence and culture, minds having a strong tendency to superstition; and if we could look over a record of the

names of those who stealthily visit fortune-tellers, we might lose faith in the right-mindedness of some of our intimate acquaintances. Romance, though, even as history, is not without its uses, and the heroisms of either will still continue to incite boys and girls and men and women to deeds of daring and noble suffering. The perusal of the one, especially to the youthful mind, is no less absorbing than that of the other. The boy or girl does not ask whether the story be true or not; and he would be a hard-hearted parent who would rob the boy of his pleasure, as he pores over *Robinson Crusoe* or the *Arabian Nights*, or the story of Captain John Smith and Pocahontas, by telling him that what he reads is not true, or say to the little girl who weeps over the *Babes in the Woods* that it is all a fib.

Every era has had its peculiar myths. So also has every people. But there are superstitions which have been, and now are, common to different nations. Many of them have found place in the fabulous stories of newer nations, and most of them, whether ancient or modern, have originated in some trifling incident. We are told in books how the idea of the Centaur, the Dragon, the Unicorn, the Kraken, and even the Sea-serpent, originated; and I think I have shown how a wild legend might grow out of an imaginative, nonsensical song, the vagary of a woolly pate.

Although belief in witchcraft has almost faded away, it is not probable that a general diffusion of knowledge will ever entirely dissipate films of a like nature from the minds of the masses. Animal magnetism, the power of communicating through "mediums" with the spirits of the departed, et cetera, still find believers. It is human, and ever will be, to grope after the hidden, the ideal, and to hold them up as real.

The more refined a people, the more interesting its mythical legends. Those

of the Caucasian race are attractive, while those of the negroes are repulsive, especially when connected with their heathenish religions. An extenuation for slavery put forth by many Southerners is, that the negro is modified, his nature softened, by association with the white man : I might add that his superstitions are humanized also. An illustrative argument in favor of this notion is to be found in a poem by a Mr. Randolph of Lower Virginia. There are some exceedingly fine passages in it for so unpretending a title, which is "A Fish Story," wherein an old negro fiddler, fishing one day, after waiting a long time in vain for a bite, ties his line to his ankle and commences playing his fiddle. The warm sunshine and the soothing music after a while cause him to fall asleep, when a huge drum-fish seizes his bait and pulls him with a sudden jerk from his canoe. The fish and fisherman both lose their lives, and, the one entangled in the line and the other hooked in the jaw, are cast ashore "by the heaving tide." The poet draws the contrast between Old Ned the fisherman and the wild African in the following lines :

" Although philanthropists can see
The degrading effects of Slavery,
I cannot help thinking that this old creature
Was a great advance on his African nature,
And straighter of limb and thinner of lip
Than his grandsire who came in the Yankee ship.

" Albeit bent with the weary toil
Of sixty years on the slave-trodden soil,
Thoughtless, and thrifless, and feeble of
mind,
His life was gentle, his heart was kind :
He lived in a house, and loved his wife,
And was higher far in hope and in life,
And a nobler man, with his hoo in his hand,
Than an African prince in his native land.

" For perhaps the most odious thing upon earth
Is an African prince in the land of his birth,
With his negative calf and his convex shin,
Triangular teeth and pungent skin ;
So bloated of body, so meagre of limb,
Of passions so fierce, of reason so dim ;
So cruel in war, and so torpid in peace,
So strongly addicted to entrails and grease ;
So partial to eating, by morning light,
The wife who had shared his repose over night :
In the blackest of black superstitions down-trod
In his horrible rites to his beastly god,
With all their loathsome and hideous mystery :—
But that has nothing to do with *the fish story.*"

Nevertheless these lines, as we shall presently see, have some bearing on a certain mythological worship which still has existence in a limited way in Louisiana. I will first refer to a few of the negro superstitions of the Atlantic-Southern States.

Of course there is the universal horseshoe branded on the door of negro cabins as a bar to witches and the devil. There are also the "conjuring gourd" and the frog-bones and pounded glass carefully hidden away by many an old negro man or woman, who by the dim light of a tallow candle or a pine-torch works imaginary spells on any one against whom he or she may have a grudge. There are also queer beliefs that are honestly maintained. One is, that the cat-bird carries sticks to the devil, and that by its peculiar note, "*Snake, snake,*" it can call snakes to its rescue and drive away those who would rob its nest. Another is, that every jay-bird carries a grain of sand to the infernal regions once a year, and that when the last grain of sand is so taken away from the earth the world will come to an end; all of which, of course, is at variance with Father Miller's calculations. Then there is a belief in a certain affinity and secret communication between themselves and wild and domestic animals. Many persons have observed a negro's way of talking to his dog or to a horse. "Aunt Bet" will say as she is milking, "Stan' aroun' now, you hussy, you. You want to git you foot in de piggin, do you?" and the cow with careful tread and stepping high will assume a more favorable position.

Amongst the mythical animals of the woods is the moonack. It is generally supposed to live in a cave or hollow tree. The negro who meets with it in his solitary rambles is doomed. His reason is impaired until he becomes a madman, or he is carried off by some lingering malady. The one who has the misfortune to encounter it never recovers from the blasting sight: he dares not speak of it, but old, knowing negroes will shake their heads despondingly and

say, "He's gwine to die : he's seed de moonack."

Many of these superstitions, as the efficacy of the frog-bones and conjuring gourd, are no doubt handed down from their African ancestors. A few years back the rites of the "Hoodoo" were practiced and believed in in the city of New Orleans. From the description I have had from those who have witnessed the ceremony, it must have resembled the incantation scene in *Macbeth*.

It is well known in Louisiana that many a cargo of slaves from Africa was landed on the Gulf coast soon after that portion of our national domain was purchased from France, and that this traffic in human flesh was stealthily kept up for some years after the war of 1812. Labor was in demand, and this demand increased as the rich alluvial lands along the Mississippi and the lagoons and bayous to the west of New Orleans were opened to the culture of cotton and sugar. The planters, whether they were creoles of French or Spanish extraction or emigrants from the Atlantic States, were not disposed to quibble as to the legality of procuring slaves in this way: they were only too glad to get them; and the numerous lagoons running from the Gulf into the interior offered facilities for the landing of slaves. That the heathenish rites of the Hoodoo should exist in Louisiana even at the present day is therefore not wonderful.

But to return to the votaries of Hoodoo in New Orleans. There was the fire in the middle of the earthen floor, with the iron pot swung over it. What its contents were none but the official negroes knew; but as it boiled and bubbled, the negroes, with song of incantation, would join hands and dance around it until they were successively exhausted and fell on the floor. Amongst the votaries of the Hoodoo, it is said, could occasionally be found white women of wealth and respectability who had been influenced by their old negro servants.

For some years before the war of the

rebellion it was my fortune to be connected in business with a firm in New Orleans. One of my partners, as an act of humanity and to secure his services as porter, bought a negro boy whom we had been hiring for some years by the month. His name was Edwa, and at the time of buying him he was about eighteen years of age. When not employed in his regular duties, he improved the hours by learning to read and write. He was constitutionally and practically honest. His services were valuable, and he was a favorite with all. Still, his hereditary aptness for such things led him to join in the Hoodoo; and as a matter of course he became bewitched, and, although a consistent professor of the Christian religion, he believed in this superstition. It was about three years after my partner became his owner that he was thus affected. All arguments against his foolish impressions were useless. He imagined that some one of his co-worshippers had put a spell upon him; that his enemy had poured frog-spawn into some water which he had given him to drink, and that this spawn had hatched and entered into the circulation of his blood; that his veins were full of small tadpoles.

Dr. H—, a shrewd physician, became acquainted with Edwa's malady, and assured him that he was correct, and his master and friends unreasonable and entirely in the wrong, as to his complaint; and, to use an old saying, "to fight fire with fire" and restore this favorite servant, he put him under a course of medicine and made a final cure as follows: Procuring some hundreds of minute tadpoles from the ditches back of the city, he made an appointment with Edwa to be at his office at an hour of a certain day. Giving him a dose of some sickening and stupefying medicine, he then bled him copiously and shook the tadpoles from his coat sleeve into the basin of blood. His master and a few friends who were present acknowledged their error on seeing the tadpoles, and Edwa had ocular demonstration that he was

delivered from these internal pests, and soon recovered his usual health and spirits.

Negroes are naturally suspicious of each other—that is, of some secret power or influence those of greater age have over them—and will entrust their money and health and well-being to white persons with perfect confidence, while they are distrustful of those of their own color. I cite the following as a case in point—its truthfulness I can vouch for: A gentleman in Alexandria, Virginia, had an old servant by the name of Friday, who filled the office of gardener and man-of-all-work about his premises. One summer, Friday, from some cause unknown to his master, was very "ailing." He lost his appetite, his garrulity, his loud-ringling laugh, became entirely incapable of attending to his duties, and appeared to be approaching his last end. On questioning him closely, he told his master, with some reluctance, that he was suffering from a spell that had been put upon him by Aunt Sina, the cook, who was some years older than himself. When pressed hard for some proof, he said that he had seen her, one moonlight night, raise one of the bricks in the pavement leading from the portico to the street, near the gate, and place something under it which he knew was a charm, for he had tried several times, without avail, to raise the brick; and that he could not even see that it had ever been moved. Further, that he had frequently heard Aunt Sina muttering something to herself which he could not understand, and on one occasion saw her hide something in her chest, which he was pretty sure was a conjuring gourd. All of this, he said, was a part of the spell; that all the physic he had taken was of no avail; that he was troubled with a constant "misery in his head," and was certain he was going to die.

His master, knowing how useless it would be to endeavor to reason him out of such belief, and being a practical wag, determined to treat Friday's case with a like remedy. He accordingly enjoined strict secrecy toward Aunt Sina

as to any knowledge of his being bewitched, and put him on a course of bread-pills tinctured with assafoetida. He then searched the garret, and finding a pair of old boots with light morocco interlinings, he cut out and drew distinctly, on two similar pieces, a skull and crossbones encompassed by a circle. He further warned Friday of the evil effect that might ensue by passing over or near the brick under which Aunt Sina had deposited the charm, and promised to write to a celebrated Indian doctor who lived some thousand miles away, and get his advice. Then he sent his old servant with a letter on some pretended business which would keep him away a few days.

When Friday had departed, with considerable difficulty and much care his master raised a brick as near as possible to the place where the charm was supposed to have been hidden, and carefully laying down one of the cabalistic pieces of leather, as carefully replaced the brick.

In a few days Friday returned. Some heavy rain having fallen during his absence, all marks of disturbance in the pavement were effaced. Friday still continued to grow worse, and in a few days more his master produced a letter from a long envelope with a singular-looking postmark and mysterious characters on it, which he informed him was from the Indian doctor. The letter of this wise sachem, as his master read it to Friday, informed him that the conjuring gourd had no power of evil in his case, but that the person who had put the spell on him had hidden two charms; that if one of these could be found and certain conditions observed, the other could also; and if they were both alike the spell would be broken. The letter then went on to describe the place where one of them was hidden. It was in an old churchyard, but the doctor could not say where the church was: it might be in America or England or France. The description of the church, however, was so graphic that by the time his master had read it through the white of Friday's eyes had

enlarged considerably, and he gaspingly exclaimed, "Fo' God, Maas An'tony! it's Christ Church, here in dis very town!" His master here laid aside the letter, and bringing his fist heavily down on the table, declared that it was: it had not occurred to him before. The charm, so said the doctor's letter, was under the topmost loose brick (which was covered with leaves) of a certain old tomb, the fourth one from the gate, on the left-hand side of the middle walk, going in. It was to be taken from under the brick, and by the bewitched, going out of the churchyard backward—all the time repeating the Lord's Prayer. He was to turn around when he reached the street and throw a handful of sulphur backward over the wall.

The day on which the letter was read to the patient, Aunt Sina was sent on an errand which would detain her all night; and when the moon was well up Friday complied with all the conditions, his master awaiting his return. Then a few bricks in the pavement were removed with much difficulty, and the other charm was found. They were compared by the light of a red wax candle in his master's office, and to Friday's joy one was an exact duplicate of the other. "Now, Friday, drink this," said Maas Anthony, handing him a large tumbler of whisky, into which he had stirred a teaspoonful of sulphur taken from the same paper as that he had thrown over the churchyard wall. "The spell is broken, and if you sleep well to-night, you will be all right in a day or two. Remember, though, if you hint to old Sina anything about breaking the spell, she will bewitch you again. Now go to bed."

Of course Friday slept well. With his mind at ease, and under the influence of nearly a pint of whisky, why shouldn't he? He soon recovered his health, his garrulity and his loud laugh.

Every Southern boy has heard the story of the "Rabbit and the Tar Baby." It runs thus: An old negro, who cultivated a little truck-patch for his own private benefit, had his black-eyed peas stolen frequently, without being

able to detect the thief. At length, as he crossed the branch near his patch one morning, he discovered rabbit tracks in the mud, and was convinced that Puss was the depredator. He knew from the size of the tracks that it was a very large and wary old rabbit which had haunted the neighborhood from time immemorial. His cunning was proof against all the snares, traps, deadfalls, gins and gums that were ever set for him. If he was captured, he managed by some device to get off and continue his thieving. After long consideration, and knowing the curiosity of wild animals, as well as the tenacity of tar, the old man concluded to make a "tar baby" or image, and set it where the rabbit was in the habit of crossing the branch. The rabbit, after feeding plentifully on the old man's peas through the night, was returning to his nest across the branch about daybreak one morning, and to his surprise saw a black baby standing bolt upright before him. After some hesitation he approached, and throwing himself on his haunches and nodding to the baby, bade it "Good-morning," but the baby gave no answer or sign of recognition. He then upbraided the baby for its impoliteness: still it gave no answer. He then abused it outright for its incivility, but the baby treated him with silent contempt. Infuriated at this insulting behavior, the rabbit gave the baby a terrible slap in the face with his right forepaw, when it stuck fast. "Let go my hand," said the rabbit: the baby maintained its silence, but held on to the paw. He then gave the baby a heavy left-hander, and that paw also stuck fast. Then he kicked the baby in the stomach with his left and then with his right hind foot, and they also were held. Losing all discretion in his rage, he gave the baby a vigorous butt in the face, when his head stuck, and he was irrevocably held fast—that cunning old rabbit—and outwitted by a *tar baby!*

The owner of the patch, going to his work about sunrise, discovered the arch old thief a victim to his curiosity and bad manners, and loosing him from the

baby and holding him by the hind legs, rejoiced over his captive thus: "Ah ha, ole fellow! I got you at last, I is. You been thievin' dis long time, but now I got you, sartain. You good for roast, you good for bile, you good for fry, you good for potten-pie." But the rabbit, after remaining passive for some moments, suddenly thrust both of its tarry forepaws into the old man's eyes, so that he was compelled to let go the rabbit's legs to rub his aching orbs. Of course the rabbit escaped, and as he went bounding off, the old man exclaimed, "Go 'long, you big-eye, whopper-jaw, long-leg, cotton-tail! you ain't got nuff fat on you whole body for fry you hind leg."

When such stories were told, and I became inquisitive as to animals talking with human beings or with each other, I was generally told, "Dat was a long time ago, but dey don't do so any mo'." In my childhood I firmly believed in witches, and it was with some dread that I went out of doors or through a room alone when it was dark, and frequently dreamed of them after hearing some of the stories told by the servants on long winter evenings. An old house-servant of my father was as chock ful' of these witch stories as Sancho Panza was of proverbs. According to his teachings, wizards ("conjerors," he called them) and witches made a bargain with the devil that they were to possess extraordinary powers over their fellow-mortals in this life, and in exchange their souls belonged to him. There were some restrictions, however, which the devil could not free them from. For instance, they had no power over a child who had not arrived at the age of discretion, could work no evil to a person who had a Bible in the room at night, and could not utter the Lord's name. Stanton, the man referred to, said that a witch could creep out of her skin and leave it in bed, so that her absence could not be noted; that it was not uncommon for one witch, when she had enmity against another, and knew when she made a nocturnal excursion, to get her skin, and, turning it wrong

side out, to salt and pepper it well; and then, turning it with the fleshy side in again, to replace it in bed. One of Stanton's stories was as follows. I will narrate it, as nearly as I can, in the language in which he used to tell it:

"Once der was a ole man dat was a conjeror, an' his wife was a witch; an' dey had a son, an' dey larnt him to be a conjeror too; an' every night dey use to git out of deir skins an' go ride deir neighbors. Well, one night de conjeror tetch his son wid his staff an' say, 'Horum sacrum' (dat mean, 'It's pas' de hour o' midnight'). 'Come, git up; let's go ride de overseer an' his oldes' son: I had a spite 'gin 'em dis long time.' So dey goes to de overseer's house, an' give de sign an' slip t'rough de keyhole. Den deyubar de door on de inside an' take out de overseer an' his son, widout deir knowin' it; an' de conjeror tetch de overseer wid his switch an' he turns to a bull, an' tetch de overseer's son an' he turns to a bull-yerlin'. Den de conjeror mounts de bull, an' de boy he mounts de bull-yerlin', an' sets off a long way over de creek to blight a man's wheat what de conjeror had a spite agin. Well, dey rode a long time to git dar, an' when dey was cummin' back dey see de mornin' star shinin' mighty bright, an' de conjeror say to his son, 'S'pose we run a race? Whoever git to de ole gallus cross de creek fust will live de longes.' So off dey goes, nip an' tuck—sometimes de bull ahead, an' sometimes de yerlin' ahead. But de bull, he gets to de creek fust, an' stops to drink, de yerlin' little ways behind; an' when *he* gits to de creek de boy gin him a cut, an' he would ha' gone clean over, but de boy as he went over hollered out, 'God, daddy! dat's a good jump for bull-yerlin'.' An' dat same minit dey was bofe standin' in de water forty miles from home. De bull wasn't dar, an' de yerlin' wasn't dar. An' de same minit de overseer was asleep in his bed at home, an' his son was in *his* bed. An' in de mornin' dey feel very tired, an' know dat de witches been ridin' 'em, but dey never find out what witches it was."

THADDEUS NORRIS.

A GLANCE AT FAIRMOUNT PARK.

THE establishment of a public pleasure-ground like that on the Schuylkill is an afterthought of men, who thus seek to recall and lure again around a teeming city those natural beauties which the first advance of an energetic race is prone to destroy.

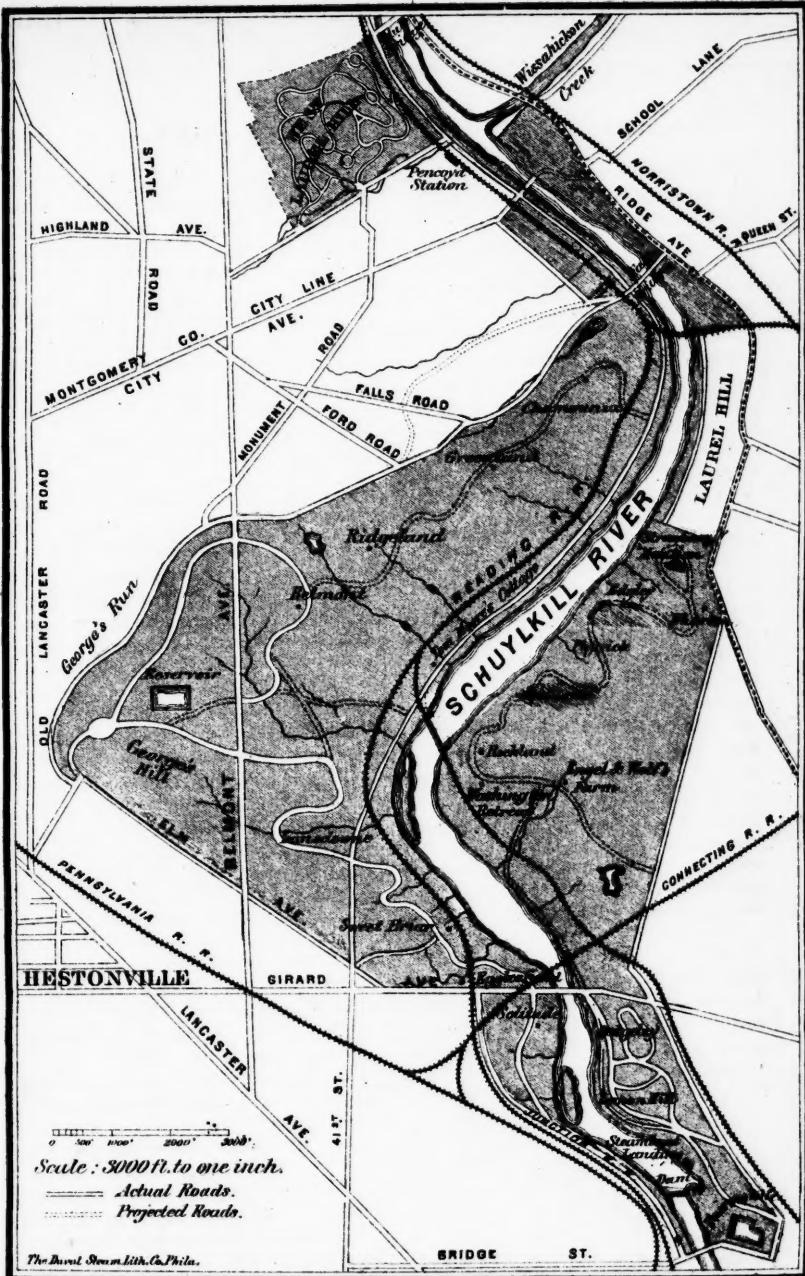
Indeed, the first progress of any people into a new and undeveloped region cannot but prove, on many accounts, destructive of those harmonies which Nature knows how to produce when left to her undisturbed devices; for the roar of her waterfall is not at variance with the twitter of her tiniest bird, nor the gloom of her deepest abyss with the summit of her sun-lighted hills, nor the mirror-like surface of her lakes with the cloudy promontories reflected there. We find variety indeed, high contrast of color, sound and shape, but no discord until man comes to make it; and then the scene is changed. The pioneer, with stern necessities of subsistence and defence pressing hard upon him, has no disposition to cultivate æsthetic impulses: he feels no need of the splendid forests that may crowd around him—lurking-places, perchance, for dangerous foes—save that he may construct from them dwellings and block-houses and boats; and so down they come before his relentless axe.

Then, first necessities being supplied, in course of years there comes that desire inherent among men to accumulate wealth, and factories arise to taint the water and blacken the air. Soon is heard a clank of engines and a roar of mighty furnaces, till

"Far and near,
Slag and cinder spread year by year.
Never a blade of grass or flower
Stands in the sun or bows in the shower;
Never a robin whistles nigh,
Or a swallow cleaves the grimy sky."

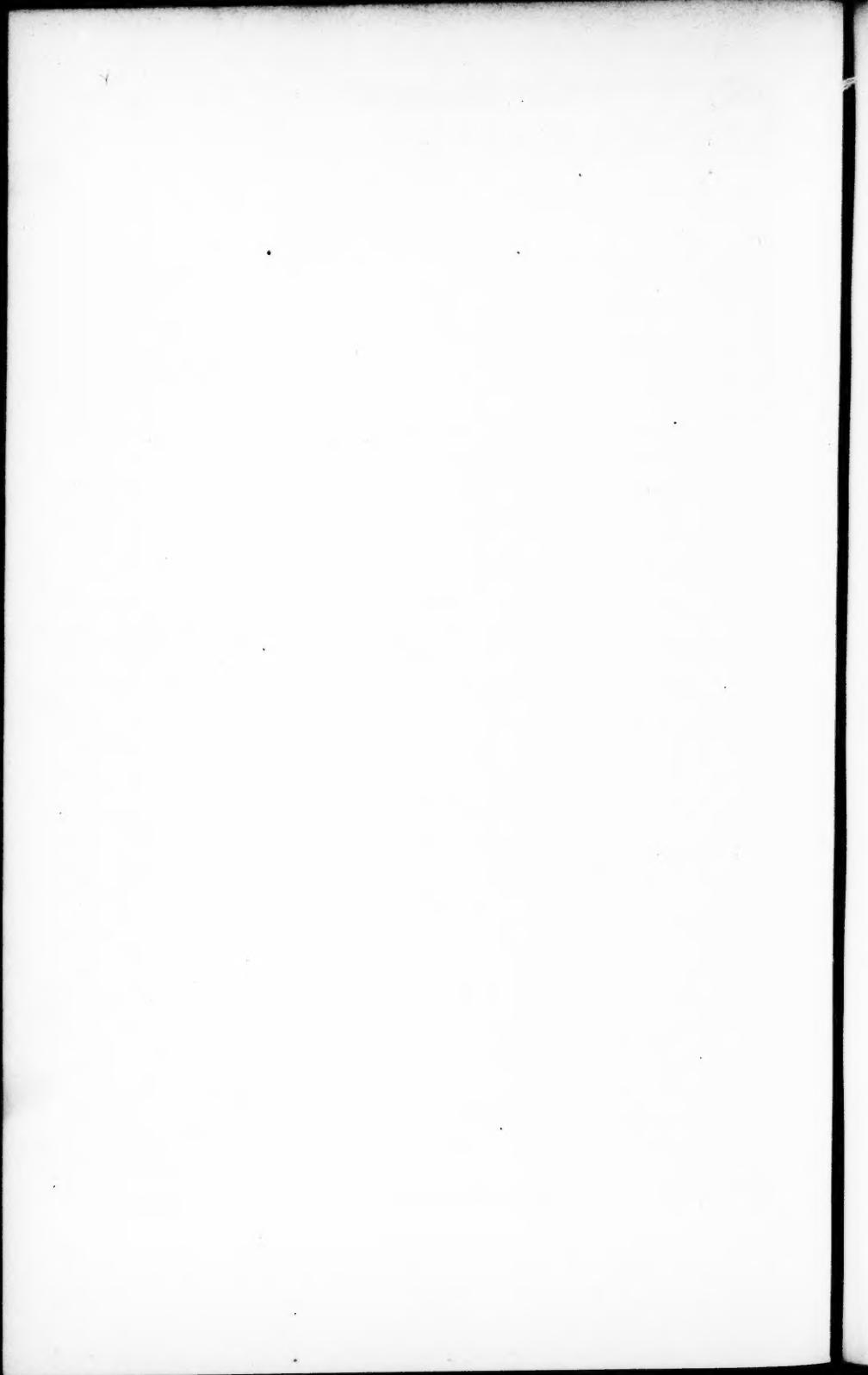
Mines are pushed under ground in search of hidden treasures, and while a region is defaced above, it is perforated

below: railroads run out like huge *antennæ* from commercial centres, with every artifice of bridge and tunnel, till the constant shriek of rival locomotives is added to the general turmoil. And so civilization goes on. But at last there comes a reaction. Man, wearied with labor or satiated with wealth, would fain enter again and repose a while in some terrestrial paradise, from which the ever-whirling wheel of traffic has kept him away as effectually as his first parents were shut out of Eden by the revolving sword. He would fain wander in pleasant groves, and delight his eye with agreeable prospects: he would refresh his thirsty palate with unpolluted water, and invigorate his exhausted faculties by affording them brief respite from excitement. So the denizen of the city goes abroad into the fields, if he can find any left, and returns to the wall-lined pavement with regret. In every metropolis throughout the land there is an almost imperious clamor from the people that there shall be a public pleasure-ground set aside for them—open to all, easy of access, secure from the grasp of the speculator and the touch of the destroyer—set aside for them and their descendants for ever. Fortunately for Philadelphia, it is in her power yet to rescue from desolation a tract of land lying on either side the Schuylkill, above Fairmount, that when completed will give her inhabitants a park scarcely rivaled throughout the world for extent and beauty, and to secure to the growing city an unlimited supply of fresh water as long as the Schuylkill shall flow onward to the sea. The Park Commissioners—gentlemen of character and position, who give their time without pay, and tolerate no waste or corruption in their high trust—are at work now, and the last object—that of supplying such a city with pure, fresh water for ever—would of itself be more than sufficient to justify



Lippincott's Magazine.

FAIRMOUNT PARK.



the demand they have made for funds to carry on this magnificent project.

So much for parks in general, and the effect of this Park in particular. Let us now glance more minutely at some of the features of Fairmount Park, and see whether it does not deserve the eulogy pronounced upon it.

The general configuration of this vast domain, as one glance at the map will show, is that of a great irregular triangle, containing over twenty-six hundred acres of valley and hill, stream, meadow and woodland. At the three angles rise three hills, from each of which may be enjoyed a prospect peculiar in its own features of beauty. West Laurel Hill, recently purchased for a cemetery, and now in process of adornment in accordance with the rules of landscape gardening, touches the extreme northern angle just without the limits of the Park. The visitor who will take the trouble to mount to the highest point will obtain a view for miles up and down the river and across the adjacent country that will well repay the toil of the ascent. At this northernmost angle, too, the waters of the Wissahickon reach the Schuylkill, and with prudent forethought the Commissioners have procured a grant of land, on either side, far up the former stream, to protect its waters from pollution and preserve its scenery unimpaired, while a bridge at its mouth to connect the east and west sides of the river is a matter already determined on. It is to be hoped that the Commissioners will hasten to erect this proposed bridge over the Schuylkill at the end of the "Roberts' Hollow" road, so that carriages going northward can drive down from George's Hill by a more gradual descent than on the road leading to the "Falls' Bridge," and, crossing the river, enter at once on the beauties of the Wissahickon. Every lover of the beautiful must regret that a picturesque effect formerly produced by winding way and overarching trees on a road leading from George's Hill toward Belmont Mansion, has been obliterated: the charm of the

spot is only photographed now in the memories of those who mourn its disappearance, and lament the wretched expediency—if such there were—that suggested its removal. Nature herself is queen landscape gardener: all that others can do is to profit by her teachings. If a fine tree stands in the line of a projected road, better, far better, to move the road a little than the tree. If an existing road is picturesque already, why destroy it? All the contractors in Christendom cannot restore its beauty, pay them never so liberally. It was the good fortune of the writer to accompany one of the young engineers of the Park—Mr. H. J. Schwarzmann—who drove up in his wagon just in time to save a splendid tree that stood a little within the limits of a newly laid-out avenue, and which, thanks to his interference, it now remains to shade and embellish. It was a narrow escape for the tree: the trench was already dug round its roots, the axe had just begun to cut, while all around stood ghastly stumps, evidences of a recent sylvan massacre—almost enough to make one wish that the fate of Milo had been reserved for some one else. It is but just to the gentlemen who control matters at the Park to state that they have taken measures to prevent any such unnecessary vandalism for the future.

At the western angle of the triangle George's Hill rises to challenge the eye. Here one of the main drives debouches on a plateau named the Concourse, where hundreds of carriages may be collected two hundred and ten feet above the city base; and from this point another view, different but equally attractive, showing the domes and spires of the distant city, bursts upon the sight.

To close this general glance: at the southern angle of the Park stands the hill from which it takes its name, Fairmount, holding reservoirs, erected long ago, that can supply only part of the present Philadelphia with water, with machinery at her base for pumping that water to her summit, boasting her own attractive view of gleaming cascade and lake-like river beyond, and alluring the

entering visitor to mount and see it all along the ramp-like roads that run gradually up her sloping sides. The eastern extension of the Park, we may remark in passing, is intended to afford a site for a basin to hold a sheet of water one hundred acres in extent, for the further supply of the city.

So much for the promontories at the angles—for there are many more besides of less degree—overlooking artist-haunted dells, full of trees and rocks and admirable springs that would well bear description did space and time permit. Turn we now to the river which flows down through our great triangle of land—curving first to the east, then west, then eastward again, so as to assume somewhat the shape of a letter S drawn out at the extremities—and finally falls over the dam at Fairmount, and goes on to meet the Delaware. These curves in the stream are so many additional elements of beauty, and the spectator might often be cheated into a belief that he was gazing not on a continuous river, but on one of a chain of lakes, as he could not see behind some salient point round which the waters flowed to meet him, nor follow them as they retreated again beyond some other conformation of the ground. Madame de Staël observes that in Switzerland mighty mountains are often appositely placed in the neighborhood of great lakes, in order that by reflection their proud magnificence may be doubled; and the same effect may be observed amid less stupendous scenery. Water, whether in commotion or at rest, is always a most important addition to the beauty of a prospect, and when Byron devotes his verse to describing a placid evening on Lake Leman, he does not forget to sing in wonderful contrast how strong and lovely are

“Night,
And Storm, and Darkness.”

Let us now imagine a party of visitors, having gone through the grounds immediately surrounding Fairmount, taking one of the numerous pleasure-boats to be found above the dam, and proceeding up the stream. The Park authorities

have licensed a number of ingeniously-constructed carriages, made expressly for carrying, at fixed and moderate rates according to the number of passengers and the time to be occupied, those numerous visitors who prefer to drive throughout the grounds. This mode of transit will be preferred by many, no doubt, but it suits our present purpose better to imagine our visitors proceeding leisurely up the river, and landing on either side, as occasion requires, to see the prospects and examine places of interest. The Schuylkill will not thus remain to our party what it proved to the early Dutch navigators, who sailed up the Delaware without discovering its mouth—owing to the beleaguered island there—and so, when it was found out, called it in their native tongue, “The Hidden River;” but while the stream retains the not ue euphonious appellation which those old Netherlanders gave it, the visitors will, we trust, bear away many pleasant memories of discovered beauties.

First on the western bank stands a square yellow mansion, “Solitude”—even Alexander Selkirk might have found charms there once—built by John Penn, grandson of the founder of Pennsylvania, at the close of the Revolutionary war. There he lived, and being a scholarly man, fonder of books and thoughts than of interruption, he constructed cunningly-concealed passages through the house and under ground, leading beyond the little detached kitchen, by which he might escape any unwelcome intruder. He would have had to use them often now-a-days, for “Solitude” is solitary no longer, but has noisy companions close at hand in the shape of railroads and machinery. The view to the river is still uninterrupted, however; and the imaginative visitor may perhaps find traces of a “ha-ha” fence which once suggested to the proprietor memories of Old England, for Mr. Penn was a man of influence abroad, trusted by King George the Third, and made governor of Portland: he was proprietor of “Pennsylvania Castle” in that island, and was

fond of writing poetry in his leisure hours. Many of his poems must have been composed at "Solitude," as there is a picture of the place in an English edition of his works. These poems he read with great delight himself—if an old anecdote be true—and thus resembled many other poets.

But let us hurry on, or we shall not have the time for other places. Above "Solitude," on the western bank still, are a number of mansions with pretty names: "Egglesfield," built by Robert E. Griffith, where once Mr. Secretary Borie lived; "Sweetbrier;" "Lansdowne," now only a site, for the mansion was burned down sixteen years ago; "Belmont," "Greenland" and "Chamouni." How strangely the sounds of the two last bring together in the mind visions of Swiss glaciers and North American icebergs! Of these, two call for more particular notice. Lansdowne was a stately residence built by the last Colonial governor of Pennsylvania, the Hon. John Penn, about 1770. After the Revolution it passed by purchase into the possession of Mr. Bingham, grandfather of the late Lord Ashburton, and at a later period it was the residence of Joseph Bonaparte, ex-king of Spain, better known in this country as the Count de Survilliers. Before its destruction by fire the house was suffered to fall into great decay, though when Lord Ashburton visited the place he took some measures to have it partially restored. The fire was caused by some persons carelessly smoking there at a Fourth of July pic-nic.

Belmont was the residence of Judge Peters, well known as a wit and jurist. Washington was a frequent visitor at the house, and planted a chestnut tree there, which unfortunately is now dead. The view from the roof will well repay a journey up the old staircase. In the principal room, which is wainscoted, the arms of the family may still be seen; and that old carved escutcheon has doubtless looked down upon many personages of former days. There is a grove of hemlocks and firs near the house. One

day, when Judge Peters was walking with the ex-king of Spain in that grove, the judge humorously remarked to the ex-monarch that he called that spot the grove of oblivion. "Ah," said Bonaparte, "what would I not give to find such a place!" Can it be that the head that loses a crown "lies uneasy" too?

It is a pity that the witticisms of Judge Peters have never found a chronicler beyond his mere contemporaries. We give but one—it has a good savor: He was one of a coterie of amateur farmers who resolved to improve our markets: they began with butter, but unfortunately the judge's pounds were of short weight, and the whole tub was seized for the benefit of the poor in the almshouse, with the advice to the vendor to have his weights adjusted by authority. This was accordingly attended to, and when they came home were found stamped "C. P.," for Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. "Ah," said our humorist to his wife, "they have found us out! C. P. means, *Cheating Peters!*"

From Belmont let us descend the slope and cross the river, but not without a glance at a most dilapidated little white cottage on the west bank, for this place is pronounced by sundry devout believers to be the identical spot where Tom Moore's smoke curled so gracefully and the sumach berry hung so rudely. Certes, no one would envy the poet if he took up his quarters there now. One looks in vain for elm or sumach: a bankrupt willow or two and a few mangey poplars stand there in misery, while everything desirable, except an uncertain legend, appears to have followed Mr. Moore and gone away.

Cross we now to the eastern side of the Schuylkill, to wander among the mansions there. It is impossible in the limited space at command to do more than select a few objects of scenery and renown, to make a few passing remarks upon them. It would be pleasant to follow the devious Wissahickon as it comes down from the hills, gleaming here and there among the forest trees like an armored knight. It would be

satisfactory to ramble through that great city of the dead, Laurel Hill proper, which is now so enclosed by the Park that the quiet inhabitants may sleep without fear of disturbance until the day of the great awaking. It were pleasant to watch the Rhine-recalling reach of river that greets one from the heights on which Dr. Physick's old mansion stands; to describe "Edgely" and "Strawberry Mansion," "Ormiston" and "Rockland," to tell a ghostly story that wanders about the country-side concerning a haunted house on these same heights. Among so many empty old mansions—now dark, once bright; now silent, once ringing with youth and joy and laughter—it's a wonder there are not fifty ghost-stories instead of one. But the writer's time is nearly up; he cannot turn improvisatore now; so pr'y-thee, gentle visitor, follow him as fast as dingle and dell and briery brake will permit, and stand upon this old lawn, among old, old trees, and say what you think of this majestic house, mutilated and desecrated though it has been, that still seems to stand aloof in splendid dignity, and hold its own in spite of all modern improvements. This is the old Shippen Mansion, built about the same time as the State-house in yonder city, more recently known as the "Washington Retreat," and used for a lager-beer saloon and place for shooting festivals. Yonder obliging "Park Guard" in gray uniform, who comes to offer us information—or assistance in case we need it—will open the doors for us and let us wander through the echoing hall and up the staircase, and into the "Washington room," where the first President was wont to sleep sometimes. See how heavy the wainscoting and how large the fire-places. Think of departed dignitaries for whom bright logs have flickered there; of winsome beauties, long since dead, whose light laughter made these heavy walls resound; of happy groups assembled on yon lawn, and mettled chargers neighing in yon stables. Go through the house from top to bottom, then come down the spreading steps again, and say if you do not

think that among all the fine old mansions you have seen the finest has been reserved until the last, even as in stately palaces abroad the wondering visitor is led through room after room, each increasing in splendor, until at last is reached one of magnificence superior to all, where the sovereign's throne is reared.

Now down the river again toward Fairmount, past the "Cliff House," where Lord Cornwallis once lived; past "Edgely" and "Lemon Hill," at whose base is too thickly planted a row of American lindens, which will rise in time to hide the view from the summit—why not have chosen catalpas, or some other umbrella-like, shade-casting trees, for that spot?—down to the boat-houses, where the tired party can land and take leave of Fairmount Park.

A few remarks in conclusion. Any park which is devoid of means of free ingress, egress and regress on account of railroads running past its principal entrance, is thereby deprived of one of its greatest advantages—perfect safety to visitors. The railroad lines that cross and skirt Fairmount Park were laid down before the Park attained its present dimensions, and perhaps in a merely legal sense the maxim, *Qui prior in tempore, potior in jure*, may apply. The gentlemen controlling these lines have, it is said, shown a spirit of courteous willingness to do all in their power to obviate the terrible drawbacks now existing to driving in or out of the Park; and it is most devoutly to be hoped that engineering skill may be finally successful in removing or mitigating such disadvantages, which even those who refrain from censuring cannot fail to regret.

This article would hardly be complete without a reference to monuments to be erected. One will be a bronze statue of Alexander von Humboldt. Another, a monument to two distinguished French savans. The Commissioners have decided that there shall be in Fairmount Park a grove of oaks, to bear for ever the name of the "Michaux Grove," in honor "of André François Michaux, who

traveled long in this country, and described our oaks and forest trees in a work of great merit and splendor; and of his father, who by like travel and study rendered a service to science." This will be as appropriate a monument to the author of *Sylva Americana* as is Thorwaldsen's lion at Luzerne to the memory of those soldiers who fell defending their queen, on which is inscribed—

"Solerti amicorum curâ clapi superfuerunt;"

for the anxious solicitude of his beloved oaks will be exerted anew every year to keep the name of Michaux fresh and flourishing.

Nor yet would it be an ungraceful compliment to a Pennsylvanian to have the "Darlingtonia" translated from the Pacific coast and naturalized in the Park, to commemorate the labors and abilities of the botanist of Chester county.

MALCOLM MACEUEN.

MISS TIGGS' SECRET.

MISS TIGGS was not the legitimate and accepted form of old maid; or, in other words, Miss Tiggs was not tall, scraggy, prim and sharp-nosed. On the contrary, Miss Tiggs was of the roley-poley order, short, plump and full-faced, and without a bit more primness than was necessary to keep up the dignity of the profession into which the fortune of life had cast her, for Miss Tiggs kept a boarding-school for young ladies, and we all know that dignity is as essential in keeping young ladies from too great exuberance as sternness is for young gentlemen afflicted with the same complaint.

Miss Tiggs' school was fashionable, the number of her scholars, according to her circular, being "limited," but, according to her private programme, there being always an opening for one more. In this respect Miss Tiggs' school was not unlike a street-car—never full. It was, as she always expressed it to the parents, "more like an elegant home than an institution of learning." And so it was, in a great degree, for there's no denying the fact that the little woman did all she could to make her young ladies comfortable, and, while she did not ignore style, put forth her most strenuous efforts toward the solidities of life, and managed to win the affections

of her pupils not only by that liberality, but by the genuine kindness of her heart and her forgiving disposition. Many a little breaking away from discipline did Miss Tiggs overlook when she found that it did not proceed from willfulness or wickedness—an overlooking which was apt to encourage the young ladies in many a droll escapade, but also had the advantage of restraining them from doing anything they felt could give Miss Leonora Tiggs real pain.

Besides her pupils, Miss Leonora had two nephews—one an inmate of the establishment, and one away at school in a distant city at Miss Tiggs' expense, whom she had not seen for nearly five years. The one who was an inmate of the establishment, a youth of twenty, Walter Askham by name, was under continual sentence of banishment, or, in other words, since he had reached the mature age of fifteen had been told daily that he was too old to be a dweller in the same house with his aunt's twenty-five rosebuds, and that he must make up his mind to immediate removal. He had made up his mind, but somehow the sentence, though reiterated almost daily, was never carried into effect, and so this wolf remained in the fold.

It is, however, only giving the —, as personified in Walter Askham, his

due to declare that during those five years he had behaved with wondrous propriety. He had given up romping with the girls and playing practical jokes on them. He had not been known, for longer than that, to dress any of them up in his clothes or himself in theirs, and in fact had attained to the character of a most exemplary young man, having risen in the employ of Bunn, Brown & Co., during that five years, from only an errand-boy to the responsible position of second book-keeper, with a salary not to be sneezed at for a young man of twenty.

To say that Walter, out of all the twenty-five charming pupils of Miss Leonora, did not see anything to charm him into breaking through that terrible line of demarkation his aunt had laid down for him, would be saying almost more than human nature is capable of. There was one, the neatest and sweetest little body that ever ate bread and butter—which her name it was Kate Dillon, and her age sweet sixteen—that he was especially fond of, and that state of things had existed for four years, since the very first day she had been taken into Miss Tiggs' school, which happened in this way.

When Miss Tiggs went to school herself, she had an intimate, Lillie Price by name, with whom the school-companionship was perpetuated. Lillie married, and after six years of matrimony was left a widow with one daughter. Six years' more struggle with the world as a widow, and Lillie one day laid down the load of life, and left this daughter to the tender mercies of the world as embodied in Miss Leonora Tiggs, who closed the eyes of the dying woman, and breathed in her ear the comforting assurance that Katie should never want a mother while she lived; and well she kept her promise, for in the four years she had been under her hands she had grown into as elegant a little lady as could be found in a summer day's walk, and as wonderfully in love with Walter Askham as it was possible to be. All this could not help leaking out, and into Miss Tiggs' eyes and ears, and, as a

consequence, troubled her amazingly. One restriction after the other had she put on the couple, but all seemed to be of no avail, and simply made the young lovers regard her as a tyrant and one whose breast was not susceptible of the *grande passion*.

At last came the climax. Miss Tiggs entered the breakfast-room one morning noiselessly and suddenly, and caught Miss Katie kissing Walter right upon the lips. This was too much, and the fiat went forth. Had she caught Walter kissing Katie, there might have been some condoning, but the act reversed showed malice prepense, and on the spot the sentence of separation went forth—separation, not banishment for Walter from the Tiggs mansion—for Miss Leonora could not so suddenly make up her mind to so serious a step—but the rigid confinement of Katie to the girls' apartments, and the changing of Walter's room, so that he would be isolated and the lovers have no chance of meeting. This was the terrible sentence of Miss Tiggs, and a sentence that was carried immediately into effect, Miss Tiggs announcing to Walter, as she rebuked him for his heinous immorality, that within a very few days he would have an opportunity of judging what he ought to be by taking as his exemplar his cousin Bob, who was to spend a month from school with her for the first time in five years. This fact did not interest Walter much, for really nothing did interest him save Katie, and the only point on which he could dwell in connection with the new-comer was curiosity. Cousin Bob, according to Aunt Leonora's idea, was perfection. He was only thirteen, but an Admirable Crichton. What he couldn't do wasn't worth doing, and as to good looks, he had more of them than he knew what to do with, and was expected with them every hour at Miss Tiggs' establishment.

To change the scene to the girls' apartments. Poor Katie had now been one whole week that she had not seen Walter, and she was not only broken-hearted, but desperate. The gossip among the girls about the coming cou-

sin Bob did not move her one bit. She knew nothing, could think of nothing, but Walter, and as long as Miss Tiggs was in the house it would be impossible for her to see him; and Miss Tiggs was always in when Walter was. All the girls pitied Katie, but what could all the girls do against Fate? But there was one very little girl, and as reckless as she was little, and as full of fun as she was reckless. This very little girl was always up to all the mischief that could be hatched, and had often been heard solemnly to bemoan the ancient days when the girls had such fun—when they used to dress up in Walter's clothes and play various pranks, generally ending in some sort of punishment from Miss Tiggs, which was only looked upon as the salt that flavored the affair. This very little girl it was, putting that and that together, who one day said to Katie, who was only waiting for a proper opportunity to burst into a real hearty cry—

"Why don't you dress up and pass yourself off with Miss Tiggs for Cousin Bob, and then you can see Walter as much as you please?"

Now it was a dreadful thing for this very little girl to say such a wicked thing as this, so very little as she was, too; but what shall we say of Katie, who took her as quick as lightning in her arms, and said,

"Oh, you dear little creature! how smart you are! I'll do it, right away."

Well, well! the wickedness of young ladies at boarding-schools never can be estimated, and therefore there need be no wonderment when we assert that Katie and this very little girl were very soon laying their good-looking heads together and contriving how this notable plot could be accomplished, and at last concluding that nothing could be done without calling in the aid of Molly.

Now, Molly was the maid-of-all-work for the young ladies—general dressing-maid, chamber-maid, errand-maid, and, made to do all kinds of things either by love or bribery; the first being the motive with Katie Dillon, for Molly had been heard several times unblushingly

to declare that she would run her head off to serve that young lady, though how far running one's head off can serve any person is a problem not easily solved.

And now these three, Katie, Molly and this very little girl, have their heads together, and from the combination was solved—first, that a suit of clothes must be got, which Molly settled by engaging to borrow the Sunday-go-to-meetings of a nephew, which she had presented him herself; and why shouldn't she borrow them, which—taking Katie in with her eye—would just fit? After this master-stroke, the trouble was almost over, for there was nothing else but to manage the arrival between four and five o'clock in the afternoon, this being the hour between school and supper, and also of Walter's coming home, and the time when Miss Tiggs always went out. It was a bold move, but Molly could fix it. The deception could not be expected to last long, for Miss Tiggs must soon find it out and punishment must follow, but Katie was willing to take all risks, so that she should only once again pass an hour with Walter.

Is there any wonder, therefore, that when Miss Tiggs returned from her afternoon exercise, Molly, who was on the watch, announced that Mr. Robert Tiggs had arrived and was at that moment in the parlor, and that Miss Leonora, with a pleasant flush mantling her yet good-looking cheeks, made very hasty steps toward that spot, and caught in her arms an apparently good-looking boy of about thirteen, who modestly returned her caresses and answered the hundred questions that were showered upon him? How came he to arrive a day sooner than expected? Anxiety to see his aunt. Where was his trunk? Left behind, to be delivered to-morrow, for the same reason. Delicate flattery! how could Miss Tiggs withstand it? She was delighted. Several times she held the nervous and blushing boy at arms' length and declared, delightedly, that she could see nothing of the likeness of five years ago, he had so improved; and then, leading him up in front of the mirror, affirmed that he had grown very

like herself—in fact, the likeness must strike everybody.

How many kisses and embraces all this was interspersed with cannot be recorded, but in the midst of it in walked Walter. The meeting between the cousins was a queer one. On his entrance, Walter was constrained and offered his hand, but Cousin Bob, however backward he might have been with Aunt Leonora, was not so with Walter, for in a moment he had his arms around his neck, and gave him one of the soundest kisses on the lips that had been seen or heard in that house for many a long day. Aunt Leonora saw this approvingly, but Walter rather winced under it at first, until, as it were, suddenly undergoing a revolution of sentiment, he gave a quick, piercing look at his new cousin, and as vehemently caught him in his arms and duplicated the kiss; which was all that was wanted to make Miss Tiggs burst out in a little cry of admiration, and clap her plump little hands with as much delight as though she had found a penny.

After this there was nothing for Miss Tiggs to display her delight in so practical a way as in a question of supper. For over a week Walter had taken his supper alone, to keep him away from Katie, but to-night, according to Miss Tiggs' arrangement, Cousin Bob should take supper with him; and away she fluttered to make the arrangement.

Now, we are not going to intrude on the privacy of these two cousins when left alone by their aunt; so we will not only close the scene on this part, but on the supper, only asserting that if ever there were two perfectly happy cousins, that roof sheltered them. In fact, Miss Tiggs knew it, for as they rose from the table this little lady said,

"I'm so delighted, Bob, to think that you and Walter have taken so great a fancy to each other that I am going to leave you as much together as possible. You shall always breakfast and sup together." ("Just like you, aunt, you are always so good," says Walter. Bob said nothing.) "And," resumed Miss Tiggs, "I have given Molly orders to

change the single bedstead in your room, Walter, and put in a double one. You shall sleep together."

This *was* kind, but why there should come to the faces of these two happy cousins such a blank look of sudden misery, none could define but themselves. Certainly, Miss Tiggs could not, for this elderly young lady was proverbially short of sight, and desperately fought against the use of glasses except in the retracy of her own room. Therefore it was that the blank look must have escaped her notice, though Walter felt that she had read to their very hearts' cores when, a few moments afterward, and before their speech was restored, she said in a grave and altered tone of voice—

"Walter, you can go up stairs for half an hour. I wish to have some talk with your *cousin*." (She certainly did emphasize "*cousin*.") "He can go with me to my room, and I will ring when I want you."

And so these two happy cousins separated, each feeling like detected felons led to their punishment.

We shall follow Katie to Miss Tiggs' room, where they arrived without a word spoken on either side. It was a very droll beginning that Miss Tiggs made toward having "some talk." Firstly, she turned the gas, which had been burning brightly, to so low a point that there was something less than "a dim religious light" in the room; and secondly, she went deliberately to a closet and bringing forth a bottle labeled "Sherry" and two glasses, set them on the table, filled the glasses, and motioning for her companion to do the same, she quietly emptied one of them. This was an extraordinary refection for Miss Tiggs, and only indulged in on momentous occasions, as the recipient of the hospitality knew, though only by hearsay. This disposed of, she settled herself in a large easy-chair and motioned her *ci-devant* nephew to a seat at her feet: then, without further preliminaries, she opened on the trembling girl.

"Robert," says Miss Tiggs, "I have

much to say to you, and I feel that I must say it to-night, before I sleep."

"Robert!" says Katie to herself. "Then she has not detected me."

"For," resumed Miss Tiggs, "there's no knowing what a night or day may bring forth."

Katie thought so too.

"While you were away from me, Robert, I did not feel the importance of this as I do now, but seeing you has brought it all to my mind, and I feel that you must and ought to know it."

Katie did not feel so sure of that, but was afraid to dissent.

"I am going now to tell you some part of my past life; but while I want this known to yourself, so that in case of my death you will know how to act, while I am living you must keep it always a secret locked in your own breast."

Oh dear! what was Katie Dillon to do now? Here was some fearful revelation coming that she did not want, and which she was to be sworn to keep. There was no help for it: hear it she must. Miss Tiggs went on:

"Robert, the world, even to my own relatives, has always considered me unmarried. This is not true. I have been married, and you are my child." Oh horrors! for Katie Dillon to sit there and listen to such a confession, which she knew was not intended for her ears! She buried her face in her hands while Miss Tiggs burst into a succession of sobs:

"My poor boy, I don't wonder you hide your face for shame of your mother. And yet it is all true. At an age when I should have been thinking of anything else—for I had reached thirty-five—I loved your father and married him. He was my English teacher, and for fear of the world's opinion I kept the marriage secret."

How Katie did squirm on the little stool at the good lady's feet, and how guilty she felt in listening to all this! but she could not speak, for her tongue clove to the roof of her mouth.

"Three months after we were married my poor Robert, your father, left me

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for a few weeks to go home and close his old parents' eyes, and I never saw him again. The vessel in which he sailed was never heard of."

Katie sobbed aloud, and buried her face in Miss Tiggs' lap, half in shame at her deceit and half in sympathy; for she dearly loved her adopted mother, and felt her sorrows were her own.

"Shortly after that you were born, and from that time I have always passed you off as my nephew, though I knew it was wrong; yet now that it has gone so long, it must go on until my death."

"Oh, oh, oh! Miss Leonora!" sobbed Katie, jumping to her feet. "I am such a wicked girl to be sitting here listening to all this, but I declare I didn't know what was coming till it was all said—I declare I didn't! Oh, indeed I'm not as wicked as I look. I hope you'll forgive me. Oh dear! oh dear!"

Miss Tiggs didn't scream. She just got up as quietly as though she were going to her breakfast, turned up the gas to its full height, opened a bureau-drawer, put on a pair of spectacles and surveyed the trembling and crying Katie from head to foot; and having finished the inspection, only ejaculated, "Well, well!" and sat down.

Now it was Katie's turn to talk, and talk she did. The whole story ran glibly off her tongue. Her great love for Walter; her despair at not being able to see him; the plot to reach that end, even for a few hours, braving punishment and peril; her sorrow at being made the recipient of Miss Tiggs' secret, when she thought her disguise had been discovered and a reproof about to be administered,—all this came in a storm of words, mixed up with sobs and tears; and yet Miss Tiggs only sat and said, "Well, well!" until it was all over, and then she rose up and taking the poor girl in her arms, kissed her and said, "I forgive you, Katie: I don't believe you intended wrong."

"Oh, indeed I did not!" Katie sobbed.

"And now," said Miss Tiggs, "as you have my secret, I suppose I must make a bargain with you to keep it. What shall the bargain be?"

"Let me see Walter sometimes," she answered, smiling through her tears and throwing her arms about the little lady's neck.

"That you shall, and more too. For if you love each other as much as you seem to, and it is not, as I first took it to be, child's play, God forbid that I should be the one to separate you. You are both young to marry yet, but if in another year your minds have not

changed, we will see what can be done."

And Miss Tiggs was as good as her word, and always did declare, when the real cousin Bob came home, that he wasn't half as good-looking as his representor. As to Miss Tiggs' secret, a secret it always remained until she saw fit to make it known herself, which she did when she retired from business a few years after. J. W. WATSON.

RUSSIA IN CENTRAL ASIA.

FOR more than three hundred years past, Russia has pursued a steady line of policy in the East, whose true object is displayed in her recent movements toward the dominion of Central Asia. As long ago as the beginning of the sixteenth century the Czar Ivan imagined and began a great Tartar kingdom, planting on the soil of Asia that Muscovite foot which has since made so gigantic strides. Hints of Russian advances in this direction reach us frequently, but, not perceiving the persistent and long-continued policy underlying them, we fail to appreciate their great significance. Taken together, a connected and extensive plan appears, whose dénouement seems near at hand.

Russia, having first conquered and annexed the European Tartar kingdoms of Kazan and Astrakhan, gazed with longing eyes on the interminable stretch of Asia lying broad and mysterious before her.

The vast domain of Siberia was first made known by a political fugitive, who, flying from the law, crossed the Ural and discovered the regions beyond. He returned and described his adventures, and in reward for his discovery was pardoned and appointed to lead an expedition into this new world to the East. The progress of conquest was rapid. The hardy Cossacks, con-

quered about the middle of the fifteenth century, were then, and have been ever since, the military pioneers of Russia. Strong bodies of these were sent into Siberia, and rapidly explored the country to the eastward. This advance continued for fifty years, reaching the Gulf of Okhotsk in 1639. Another division tried the Amoor region, but here came into contact with the Chinese, by whom they were repelled.

This region embraces a vast extent of country, the most populous in Siberia. It is watered by a great river, twenty-two hundred miles long, whose valley is broad, fertile and well wooded, its climate endurable, its population composed of hunting and fishing tribes, who have some faint idea of agriculture. For centuries the Chinese have cheated and oppressed these simple-minded subjects.

The Russians made vigorous efforts to possess themselves of this region, building a fort far within the Chinese territory, from which they made destructive raids down the Manjoor river, and sadly troubled their Celestial neighbors. They were finally driven out in 1688, from which year to 1848 the Chinese held undisputed possession. In the latter year an officer and four Cossacks were sent down the river in a boat to spy out the land. They were

never afterward heard of, though to learn their fate every effort was made consistent with the caution necessary to conceal the fact that the party were spies, instead of deserters, as pretended.

A bolder movement was next resolved upon. In 1854 the governor-general of Eastern Siberia organized an extensive expedition, which was sent down the Amoor. At every strong point on the north bank Cossack stations were formed, and possession taken of the whole northern country in the coolest manner imaginable, the Chinese quietly yielding to the onslaught of these fierce strangers. Various towns are now established in the fertile country to the north of the river, it having been ceded to Russia by the pen after she had first taken it by the sword.

By a treaty with China in November, 1860, the northern half of the island of Saghalien and the eastern portion of Manchooria were acquired, and in June, 1861, an island in the Straits of Corea was occupied. This island is fifty miles long by twelve wide, and fully commands the straits. The southern portion of Saghalien, belonging to Japan, has just been forcibly seized, and a strong garrison established.

These movements give Russia full possession of the coast of Asia from 35° North latitude to the Frozen Ocean, securing the possession of the vast regions she has been so long annexing, and giving her a controlling naval influence in the North Pacific.

The word Siberia seems to us synonymous with cold and barrenness, calling up thoughts of frozen soil and inhospitable temperature. But the Russian Court fully understands the value of its possession. Though the northern regions are only useful for their annual crop of furs, there is a wide region in the south excellently adapted to agricultural and pastoral pursuits, much of the soil being of the highest fertility. Some of its rivers swarm with valuable fish, its mountain regions produce abundance of timber, and it possesses many other sources of wealth which are being rapidly developed. The most import-

ant of these are the mines. These are numerous, and comprise all the precious and several of the baser metals. Rich deposits of precious stones are also found, with numerous valuable minerals. This country is also important as being a highway for trade with China and Japan, and will probably soon be traversed by a continental railroad, opening a channel for commerce which will compete with the Suez Canal.

But the acquisition of Siberia is only part of the Russian plan. South of this region lies a broad belt of desert, a vast expanse of sand and saline soil, broken here and there by mountain ranges, and possessed of occasional streams and lakes. In the mountain valleys and on the river banks grassy oases are found, which yield sustenance to extensive herds of horses, camels, cattle and sheep, the property of the barbarous nomads who wander over these barren levels. China controls the eastern part of this region. The western portion forms the range of the Kirgheez hordes. These Tartar tribes inhabit a territory extending two thousand miles in length by twelve hundred in breadth, and are very rich in cattle and sheep. In these vast steppes Russia is rapidly extending and concentrating her power. Her movements here have been of the most insidious character, the thoughtless tribes being drawn inch by inch under her influence.

To show the mode of Russian progress in this direction we may relate the following incident: In 1848, Russia had great need of lead for the working of her silver-mines in West Siberia. The East Siberian lead-mines, though very productive, were closed, as all the people east of Lake Baikal were needed for her intended movement on the Amoor, while the Crimean war afterward shut off her supply from England. Therefore some engineers were sent into the steppes on an exploring expedition. After a long search, not only lead, but rich silver-mines were found in a mountain district to the north of Lake Balkash. It was at once determined to treat for their purchase. The Kirgheez

closely examined the locality, but could see no value in the rocks. They were better aware, however, of the worth of a small river that ran past, whose pastures were valuable to them, and whose water was indispensable to the Russians. But the shrewd agent dressed the sultan of the tribe in laced coat, sabre and gold medal, and his chiefs in brilliant attire, and rather than have taken off their finery again they would have sold the whole steppe. Thus for about seven hundred and fifty dollars the czar became the owner of rich mines embracing an area of one hundred and sixty square miles, and a foothold from which his authority could reach out in all directions.

But Russia does not usually descend to the farce of a purchase. She has built various frontier forts and trading towns, connected with Siberia by post-stations, and each a centre of wide influence over the hordes. Officers are appointed specially to deal with the nomads, and they have subordinates residing with the separate tribes. These resident officers court and pay deference to the chief, translating his official papers and writing his answers, to which he affixes his seal without knowing their contents. They invest him with some mark of distinction dear to his barbarous soul—a sabre, a cocked hat or gold-laced coat—with the privilege of attending a yearly council at Ayagus. At this council laws are made to govern the tribe, and thus the fetters of Russian power are slowly fastened upon the wandering hordes. For years the Cossack authority has been thus insidiously creeping over the shepherd tribes, till now the whole wide region is in great measure a Russian province.

Russia has been very prudent in her intercourse with the Asiatics, respecting their religions and superstitions, and permitting no priests to accompany the Cossack marches. The nomads are proud of their traditions, and would prove exceedingly hard to convert. Their conquerors have taken a different course, building mosques, and bringing Tartar mullahs into the steppes, who

have made many of the tribes, formerly very tolerant, now the most zealous of fanatics. This strange procedure seems intended to conciliate the bigoted Mohammedans to the south.

Several of the Cossack towns are becoming very populous, and are already too strong to fear attacks by insurgent Kirgheez. The nomads are thus being rapidly surrounded by military stations, to whose strength they must submit, and from which emanate the influences of civilization. Many schools have been established for the Kirgheez children, and a considerable number of the new generation already possess the accomplishments of reading and writing. This is a new element, tending to overthrow the traditional nomad customs, and to plant the plains of Asia with the thoughts and habits of civilized Europe.

This occupation of the steppes and gradual Russianizing of the Kirgheez hordes is, however, but a chapter in that extended scheme of policy which looks for its final accomplishment to a more southern region, in which, during the past ten years, the drama of occupation has been vigorously played.

The region of Toorkistan has long been almost a *terra incognita*, and is yet but little known to the general reader. It will be well, then, to preface an account of the Russian operations in this region by a brief description of its inhabitants and physical peculiarities.

Toorkistan is chiefly a desert, and is peopled by fierce nomads, more warlike in character than the Kirgheez. It is diversified, however, by three great oases, which are interlaced by strips of desert, but comprise wide and very fertile districts. These include the Central Asian governments of Khiva, Bokhara and Khokan, which are ruled with the most absolute tyranny. Their settled inhabitants have several manufacturing interests, and produce from the soil abundant harvests of grain and the most delicious fruits and melons. Their principal cities, Khiva, Bokhara, Samarcand, etc., are far from being the important places they appear through the medium of Oriental exaggeration, being

chiefly mud-built towns, immeasurably behind European cities. Khiva, the most westerly of these governments, touches the Caspian Sea on the west, the Aral on the north, the river Oxus traversing it and Bokhara, while the Syr Daria, more to the north, runs through Northern Khokan. East of this latter region lies the Chinese Tartary of the maps, though it is no longer a Chinese possession, the people having lately achieved a successful insurrection and driven out their Chinese governors.

The Toorkoman tribes of the desert are magnificent horsemen, and possess a breed of animals unsurpassed in the world. They have long been in the habit of diversifying their pastoral labors by piratical excursions on the Caspian, and the annual capture and sale into slavery of large numbers of the neighboring Persians.

Toorkistan is pre-eminent as the true headquarters of Islamism, the Mohammedian faith being held here with a fierce bigotry and an intolerance of other creeds that have long rendered the life of a European not worth an hour's purchase throughout the whole region. Such is the main cause of the mystery which has so long enveloped it.

The Russian advances against Toorkistan are not recent in their origin. As long ago as 1602 the Cossacks took Khiva, but were defeated in their return. Again, in 1703, during the reign of Peter the Great, the khan of Khiva placed his dominions under Russian rule. While the khans were of the Kirgheez race, the Khivans continued friendly to Russia, but since 1800 a change of dynasty has produced a feeling of hostility.

In 1835, Russia seized a post on the eastern shore of the Caspian, and built a fort, which is still held, and has proved of the greatest importance in repressing the Toorkoman pirates of this inland sea. In 1839 an unsuccessful expedition against Khiva took place, which, however, frightened the khan into the release of some four hundred Russian prisoners held by him.

About this same period the English

invaded Afghanistan, and pursued Dost Mohammed toward Bokhara. This expedition was a similar failure; but there has been a marked difference in the subsequent action of the two nations. No advance has been made since from India. Russia, on the contrary, has been pushing vigorously forward, freely using diplomacy, force and gold in the accomplishment of her objects. Her movements, however, have not been made from the Caspian, she having contented herself there with holding two or three fortified points, and patrolling the sea with three armed steamers for the protection of commerce and the suppression of piracy. The Aral has been her main centre of operations, being exceedingly favorable for this purpose, as receiving those two great currents, the Amoo and Syr Darias. These streams, penetrating the whole extent of Central Asia, form invaluable lines of military operation. The Amoo Daria, however, is full of shifting sand-banks, and great part of its water is drawn off to supply the irrigating canals of the Toorkistan agriculturists. This renders the Syr Daria a far more favorable line of operation. This latter stream is also favorable as running more to the north, and not, like the former, through the centre of a hostile country.

The Khokanians have long had a fort on this stream, which was made a basis of oppression of the neighboring nomad and agricultural tribes. In the year 1847, Russia unmasked her purpose by the seizure of the mouth of the Syr and the building of Fort Aralsk.

During the twenty-three years that have elapsed since this occupation a drama almost unknown to American readers has been played upon this distant stage, and the dominion of Central Asia in a great measure has changed hands. The hostility displayed by the Asiatics gave Russia the desired excuse for attacking the Khokanian fort. In 1852 the advance began by an armed survey of the river, ending in an unsuccessful attempt to storm the fort. The next year the fort was regularly

invested by a strong force. It was strongly built of clay, and desperately defended, but the siege was vigorously prosecuted, and the fort finally stormed and taken.

The Khokanians made several efforts to retake their fort, but without success, and were finally diverted by an invasion of their territory from Bokhara. Russia took advantage of this to seize and strongly fortify several points along the river, finally occupying the Khokan fort Djulek, a point within striking distance of the khanat.

The region thus occupied is mostly a desert, its only fertile land being the narrow belt on each side the river. But between Djulek and Vernoje—the most southern station in the territory of the Great Horde of the Kirgheez—lies Northern Khokan, a district of fine climate and fertile soil.

The ostensible object of the Russians was the completion of their lines, and their removal from the desert to the inhabited border of Toorkistan. In furtherance of this object they had now full possession of the Aral Sea, and an unbroken chain of forts along the Syr Daria. Taking advantage of the internal dissensions of the Khokanians, they had marched resolutely down the river, and established military posts within thirty-two miles of the town of Tashkend, the military key to Toorkistan, while at the same time advancing over the steppes upon the eastern frontier of Khokan, thus threatening the khanat and surrounding the Kirgheez with military stations. On November 21, 1864, it was announced that the above object having been accomplished, the aggressive policy of Russia was ended. This announcement, however, was soon followed by a march into the interior of Khokan and an occupation of Tashkend, the latter being in response to a deputation to the Russian camp and a petition from the merchants of the town. During the five years that have elapsed since this occupation the population of the town has largely increased, and, among other radical changes, a Greek church has been built

in this centre of rabid Mohammedanism. This military movement was vigorously continued, and early in 1866 a large portion of Khokan was seized.

The emir of Bokhara, alarmed by these threatening advances, at once proclaimed a holy war against the aggressors. "Death to the infidel!" was preached throughout the country; Colonel Struve, the eminent astronomer, who had been sent on an embassy from the Russian camp, was imprisoned; and the most vigorous efforts made to raise troops to repel the invaders.

Utter ignorance of the doings of outside barbarians prevails in this paradise of fanaticism, and the most extravagant ideas are held in relation to the power of the Sublime Porte. The dismay into which Europe was thrown centuries ago by the onset of the Turks is believed to still continue, and that a promise of assistance from the sultan would drive the infidel invader in terror from the holy soil of Toorkistan. But this is not their only military dependence. They trust largely to two powerful aids against aggression. One of these is the extensive deserts surrounding their territory: the other, in their eyes far more efficacious, is the large number of saints buried in their soil.

Thus powerfully armed in defence with the Porte, the desert and the saints, the emir vigorously prepared for war, and succeeded in defeating the Russians, who had marched into Bokhara for the purpose of liberating Colonel Struve. They, however, retreated in order, and soon made a second advance, capturing the large town of Khojend and holding other important posts, which gave them full command of the khanat of Khokan. The emir, astonished that the Sublime Porte had not annihilated the invaders, and that the saints had slept serenely with the foot of the infidel upon their graves, now sued for peace, which was readily granted.

During the year 1867 the Russian power in this region was consolidated, and a new province organized under the name of Toorkistan. The Russian

movements are never barren military occupations, the Cossack advances being always followed by agriculturists with their families and stock, thriving colonies soon springing up round each fort.

In May, 1868, the Russian troops marched toward Western China, leaving weak garrisons. The emir, deceived by this movement, immediately proclaimed a holy war, allied himself with the neighboring khans, and marched against the Russian garrisons. This movement was met by the march of a powerful Russian force to Tashkend, whose garrison pushed vigorously forward. The khan of Khiva meanwhile tried to enlist Afghanistan on his side, but failed. The troops of the emir, led by his nephew, were met and defeated near Samarcand, which city was immediately occupied, the invader thus setting his sacrilegious foot in the very central shrine of unadulterated Mohammedanism. A vigorous effort was made to retake this city, the Russians being driven to the citadel, where they were besieged for eight days. They were relieved, however, and the emir defeated. In July, 1868, he sued for peace, which was granted on terms highly advantageous to the Russians. Samarcand was ceded to Russia, along with three other stations, shrewdly selected to give full military control of the country. One of these was a point on the road from Samarcand to Afghanistan, the second an important post between Samarcand and Bokhara, and the third a desirable military station near the Oxus; the three forming a triangle, which, strongly occupied, would effectually lock Bokhara in the military embrace of Russia.

Besides these advantages, the long seclusion of the country was broken up, resident mercantile agents being permitted in all the towns, and protection guaranteed to the Russian trade and caravans. Duties had been formerly collected by whoever felt strong enough to exact them, their amount depending entirely on the whim of the collector. They were now permanently fixed within the limit of two and a half per cent.

of the value of the goods, and a regular system of collection prescribed.

Russia, in fact, has gained the most radical advantages, and has won a foothold in the country which will assure the good faith of the emir, and must eventually end in her taking full possession of Toorkistan and incorporating it as a province of the Russian empire.

Such are the apparent operations of Russia in Asia, but under all these wars and rumors of war lies a strong web of diplomatic mystery and of local change of habits and modes of thought in the Asiatics, which are working as much to the advantage of Russia as the open successes of her arms. To achieve conquest in the true sense of the term consists not alone in subjecting a people to the power of the sword. The popular mind must be educated up to the new phase of things, and made satisfied with the change of rulers and conditions. Russia, with a shrewd idea of diplomacy, is rendering herself the most prominent figure in Asiatic politics, and impressing the tribes with a salutary sense of her power and of the value of her friendship. She has already taken the place which was, during the last century, held by the Chinese, who, previous to the Russian advance, were greatly feared in Central Asia; and she is rapidly weakening the influence of England in Asiatic politics.

The Russian is in great measure an Asiatic, and is far better adapted to deal with his fellow-Orientals than is any full-blooded European. He meets the sons of the Orient with their own smiling suavity and endless prudence, glides through the net of diplomacy without displaying an angle in his body, enters into their modes of thought, conforms to their customs, and allows them to delay and prevaricate to their hearts' content. But when once a point is gained he is utterly unyielding. The edge of the sabre is hidden until it is ready to be drawn; in the use of intrigue no Asiatic can surpass him; he is an adept in the art of bribery, has emissaries everywhere: in fact thoroughly un-

derstands Asia, and how to deal with her. The Asiatic looks only to the present, and will accept a momentary advantage, though it be full of the seeds of future loss. Thus the astute Russian has gained point after point from his Oriental neighbors, and has permanently annexed a territory one-half larger than all Europe, and yet has ever succeeded in making faithful subjects of those who before conquest were bitterly hostile.

England, on the contrary, though full of good intentions, so disgusts her Asiatic subjects with her pride and arrogance as to keep them thoroughly unreconciled to her authority. The English rulers of India are supercilious and overbearing in their intercourse with the natives, and constantly interfere with the local habits of the country. As a natural result, the Indians are only submissive through fear, and must believe in England's strength to yield to her authority.

What the future will bring forth no man can tell. Many shrewd politicians fear a future conflict between the two great rivals for Asiatic dominion. The Cossack seems following the path traced by the Aryan in the pre-historic past, and by the Mongol tribes of a later period. But his movements have not the torrent rush of these earlier invasions. His advances are made with endless caution—the ground skillfully prepared in front and strongly occupied in the rear. Gold and diplomacy are the comrades of the sword in all his marches, and he is moving forward with a solid front that is full of significance for the future.

In the last ten years, Russia has absorbed Khokan, annexed Samarcand, made Khiva and Bokhara submissive, Persia has become subservient to her influence, and the ruler of Afghanistan has had reason to be a friend of the Russians and an enemy of the English. The Cossack advance is already within fifteen days' journey of India, and should an invasion be a future part of the plan, Russia could easily strengthen her forces by two hundred thousand or

three hundred thousand Afghan, Persian and Tartar recruits—warlike races for whom the Sepoys would be no match. Should such a war arise in the future, the English rule in India would be greatly imperiled. The Mussulman of India already looks to Russia for protection, and would probably join her in expelling the hated English from his soil.

The main difficulty of Russia in properly governing these new possessions lies in the desert region intervening between Orenburg on the European limit and the border of Toorkistan. There is, however, a possible means of overcoming this obstacle. The Amoo Daria, or Oxus, is said by the Greeks, who penetrated to this region during the invasion of Alexander the Great, to have formerly run into the Caspian. They report the same ancient terminus for the Syr Daria, or Jaxartes. Competent engineers, who have examined the land between the two inland seas, declare that such an ancient course of the rivers is possible, and it is rumored that the idea is seriously entertained of turning the two rivers into their former channels, and forcing them to reflow to the Caspian. Such a result would give Russia full military control of Central Asia, forming a water-route, in continuation of the Volga, for two thousand miles farther into the interior of Asia; thus giving the Russian war-steamers a complete line of navigable water extending from St. Petersburg to the Hindoo-Koosh Mountains, a South Asian range which forms the northern line of the English territory. Could troops thus be forwarded by continuous transportation from St. Petersburg, through a friendly and fertile country, to the foot of the Hindoo-Koosh and Kuen-Lun ranges, and to the borders of Afghanistan, it is apparent that India would lie open to a Russian invasion in force at any moment the czar might order; the only hindrance to such an invasion being the height and difficulty of these mountains, and possible resistance to a march across Afghan territory.

CHARLES MORRIS.

OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

THE changes which public sentiment may undergo in a few short years is well illustrated by the history of Fairmount Park, of which some account will be found on a preceding page. In 1854, three unassuming but public-spirited gentlemen became convinced that a park and the preservation of the drinking water of this great city were imperative wants. They labored with their friends and fellow-citizens in vain. Thomas P. Cope had succeeded by great zeal and consequent exertion in getting Councils to purchase Pratt's Garden at the dam supplying the city with water—a few acres only. Sedgely was next above on the river, and there was equal beauty, while dwellings upon it would render the river impure. Sedgely was for sale for about a hundred and twenty thousand dollars. Our enthusiasts determined the city should possess this beautiful site. No one was found to aid the trio. In despair of success they remembered that the late A. J. Downing, as editor of the *Horticulturist*, had the credit of creating by his writings the taste which produced the Central Park at New York. Calling a carriage one stormy winter day, they drove to the residence of a gentleman then temporarily filling the post left vacant by the death of Downing. They asked for help, for a paragraph. The editor advised another process. "Let us hold," said he, "a meeting;" and, he in the chair, one of the trio as secretary, and the others as orators, resolutions were passed and published, and an adjourned meeting called at the rooms of the Historical Society. Not a dozen persons attended, but the party were not discouraged: they besieged the rich and the munificent, but not quite half the required amount having been subscribed for the purchase of Sedgely, the brilliant idea was suggested to hand it over to Councils, under mortgage for the half of the purchase-money. *Councils declined it,*

and only after a long delay accepted the hardly-earned gift. See what has come of it, and how the skies have changed: the small pittance grudgingly paid is now increased to millions with the approval of all. Indeed, the popularity of the Park has been steadily growing among the citizens of Philadelphia ever since, and it is confidently believed that its existence will add five per cent. to their average life. The number of vehicles and horses kept for pleasure in this city has nearly doubled in the last few years, and more than one gentleman has given up his country-seat, preferring the comforts of the city, even in summer, now that its discomforts can be tempered by a daily drive in Fairmount Park.

It is not the rich alone, however, or even chiefly, who are to benefit by this grand public improvement. Philadelphia's specialty is, to be the Home, the pleasant, healthful Home, of the workingman, and Fairmount Park therefore ought to be the Park, pre-eminently, of the workingman. The most beautiful parts of the domain, lie, however, at distances from the workingman's home too great for the workingman's wife to visit them, because when she leaves home she must carry the baby in her arms. George's Hill and Belmont Mansion are as impracticable as Yo-Semite; and even though the baby be sick unto death, she cannot take the poor little thing to get the pure and inspiring air of the Schuylkill bluffs, because no ten-cent horse-cars run to Sweet Brier and Peters' Farm. A man who can spend five hundred dollars a year for recreation (enough to feed the workingman and his wife) can enjoy his invigorating ride after a summer day's business is over, and for him and *his* baby the Park Commissioners have provided Lansdowne Drive. Now, if alongside, but out of the dust, of the five-hundred-dollar carriage these Commiss-

sioners of our lordly estate will at once proceed to lay down horse-car tracks, inviting, encouraging and paying if necessary any and all horse-car companies to send over it open railway carriages, the workingman's wife and baby can enjoy the scenery and the gayety, coming home to daily duties refreshed. There are possibly not more than one thousand who keep mere pleasure horses in the city, whilst there are six hundred and ninety-nine thousand who seldom ride behind any but the car horse. Let the six hundred and ninety-nine thousand have a chance to get exhilaration and health by breathing just such air as invigorates the minority. Let the enjoyment of the six hundred and ninety-nine thousand, the masses for whom King James had the Bible translated, be the special point kept in view by the Park Commissioners.

It would be in vain for the warmest supporters of our expensive Park to deny that the citizens who live at a distance do not reap the benefit and pleasure which the Park grounds might afford. The taxes for improvements may touch them lightly, but the inhabitants of Kensington and Richmond have no means of easy access to its lovely precincts, nor can they reach the drives except through great fatigue and loss of time. We would like to see them participate in the benefit. The Reading Railroad managers, always anxious to identify themselves with the interests of their fellow-citizens, might, and we trust will, run over their admirably-managed road a few daily passenger trains to connect with the "Park Accommodation," so that a painful and fatiguing route through the city could be reduced to a short, pleasant and inexpensive trip to the health-inspiring beauties now created and in progress. Let the Commissioners and the railroad directors have five minutes' conference, and the suggestion will be found of advantage to both parties, but especially to the public. The need and the popularity of the proposed trains all who make an examination of the map will at once see:

it would bring new advocates for great expenditures, reconciling some unheard, though influential, parties. It is the business and right of the press to suggest: let those interested weigh and act.

I am an old woman, Mr. Editor (writes a friend for whose communication we gladly make room in this department of the Magazine), but I am not in the least conservative after the manner of my kind. I have a weakness for the ways and fashions of the hour, and can smile cheerfully upon my eldest granddaughter when she appears before me crépée, panierée and flounced to the height of the mode. She looks pretty, and I confess the fact. As long as she neither paints her face nor dyes her hair I can see no harm in her dainty and fantastic attire. Girls did not dress so in my day, to be sure. But then, in my day steamboats were scarce, and railroads and telegraphs were not. I should as soon yearn after a journey by stage-coach and canal-boat as to desire to see the young girls of the period attired in calico, with their hair combed tightly over their ears. Nor did I ever dress in that simple, be-praised and unesthetic fashion myself. The mute evidence of my portrait, painted when I was just twenty-two, proves to me that I wore a black silk dress, a lace cape and sundry articles of jewelry, and that I built up my hair into a most astonishing edifice of puffs and bows, three times more difficult to construct than a modern chignon would be. I like the charming little concoctions of lace and ribbons and flowers which we call bonnets, and which replace the satin cartwheels of my girlhood. I like duplex elliptics, and do not sigh after the days when a fashionable lady could with difficulty step across a gutter by reason of the narrowness of her skirts. I like street-cars and railroads and telegraphs and gas-lamps and furnace fires. I took laughing-gas the other day to have a tooth extracted. I paid forty dollars last month for a new chignon (gray hairs being expensive, you see); and I must own that I think the dress

of the present day infinitely more comfortable, sensible and healthful than were the styles in vogue almost forty years ago. Thin slippers and open-worked stockings and low-necked dresses, with embroidered muslin capes for street wear, scanty, tightly-cut and insufficient clothing at all times, and gigantic and cumbersome head-gear, have been replaced by the short skirts, thick Balmoral boots, warm outer garments and jaunty hats of the now reigning fashions. Our bonnets used to be horizontal cartwheels, and our hats perpendicular ones, both adorned with forests of feathers and gardens of roses of preternatural bigness. And to-day I can put two bonnets in my little trunk when I go to New York to pay my eldest son a visit, and yet have abundant space for all the rest of my clothing besides.

But here I am, rambling on like a garrulous old woman as I am, without ever coming to the point for which I started. And the point in question is this: People tell me that there are no children now-a-days, and shake their heads ruefully as they assure me that miniature men and women have replaced the joyous, innocent children of bygone epochs. Have they? Then, for my part, I am glad of it. A real, unmitigated, uncivilized child is a nuisance too great to be passively endured. It is a brat. It daubs its face and clothes with molasses candy, smashes the windows, tears lace curtains, mounts on brocade furniture with muddy boots, tortures cats, teases pigeons, and is a compound of noise and dirt and bad behavior generally. Enter the miniature lady and gentleman whose existence fills the conservative breast with horror. They are prettily and carefully dressed. They extend kid-gloved hands, and say, sweetly, "Good-morning." They speak when they are spoken to, and have something to say beyond "Lemme be!" and "I dunno!" If you give a children's ball, the Child of the Period (*ætat.* 8) will grace it. She will come elegantly dressed and well-mannered. She will dance the "Ger-

man" with all possible science and *savoir faire*, will flirt a very little and very discreetly, and will partake modestly of a ladylike sufficiency of supper. Her brother (*ætat.* 10) is an accomplished cavalier. He engages his dancing partners early in the evening, escorts the chosen of his heart to the supper-room, waits on her with assiduity, bestows on her all the bonbons and flowers he receives, and refuses to be tempted even by *biscuit glacé* or crystallized fruits till all her wants are well supplied. The innocent, unsophisticated child would bolt into the room, pull down the pyramids of bonbons and the bouquets of flowers, throw ice-cream in his neighbor's face, and end by gorging himself to repletion, and by spilling all spillable and sticky viands over his clothes. And I must say that I have seen far more real enjoyment among the daintily-dressed, well-mannered couples who bounded through the *galop* and flew through the mazes of the "German," than I ever witnessed among a whooping, yelling crowd of those dreadful little savages, natural, unrestrained children. Children are naturally imitative, and it is as easy to persuade them to consider themselves refined, rational beings—ladies and gentlemen, in short—as it is to work them up to that pitch of excitement and unrestraint when they cease to be small specimens of humanity and become horrid little pigs. I hail the Child of the Period as a boon; and though not a Presbyterian, I am ready to subscribe to one at least of their doctrines—namely, that whatsoever is, is right, so far as children are concerned.

Out of a love of fairness as wise as generous, the Editor of this Magazine offers me a page or so of this, his own preserve, wherein to express certain heterodox views I entertain of our English relations.

It is held by the great mass of the American people that England has done us a wrong—that we had a right to expect from a nation which had given such signal proofs of a philanthropic and progressive spirit that recognition and support in our struggle which the importance of its issues demanded. We

were fighting not simply for ourselves, but for humanity, and this the hitherto foremost nation in the ranks of progress, instead of helping, hindered, and either withheld from us, or gave our enemy, the advantage of such doubtful law or facts as a seeming adherence to her treaty obligations permitted.

Fair-minded men who have examined this sweeping charge in both its legal and popular bearings agree in reducing it to two specifications, variously stated as a lack of due vigilance on the part of corporate England in the case of the Alabama, and a lack of cordiality on the part of social England (meaning Belgravian) in the case of certain Northerners traveling in England. Of the two, perhaps the latter has caused more bitter feeling than the former; for if there is one thing of which your true Yankee is more tenacious than another, it is that his negation of all rank shall give him the highest. Gravely considered, this charge is no less insignificant than inconsistent, since any claim against social as distinct from corporate England must be made at the expense of the very dignity we are seeking to maintain. It might be shown very clearly, however, that we had many and warm friends in England, who were not slow to speak and act, and that these were not all of the *rabble*. Indeed, this term, so freely used of our English supporters, is hardly the proper one for a nation whose basis is the equality of all men. If America wished to express her opinion of England, she would do it through the ballot-box, where every man, *rabble* and all, would vote; and if by the *rabble* is meant the workingmen, they would decide the question. It is only consistent, then, for America to accept a like arbitration from England, more especially as that tribunal was so unequivocal in our support during the war, and that its influence was felt and acknowledged in the acts of the English government. We have nothing in common with the English peerage but a common origin and language. Our appeal was to the English masses—a power which the echo of the Appomattox is rapidly welding into definite shape—and from them came our response, prompt and clear, just so soon as the issues of our contest became sufficiently defined to justify them as lovers of freedom in giving it.

But we should remember that until the Emancipation Proclamation those issues were

not very clear to us. For two years nearly we fought to maintain the integrity of the Federal Union alone—an idea sufficiently inspiring to us, but having little or no claim upon the sympathy of England, who saw in it only the perpetuation of a great republic already of unnatural proportions, overshadowing the world, and soon to encroach upon her own domain. Nor could she see why the integrity of the Union was essential to freedom, because disunion threw another powerful empire on the side of freedom, and permitted an aggressive policy on the part of that empire against slavery, while the Union, as we for a long time sought it, would have given the slave-power greater strength than ever, because we would have felt bound to protect it in the rights guaranteed. We could scarcely expect that England should compromise herself with the South, and boldly throw her influence with the North, when all her commercial interests pointed to the South, and no distinct assertion of Northern policy challenged her sense of right. Mr. Lincoln's first message proposed to secure slavery for ever to the Slave States, and until January, 1863, we gave no guarantee to the world that we were fighting for freedom. It was in the summer preceding this that the Alabama escaped from Liverpool. Admitting that she did not deposit her offence at the Azores—though if she did not, she was a pirate, not privateer—and that Judge Story's decision in the case of the *Santissima Trinidad* is inapplicable, the question is yet one involving new and nice points of law and evidence, to be gravely weighed and not lightly pronounced upon. The prompt action of England in the analogous case of the rams, notwithstanding the many conflicting and embarrassing obstacles put in Lord Russell's way, should be taken at its full import. No one can gainsay a pronounced disposition on the part of "corporate England" in this case to vindicate her neutrality to the uttermost, and from whatever aspersions may have been cast upon it by the escape of the Alabama. One who remembers the contest on this question in the English Parliament, and how it was made the great lever by the Tories to force the Russell ministry from office, will also remember to whom that ministry looked for support, how freely it was given, and how pregnant a ministerial change at that time was of evil to us. They will also remember that no di-

vision could ever be taken in Parliament on the question of recognizing the independence of the South—that no public meetings were held in its favor, while the reverse is notorious; and they will consider, too, that no nation's interests and duties ever seemed in stronger conflict than England's—that her population was literally starving for a principle, while she had nothing in prospect but the hatred of both North and South for her neutrality.

One other relation, and perhaps the most important, was her check upon France. Resistance to Louis Napoleon's Mexican policy, whatever the motives, could not be otherwise than assistance to the North; and whether Mr. Roebuck's authority for proposing intervention in the emperor's name was real or pretended, there is good reason for believing that England alone prevented a recognition of the South on the part of France. Such recognition was for us disunion, as we know or should know, if we have not forgotten the dark days when loyal men trembled and hesitated between further sacrifice and disunion.

And now that these issues are dead, that we have crossed the Rubicon and carried the world farther on its march of progress, is it wise or generous to dwell too strongly on the errors of ignorance or prejudice in the past? Can we remember how rapidly we have grown from the nation which hung John Brown by acclamation to the nation which passed the Fifteenth Amendment, and not consider that other peoples and nations must grow likewise? For many years we presented the anomaly of sending ministers to England who laid much stress on the bond of our common origin and language, while the same bond was of so frail a tenure at home that some of the very men who urged it in England would have done so at the risk of their lives in Charleston.

Let us not rebuke England with being a dullard or a knave because her steady climbing has not placed her on as high a plane as our convulsion has placed us. We have gained so much that we can afford, without abatement of our dignity, to forgive much: especially can we and should we abandon rather than nurse a grievance so indefinite, so vague as this against England, which is puzzling the better spirits of both nations to define, but which is sufficient in the hands

of the ignorant or unscrupulous to endanger the interests of humanity. Let us rather improve this period of profound peace throughout the world to relieve it of its cumbrous and demoralizing armies, and by concession and arbitration on these questions of issue with England assist in the formation of that international code to the want of which they are chiefly due. America can have no quarrel now with that nation whose press is free and whose masses can read.

COPE WILLING.

There are no blunders more ridiculous than those made by the Mrs. Partingtons of this world, *male and female*, who, with a feeble glimmering of the idea they mean to express, put it into such a disguise of language as to quite change its identity. Straining after effect, they employ words that they can't understand, and are thus quite apt to make a philological "mess" of it. The best representative of this class we ever knew was old Major P—, a pompous, ignorant person, whose portly figure and loud voice gave remarkable effect to his queer mistakes. He was a director of the C— Bank at the time of its suspension, and attended a meeting of the board, when it was resolved to collect the assets and make an equitable distribution among the creditors. Descending the steps at the close of the meeting, the major was button-holed by an anxious shareholder, who asked, "Now, major, what are you going to do for us creditors? How much shall we get?" "Sir," responded the director, swelling up with the importance of the idea he was about to enunciate, and emphasizing his words by the rapping of his cane on the sidewalk—"Sir, we shall immediately proceed to collect the *exits* of the concern, pay the debts, and make a *piratical division* of the surplus."

. . . The following is a veritable transcript from the record of a will admitted to probate in the State of New York: "I bequeath my body to the grave, my soul to its Maker, and the remainder of my property to my wife."

LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

Histoire de Napoléon I^e. Par P. Lanfrey.
4 tomes. Paris: Charpentier. 12mo.

At a time when the Second Empire is entering upon a new régime, which seems likely to bring it nearer to the great Napoleon's professed idea of a republican empire, it is not without interest to see a new life of the first emperor appear, written by an author whose evident aim it is to substitute the truth for illusions. An able and well-informed man, Colonel Lanfrey presents to his countrymen a patriotic but impartial portrait of their great hero: with unsparing hand he tears the purple from the throne, and shows the worm-eaten wood underneath; mercilessly he wipes the paint from the Caesar's face and lets us see his false smile and his savage teeth. Equally far from the caricatures published by Napoleon's enemies and from the golden idol which France has long worshiped under his name, he tries to let us see the dark shadows by the side of the bright lights, and makes us exclaim, after reading his merciless dissection of the emperor's character, Poor humanity!

The work, however, is so manifestly truthful, and the author's views are so strongly supported by carefully-collected documents, that every new volume, as it appears, is eagerly welcomed and closely examined. The fourth volume, published this year, contains a graphic description of the famous interview at Tilsit in 1807, and incidentally a portrait of the new emperor's personal manner, which becomes interesting in proportion as it differs from the more familiar likenesses known to the French and the readers of French works.

Napoleon had come to the Russian frontier surrounded by all the prestige of new victories and unexpected successes. He had overcome all obstacles—old, well-established systems, as well as new ideas. Pitt had died of grief and disappointment; Nelson had fallen in his last victory; Fox had given way under unbearable pressure; the Prussian monarchy had been destroyed by a single blow; and in France the last expiring effort of the opposition had been crushed. Ancient rights and newly-won liberties, virtue

and genius, all had yielded before his overwhelming power. As soon as the conqueror had met the emperor of Russia on the huge raft in the river on which the first interview took place, the latter had exclaimed, "I hate the English as much as you do!" and this single word, the giving up of the English alliance, secured to Napoleon the sovereignty of the continent of Europe.

At the second interview, in the town of Tilsit, another sovereign was present, the unfortunate king of Prussia. He came stripped of his power and his dominion, anxious to save the poor fragments which the haughty victor had left him in mocking compassion, and to prevent his indiscreet friend and kinsman, the czar, from sacrificing even his honor. He was a sore trouble to the two emperors, for to Napoleon he recalled some of the most shocking violations of the law of nations of which even he had ever been guilty, and to Alexander countless promises and pledges which his new friendship for Napoleon made it impossible for him to fulfill. His sad countenance, his impassive manner, his very silence and submission, were a constant reproach to the joyous new friends, and it required all his stern sense of duty, and the constant remembrance of his noble wife in her far more manly sorrow, to bear the indignities to which he saw himself daily exposed. Every night, after the brilliant reviews, military ceremonies and splendid banquets of the day were over, the two emperors retired to a private room to transact business.

Alexander seemed to be enchanted by this familiar intercourse with the hero whose terrible exploits filled all Europe. The sovereign of Russia, who was not yet twenty-eight years old, possessed, with a face full of kindness and nobility, the exquisite manners of a nobleman of the end of the eighteenth century. He was a type of that perfection of bearing in which the highest distinction is united with the most natural simplicity, and which is almost unknown to our age. With this matchless courtesy of manner and of speech he combined the easy grace of the son of the East, the delicacy and almost feminine suppleness which constitute the

great charm of the Slavonic race. In all these features he formed a most striking contrast to the personal appearance of Napoleon at this period of his brilliant career.

When the latter entered upon life he had been grave, reserved and sententious, but since there was no longer any necessity for submitting to restraint, he had become intemperate in gesture as well as in speech. He presented the most eccentric views and uttered the most extraordinary opinions with great volubility: in fact, he had formed an eloquence of his own, full of fanciful conceits, of fire and energy, but also incoherent and inconsistent. No one knew better than he did how to be by turns caressing and imperious, insinuating and haughty; but he was everything without measure, for he was always sure of his end, and accustomed to dazzle, to subjugate and to have the whole stage to himself. Thus he became easily pompous when he intended to appear grand, and trivial when he wished to seem unaffected. He imitated Talma, his great master, to admiration, but in the midst of a noble speech he fell into Italian buffoonery. There is no doubt that his words had an irresistible power to overcome and to seduce his listeners; but this was mainly done by defying the person he addressed from the first, and by overwhelming him by main force. It was all artificial and calculated—even his impetuosity of speech and the torrent of ideas which he poured forth—so that his conversation was rarely anything else but a profound monologue. People left him amazed, reduced to silence, but by no means convinced. Brusque by nature, he showed his bluntness at every moment by exaggerated gesticulation and the most unexpected sallies. What he wanted altogether was simplicity. He never had that imposing calmness, that simple, quiet dignity of the self-possessed man, who says frankly what he wants, and always remembers what he owes to others. This sublime comedian had one great defect in his art: he showed too clearly the absolute contempt with which he looked down upon mankind. That urbanity which is so necessary in all social relations does not depend on more or less pleasing manners, but on our respect for others, and when men do not feel this respect, they must acquire the art to feign it at least. It was this, no doubt, which led Macaulay in his comparison of Napoleon with Cæsar to say that the latter had the immense

advantage over the emperor of being a "perfect gentleman." Talleyrand expressed it in his own peculiar way when he said, "What a pity that so great a man should have been so ill-bred!"

His intimate friends, his confidential servants, tell us in their memoirs that Napoleon had in private life tyrannical habits, such as no man should have submitted to who respected himself. He would pull the ears of his friends till they bled profusely; tap them on the cheeks and pinch them like little children; and sometimes even sit down on their knees. Such acts of condescension betokened with him a special liking, and men of the highest rank were proud and happy to receive such favors!

As far as the physique was concerned, he had begun about this time to grow stout, although his iron constitution only grew stronger amid the fatigues of war. According to his own statement, Napoleon had never felt better than during the short campaign which brought him to Tilsit, although he had often ridden a hundred miles on horseback through ice and snow. The fact is, the excitement of war had actually become a necessity for his constitution, and after a manner the indispensable food of that restless energy which formed the most prominent trait of his character. He lived literally on what killed others. War gave him sleep and appetite, which he lost as soon as the excitement was over. This last campaign in Poland, where he had lost fifty thousand men, had been nothing more to him than wholesome exercise, and he returned from it in most excellent health.

Unfortunately, however, this stoutness had effaced, in part at least, those sharp and classic outlines which once recalled the beauty of ancient medals, and had become so familiar to the whole world after the wars in Italy: the body also, formerly thin and spare, as if consumed by the fire of genius, had become heavy and almost uncouth. But the extreme quickness of his searching, piercing eye, and the incessant restlessness of his whole person, even the vehemence with which he would bite his nails when excited, bespoke still the stormy nature of the life within. There was still much of the Corsican in his heart. He had appropriated to himself all he considered needful of that refined civilization, that skeptical philosophy and that lofty indifference which character-

ized the end of the last century: he had adopted the ideas of that period, its manners and its speech, but under all this varnish the original man was still strong in his primitive nature. He had even preserved some of the odd superstitions of his native land, which occasionally betrayed even in France his foreign origin. He, who can scarcely be said to have had any other religion than a real or affected faith in his star, would not unfrequently be seen to cross himself rapidly over and over again when some great danger was announced or an important event had occurred. In like manner he concealed under the apparent good-nature and the cat-like softness of his manners, which he knew so well how to assume when he chose, all the old bitterness and unconquerable mistrust of the Corsican, who is always on guard against his enemies. It was noticed that during the nineteen days which the two emperors passed together at Tilsit, and while they were both overflowing with evidences of the warmest friendship, Alexander dined daily with Napoleon, but the latter never once broke bread at the czar's house. He showed the same cautious foresight on other similar occasions, and never appeared at the palace of his crowned allies and friends without an escort, whose large numbers and armed appearance formed a striking contrast to the trustful confidence of his German hosts or of his Russian visitor.

Books Received.

An English-Greek Lexicon. By C. D. Yonge. With many new Articles, an Appendix of Proper Names, and Pillon's Greek Synonyms. To which is prefixed an Essay on the Order of Words in Attic Greek Prose, by Charles Short, LL.D., Professor of Latin in Columbia College, New York. Edited by Henry Drisler, LL.D., Professor of Greek in Columbia College, Editor of "Liddell & Scott's Greek-English Lexicon," etc., etc. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo. pp. cxvi, 663, cxv.

The "Bab" Ballads: Much Sound and Little Sense. By W. S. Gilbert. With Illustrations by the author. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates. Square 12mo. pp. 222.

Swedenborg Rite and the Great Masonic Leaders of the Eighteenth Century. By Samuel Beswick. New York: Masonic Publishing Company. 12mo. pp. 204.

Christianity and Greek Philosophy; or, The Relation between Spontaneous and Reflective Thought in Greece, and the Positive Teaching of Christ and His Apostles. By B. F. Cocker, D. D., Professor of Moral and Mental Philosophy in the University of Michigan. New York: Harper & Brothers. Crown 8vo. pp. 531.

The Life of Bismarck, Private and Political; with Descriptive Notices of His Ancestry. By John George Louis Hesekiel. Translated, with an Introduction, Explanatory Notes and Appendices, by Kenneth R. H. Mackenzie, F. S. A., F. A. S. L. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo. pp. 491.

The Gentleman's Stable Guide, Containing a Familiar Description of the American Stable; the most Approved Method of Feeding, Grooming and General Management of Horses. By Robert McClure, M. D., V. S. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates. 16mo. pp. 184.

The Private Life of Galileo. Compiled principally from his Correspondence and that of his Eldest Daughter, Sister Maria Celeste, Nun in the Franciscan Convent of St. Matthew, in Arcetri. Boston: Nichols & Noyes. 12mo. pp. 300.

The American Chess-Player's Handbook: Teaching the Rudiments of the Game, and Giving an Analysis of all the Recognized Openings. From the Work of Staunton. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates. 16mo. pp. 256.

Cyclopaedia of Biblical, Theological and Ecclesiastical Literature. Prepared by the Rev. John McClintock, D. D., and James Strong, S. T. D. Vol. III., E—G. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo. pp. 1048.

The Young Wife's Cook-book, with Receipts of the Best Dishes for Breakfast, Dinner and Tea. By the author of "The National Cook-book." Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 675.

The Christmas Guest: A Collection of Stories. By Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth and her sister, Mrs. Frances Henshaw Baden. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 338.

In Spain, and A Visit to Portugal. By Hans Christian Andersen, author of the "Improviseator," etc. Author's Edition. New York: Hurd & Houghton. 12mo. pp. viii., 289.

Miss Van Kortland: A Novel. By the author of "My Daughter Elinor." New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo. pp. 180.

Onward: A Lay of the West. By A. W. Patterson. San Francisco and New York: A. Roman & Co. Square 12mo. pp. 28.